

Hymns *for*
His Praise
No. 2



Aug. Robinson
West Leasport Pa

H Y M N S F O R H I S P R A I S E

No. 2.

Compiled and Edited by
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Assisted by
Homer Rodeheaver

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Prefatory Word.

In commending this second edition of HYMNS FOR HIS PRAISE No. 2 to the Christian public we expect the book to be its own testimony. It has an abundance of old familiar hymns, plenty of pieces for Invitation, Solos and other special selections and is especially rich in the great Chorus songs that have recently become so deservedly popular. If in any way you think the book could be improved without increasing its size and price the editor would be grateful for your suggestion. The book is sent forth on its mission with grateful acknowledgement to Him in whose Name we trust all these songs have been written.

W. E. BIEDERWOLF.

HYMNS FOR HIS PRAISE.



No. 1.

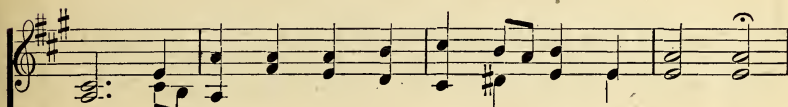
All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet,

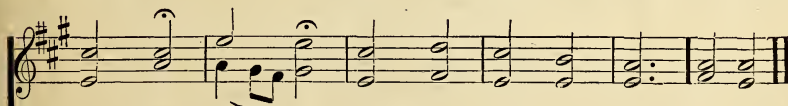
Wm. Shrubsole.



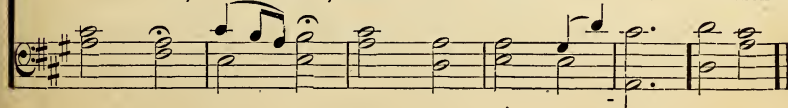
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On - this ter - res - trial
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may



fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him,
 ball; New hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him,
 ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe And crown Him,
 fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him,



crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all. A - men



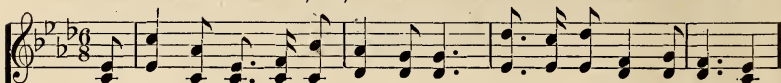
No. 2.

Nobody Loves Like Jesus.

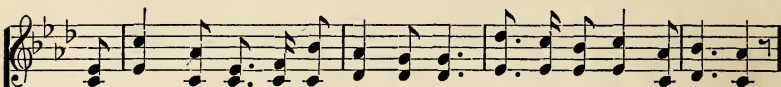
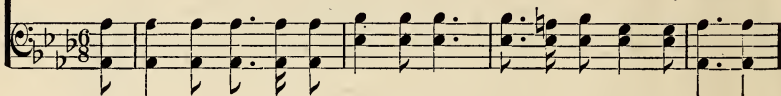
Effie S. Black.

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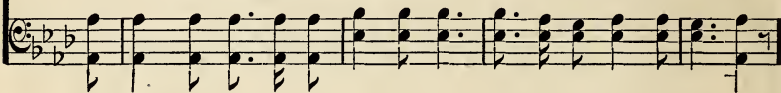
Robert Harkness.



1. Oh, tell the glo - ri - ous news to all, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus;
2. Oh, heav - y la - den and sore oppress'd, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus;
3. Art hun - gry, thirsty, oh, wea - ry soul? No - bod - y loves like Je - sus;
4. Oh, wondrous mer - cy, so full, so free! No - bod - y loves like Je - sus;



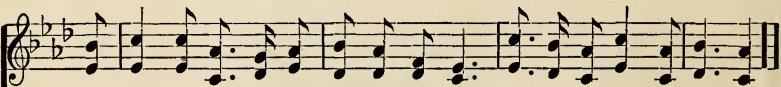
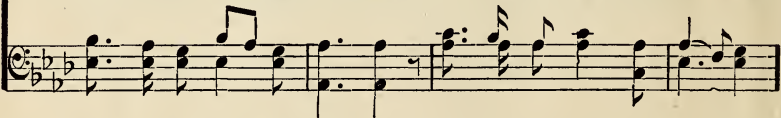
He marks the pen - i - tent's ear - nest call, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.
 He'll bear the bur - den, He'll give you rest, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.
 Art wound - ed? lo, He can make you whole, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.
 Oh, love, that suf - fer - ed for you and me, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.



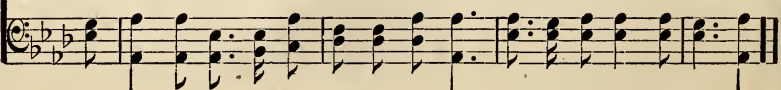
CHORUS.



No - bod - y loves like Je - sus! No - bod - y loves like Je - sus!



His love and pow - er are with you each hour, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.



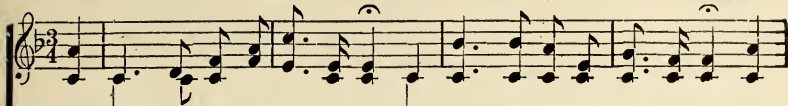
No. 3.

Bring Peace to My Soul.

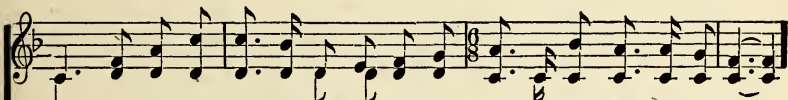
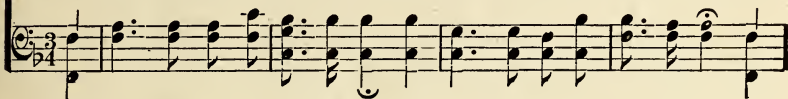
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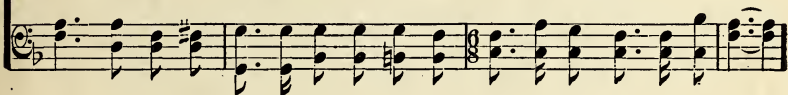
J. M. Dungan.



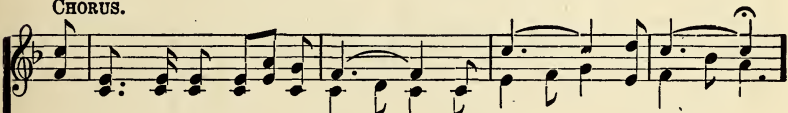
1. When earthly cares and sorrows roll Like o-cean's bil-lows o'er my soul No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I onward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's



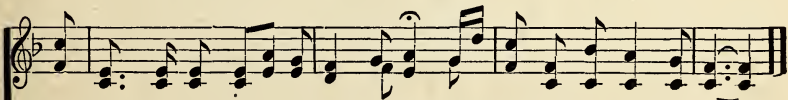
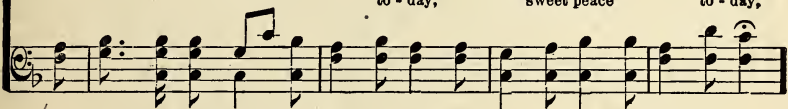
temp - est can my barque con-trol, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
ar - rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
sin with - in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
chang - es can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.



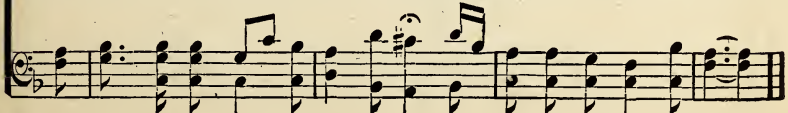
CHORUS.



Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . . Bring peace . . . to-day, . . .
to - day, sweet peace to - day,



Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to - day.



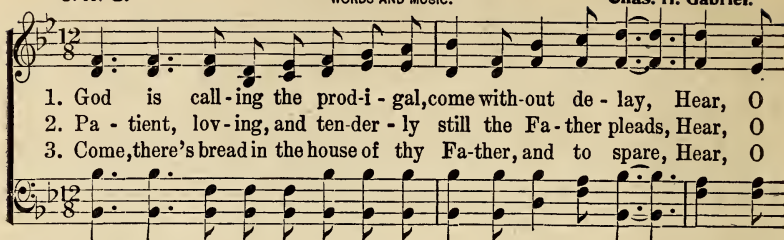
No. 4.

Calling the Prodigal.

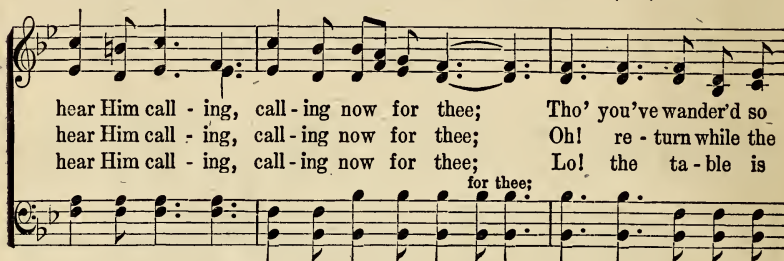
C. H. G.

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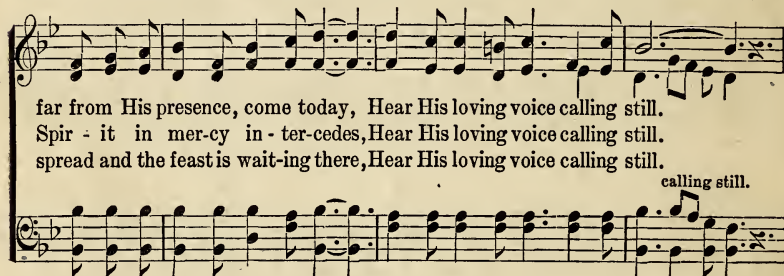
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de-lay, Hear, O
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare, Hear, O

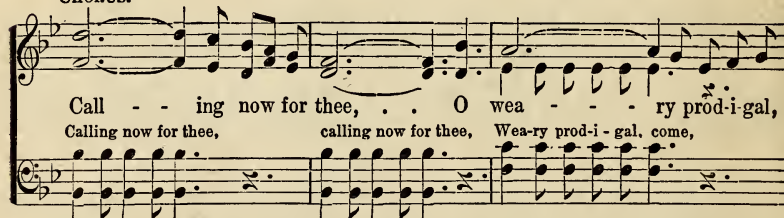


hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wander'd so
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is
for thee;

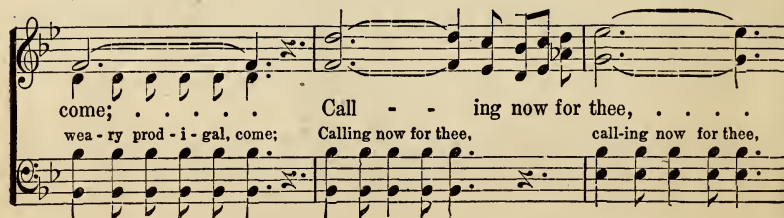


far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still.
Spir-it in mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still.
spread and the feast is wait-ing there, Hear His loving voice calling still.
calling still.

CHORUS.

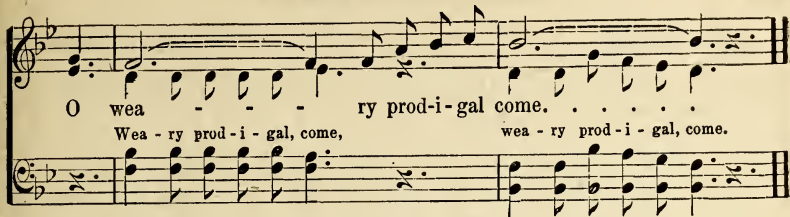


Call-ing now for thee, . . . O wea-ry prod-i-gal,
Calling now for thee, calling now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,



come; . . . Call-ing now for thee, . . .
wea-ry prod-i-gal, come; Calling now for thee, call-ing now for thee,

Galling the Prodigal.



O wea - ry prod-i - gal, come, wea - ry prod-i - gal, come.

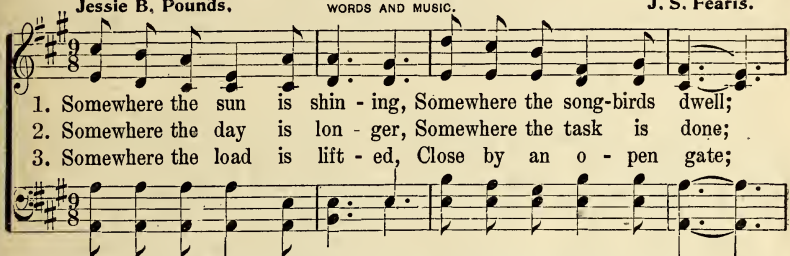
No. 5.

Beautiful Isle.

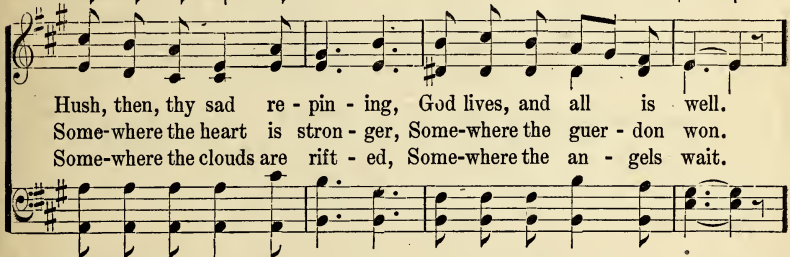
Jessie B. Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.



1. Somewhere the sun is shin - ing, Somewhere the song-birds dwell;
2. Somewhere the day is lon - ger, Somewhere the task is done;
3. Somewhere the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;



Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.

CHORUS.



Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some - where, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,



Land of the true where we live a-new,—Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!

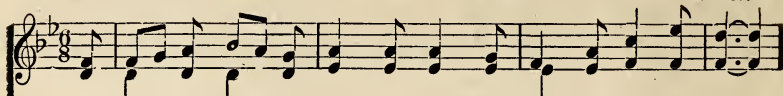
No. 6.

What is the Cross?

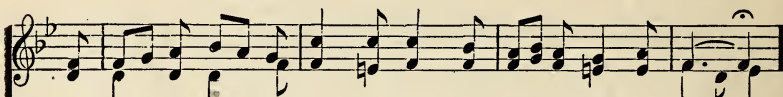
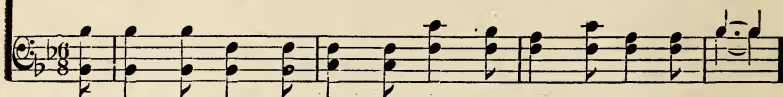
Geo. W. Crofts.

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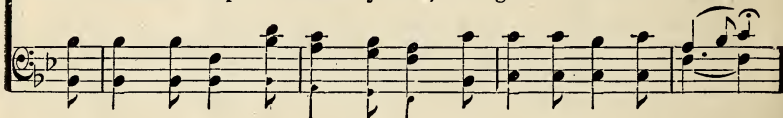
Chas. H. Gabriel.



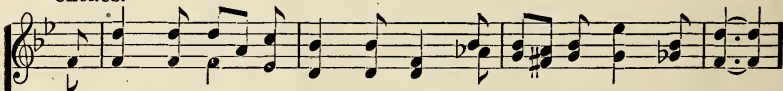
1. What is the cross, the crim - son cross, What mean you by this sign?
2. The cross is not an i - dol, vain; On it was cru - ci - fied
3. The cross de - clares that who - so - e'er Be - liev - eth on His name,
4. Then should His cross e'er suf - fer loss? Or should you hes - i - tate,



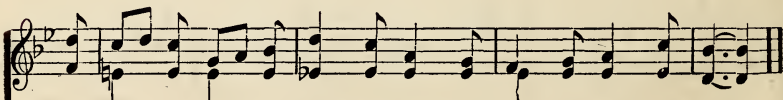
Why should it nev - er suf - fer loss? And how may it be mine!
 The Son of God, who bore our pain, And who for sin - ners died.
 Shall e'er thro' grace His glo - ry share, And shall be free from blame.
 Be - cause of hope of world - ly dross, His gift of life to take?



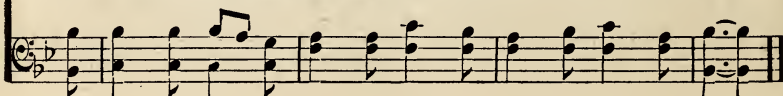
CHORUS.



What means the cross, the crim - son cross, The blood from Je - sus' side?



It means He bore our pain and loss And that for us He died.



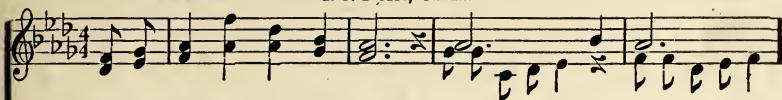
No. 7.

Let Him In.

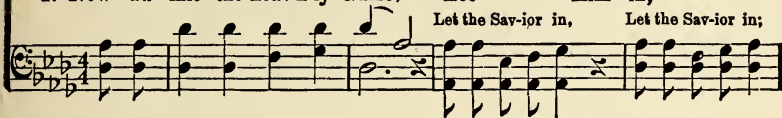
Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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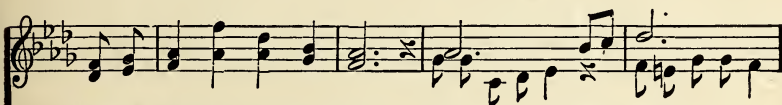
E. O. Excell.



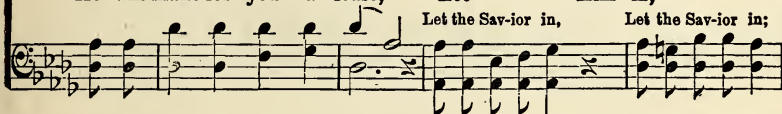
1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice, Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;



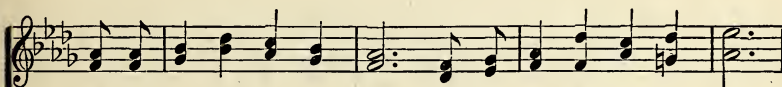
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;



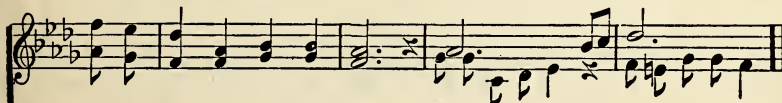
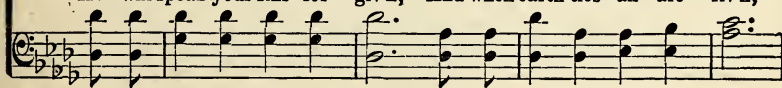
He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;



Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

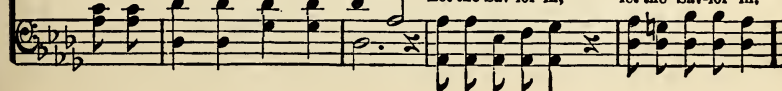


Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let Him in, He is your friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is stand - ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,
 He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth - ties all are riv'n,



Je - sus Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
 He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

Let the Sav-ior in, let the Sav-ior in;



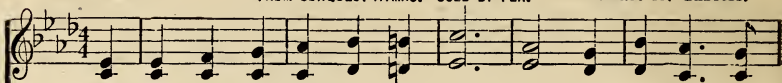
No. 8.

Wonderful Love.

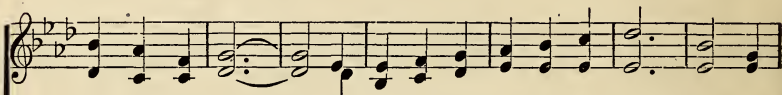
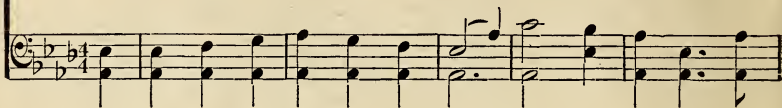
C. H. G.

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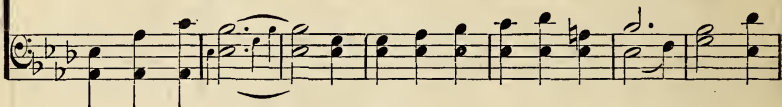
Chas. H. Gabriel.



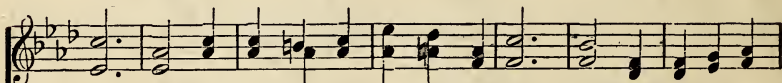
1. I think, when I read the sweet sto - ry, How Je - sus came
2. And when I am foll'wing His foot - steps, New vi - sions of
3. Tho' ha - ted, de-spised, and re - ject - ed, Neg - lect - ed a -



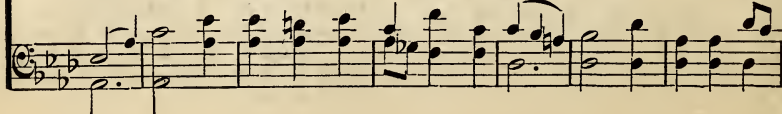
down from His throne, To res-cue the per-ish-ing sin - ner, To
beau - ty un - fold, Till, lost in the depths of a - maze - ment, I
gain and a - gain, He nev - er de - serts nor for - sakes me, No



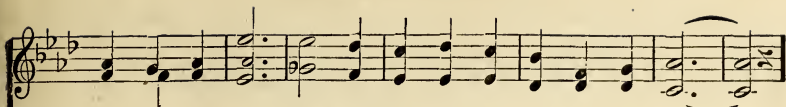
suf - fer and die for His own, . . . Why should He as - sume my ob -
mar - vel such love to be - hold. . . . Why should He re - lin-quish His
mat - ter how way - ward I've been. . . . My bur - den of sor - row He



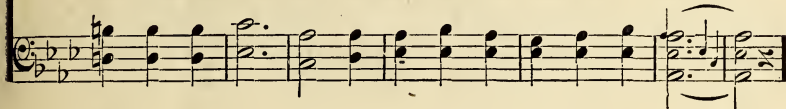
la - tion? Why should He thus pur - chase sal - va - tion? Such love is di -
glo - ry? Be - fore Him stood Cal - va - ry go - ry! Yet heav - en re -
shar - eth, My stripes of in - iq - ui - ty wear - eth, My soul in His



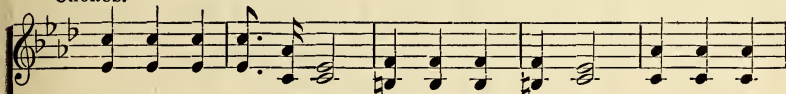
Wonderful Love.



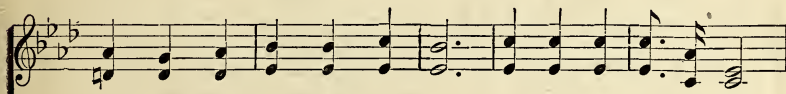
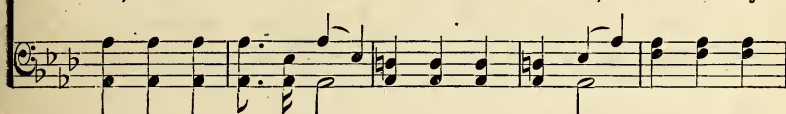
vine rev - e - la - tion, Un - bounded, un - measured, un - known.
sounds with the sto - ry Of love that can nev - er be told. . . .
bos - om He bear - eth This won - der - ful Sav - ior of men. . . .



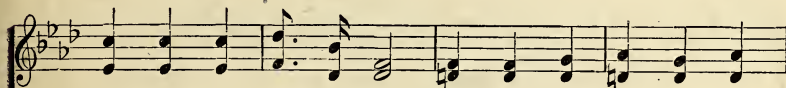
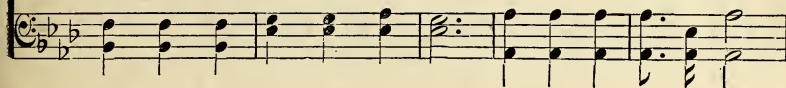
CHORUS.



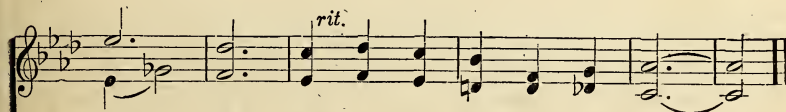
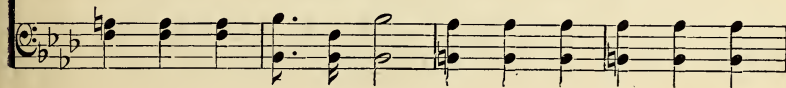
Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should love me, And for my



sins with His life - blood a tone! Oh, it is won - der - ful,



won - der - ful, won - der - full Yet to the world be it

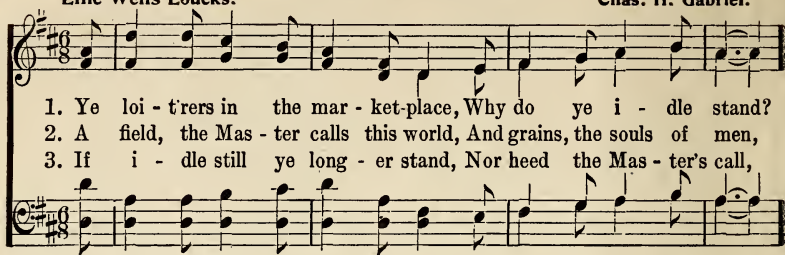


known, He brought me a - gain to His own.

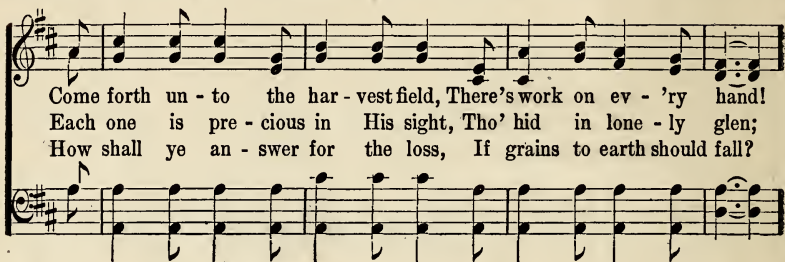


Effie Wells Loucks.

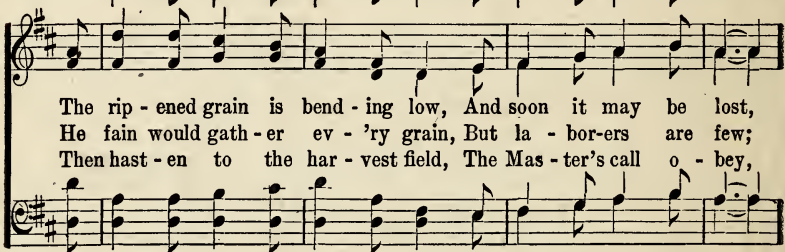
Chas. H. Gabriel.



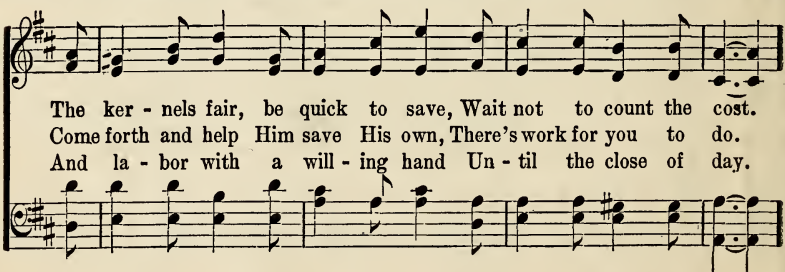
1. Ye loi - trers in the mar - ket-place, Why do ye i - dle stand?
 2. A field, the Mas - ter calls this world, And grains, the souls of men,
 3. If i - dle still ye long - er stand, Nor heed the Mas - ter's call,



Come forth un - to the har - vest field, There's work on ev - 'ry hand!
 Each one is pre - cious in His sight, Tho' hid in lone - ly glen;
 How shall ye an - swer for the loss, If grains to earth should fall?



The rip - ened grain is bend - ing low, And soon it may be lost,
 He fain would gath - er ev - 'ry grain, But la - bor - ers are few;
 Then hast - en to the har - vest field, The Mas - ter's call o - bey,



The ker - nels fair, be quick to save, Wait not to count the cost.
 Come forth and help Him save His own, There's work for you to do.
 And la - bor with a will - ing hand Un - til the close of day.



CHORUS.
 Come forth, come forth, . . . the Mas - ter's call o -
 Come forth, come forth, the Mas - ter's call, the Mas - ter's

Come Forth.

bey! Come forth, come forth, He
 call o - bey! Come forth, come forth, He bids you come, He
 bids you come to - day; bids you come to - day. . . .
 bids you come to - day; bids you come to - day.

No. 10.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul,

Charles Wesley.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the temp - est still is high! }
 D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 D. C.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint!
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

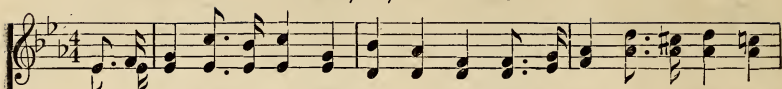
No. 11.

The Cloud and Fire.

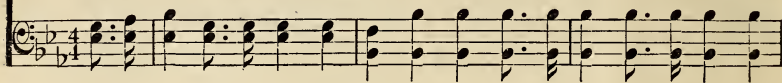
C. A. M.

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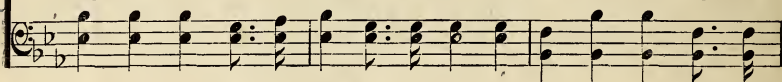
C. A. Miles.



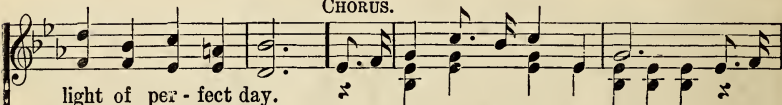
1. As of old when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil - der -
2. To and fro as a ship with - out a sail, Not a com - pass to guide them
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the prom - ise



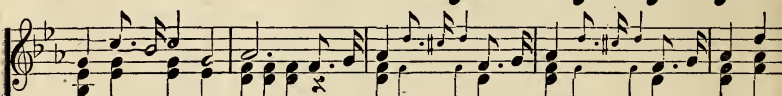
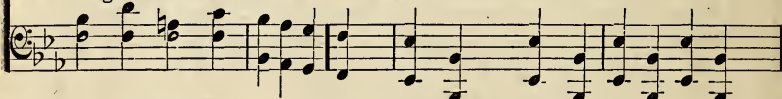
ness to dwell, Trust - ing they in their God to lead the way To the
thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their
they were led, By the hand of the Lord in guid - ance sure, They were



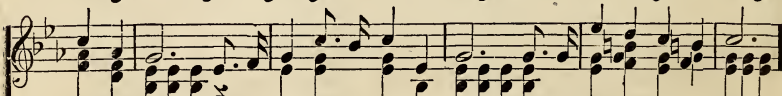
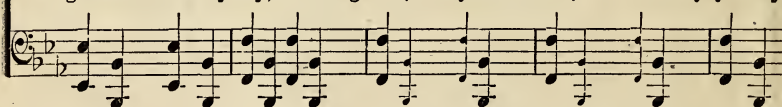
CHORUS.



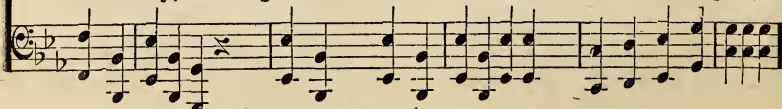
light of per - fect day.
faint - ing hearts to cheer. So the sign of the fire by night, And the
brought to Ca - naan's shore.



sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be - fore, As they journey



on their way, Shall a guide and lead - er be, Till the wil der - ness be past,



The Cloud and Fire.

For the Lord our God in His own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

No. 12.

Bless the Lord.

Psalms 103.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
(Metrical Version.)

James McGranahan.

Not too slow.

1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord, And all that in me is;
2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for-get-ful be
3. All thy in-iq-ui-ties who doth Most gra-cious-ly for-give;
4. Who doth re-deem thy life, that thou To death may'st not go down;

Be lift-ed up His ho-ly name, To mag-ni-fy and bless.
Of all His gra-cious ben-e-fits He hath be-stowed on thee.
Who thy dis-eases all and pains Doth heal, and thee re-lieve.
Who thee with lov-ing kind-ness doth And ten-der mer-cies crown.

CHORUS.
"Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord. Bless the Lord, O my soul,
"Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

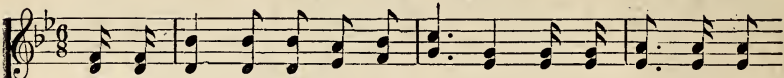
And all that is with-in me, Bless His ho-ly name."
Bless His ho-ly name."

No. 13. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

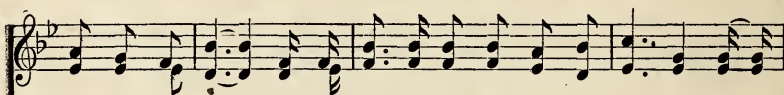
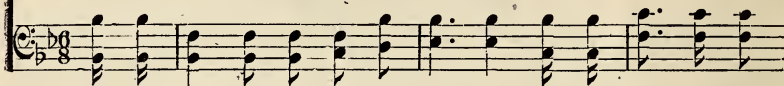
H. G. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH.

H. G. Smyth.



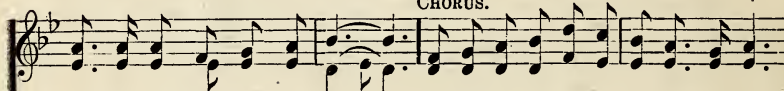
1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not



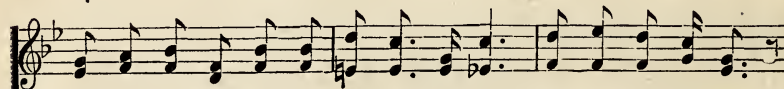
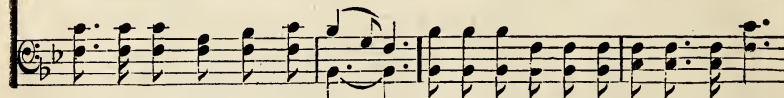
flow - ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
those that are lost? Have you urg'd up-on those that are stray - ing, The
tell - ing for Him? Have you spok - en the word of sal - va - tion To
free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To



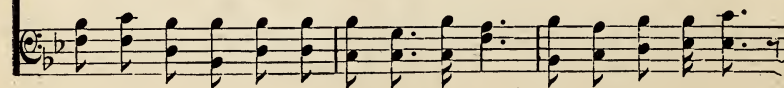
CHORUS.



read - y His serv - ice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy - ing in sin?
those who are try - ing to win.



Make me a chan - nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos - sess - ing,



Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

my serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day.

rit.

No. 14.

What Did He Do?

Alt. by J. M. G.

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USED BY PER.

W. Owen.

1. O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry, Counted once a-mong the lost;
2. No an-gel could His place have taken, High-est of the high tho' he;
3. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav-ior? To His scep-tre hum-bly bow?

Yet, One came down from heaven's glo-ry Sav-ing us at aw-ful cost!
The loved One on the cross for-sak-en Was one of the God-head three!
You, too, shall come to know His fa-vor, He will save you, save you now!

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up-on the cross? He

Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!

No. 15.

The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY J. WM. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
 2. The fight is on, A-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je-ho-vah
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
 leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
 prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-ry

on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
 God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
 land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison,*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-

ray, . . . With ar-mor gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and

The Fight is On.

Harmony.

wrong en-gage to-day! The fight is on, but be not

wea-ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!

vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

No. 16.

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

CHO.-Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
ad lib. D. C.

I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low me."
 I'll go with him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 17.

Why Not Say Yes To-night.

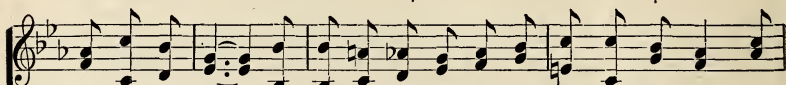
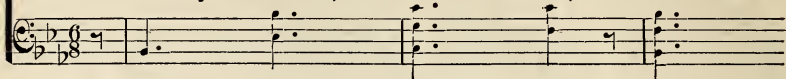
Effie Wells Loucks.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, KY.

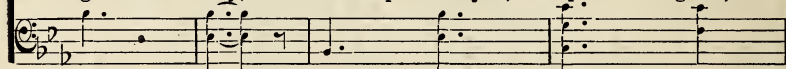
Louis D. Eichhorn.

Duet or all Sopranos and Altos.

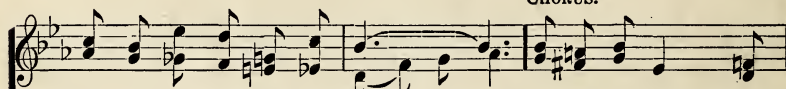
1. Oh, why not say Yes to the Sav - ior to - night? He's ten - der - ly
2. For with you the Spir - it will not al - ways plead, Oh, do not re -
3. Take Christ as your Sav - ior, then all shall be well, The mor - row let



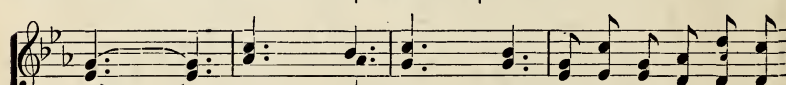
plead - ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin - burdened heart For
 ject Him to - night; To - mor - row may bring you the dark - ness of death, Un -
 bring what it may; His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide, And



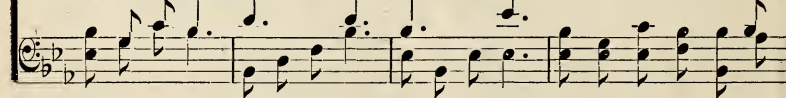
CHORUS.



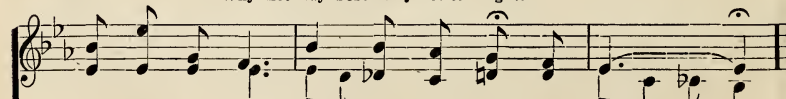
par - don so full and so free. Why not say Yes to -
 bro - ken by heav - en - ly light. ^{so free.} heav'n - ly light,
 safe - ly keep you in His way. His way. Why not say Yes to the



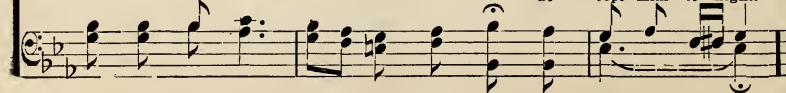
night, Why not, why not? While He so gen - tly, so
 Sav - ior to - night? Say Yes, say Yes,



Why not say Yes? why not to - night?



ten - der - ly pleads, Oh, ac - cept Him to - night.
 ac - cept Him to - night.



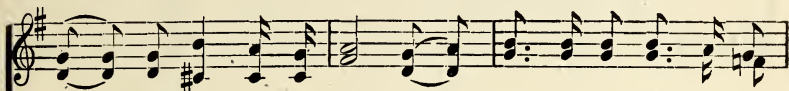
R. G. J.
Solo.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY ROBT. G. JOLLY.

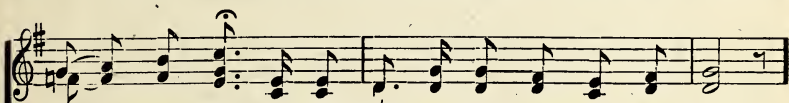
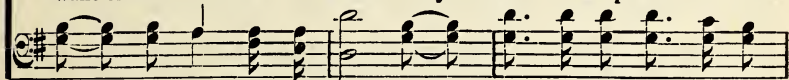
Robt. G. Jolly.



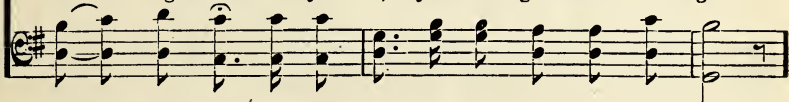
1. O sin - ner, in sor - row and troub - le to - night, Do you
 2. Do you want to be saved by God's won - der - ful pow'r? Do you
 3. Do you want to have beau - ti - ful stars in your crown? Do you



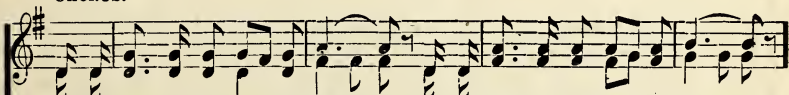
want a Sav - ior so dear? Do you want to be saved from your
 want your heart to be clean? O won't you ac - cept of the
 want to lead oth - ers to Christ? Do you want to keep sin - ners from



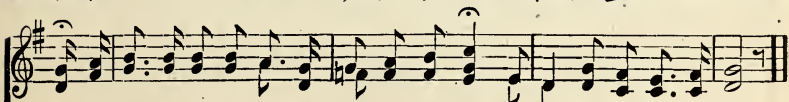
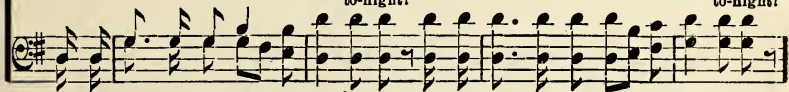
guilt and blight? Do you want to be free from all fear?
 Sav - ior this hour? Want your face with His glo - ry to gleam?
 drift - ing down? If you do, you must get saved to - night.



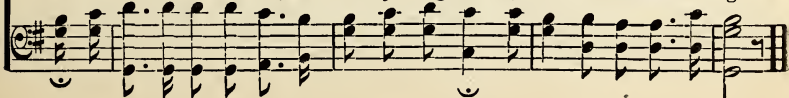
CHORUS.



Do you want to be saved to - night? Do you want to be saved to - night?
 to - night? to - night?



O be - lieve in the Sav - ior, He'll save you right now, Be - lieve in Je - sus to - night.

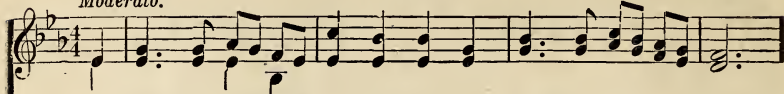


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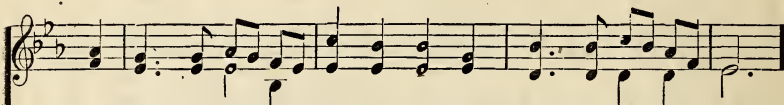
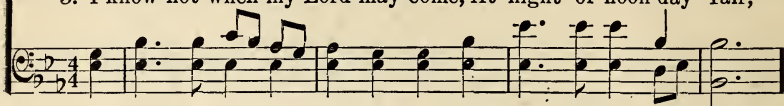
I Know Whom I Have Believed.

El. Nathan.
*Moderato.*COPYRIGHT, 1883 AND 1887, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
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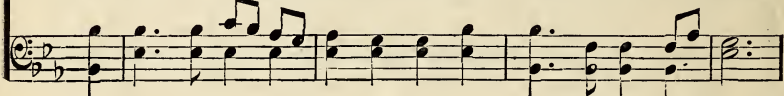
James McGranahan.



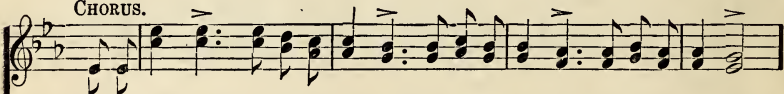
1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me He did im-part,
3. I know not how the Spir-it moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be reserved for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,



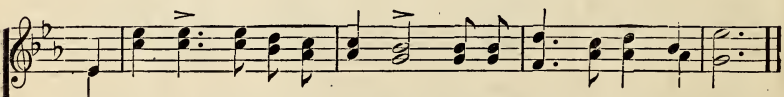
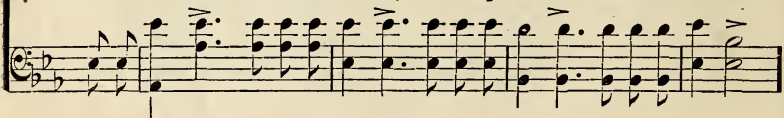
Nor why—un-wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
 Nor how be-liev-ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
 Re-veal-ing Je-sus thro' the Word, Cre-at-ing faith in Him.
 Of wea-ry ways or gold-en days, Be-fore His face I see,
 Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."



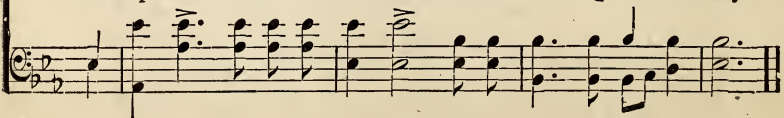
CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is a - ble



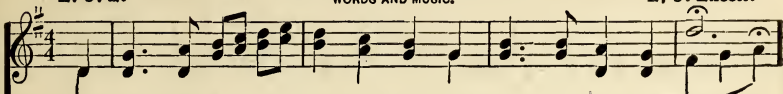
To keep that which I've com-mit-ted Un-to Him a-against that day."



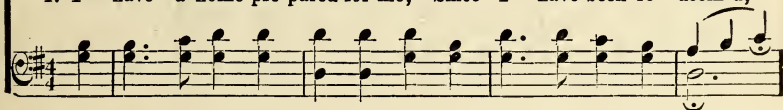
E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

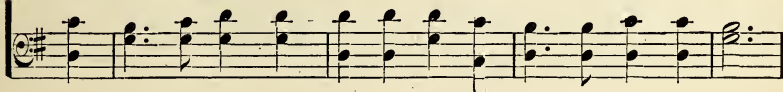
E. O. Excell.



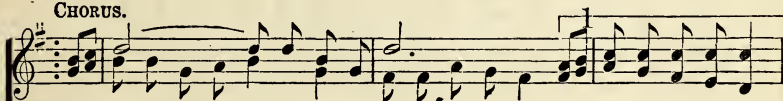
1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deem'd;
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deem'd;
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deem'd;
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deem'd;



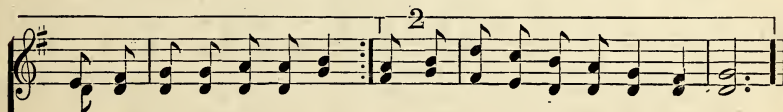
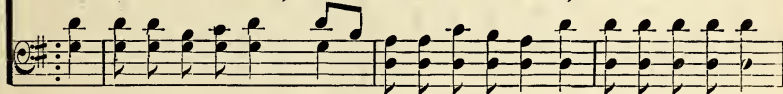
Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 To do His will my high-est prize, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 Dis-pell-ing ev-'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly, Since I have been re-deem'd.



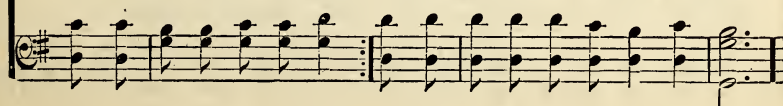
CHORUS.



Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,
 Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,



I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.



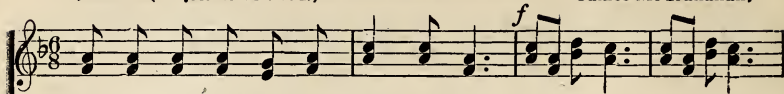
No. 21.

Shall You? Shall I?

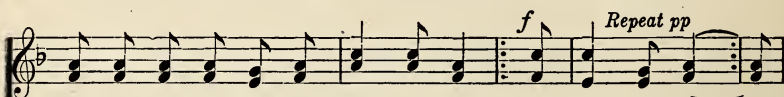
G. M. J. (Subject from M. E. I.)

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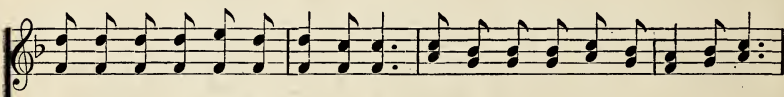
James McGranahan,



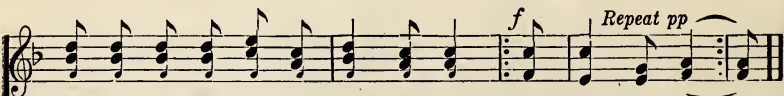
1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
 2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by.
 3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
 4. Some one will sing the tri - umph - ant song By and by, by and by,



Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Faith - ful, ap - proved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Join in the praise of the blood - bought throng, Shall you? shall I? . . .



Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will there be hold,
 Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of earth be free,
 Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the door is barred,
 Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have gone before,



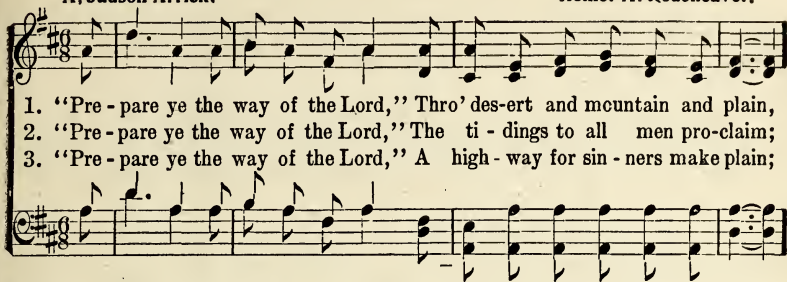
Feast on the pleas - ures so long fore - told; Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Hap - py with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty; Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Some one will fail of the saint's re - ward; Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er - more; Shall you? shall I? . . .

No. 22. "Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord."

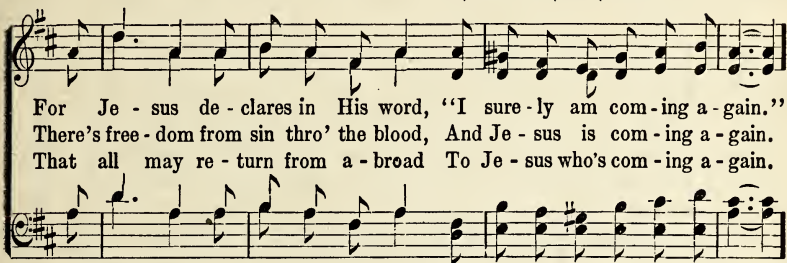
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY HOMER. A. RODEHEAVER.

A, Judson Arrick.

Homer A. Rodeheaver.



1. "Pre - pare ye the way of the Lord," Thro' des-ert and mcuntain and plain,
 2. "Pre - pare ye the way of the Lord," The ti - dings to all men pro-claim;
 3. "Pre - pare ye the way of the Lord," A high-way for sin - ners make plain;



For Je - sus de - clares in His word, "I sure - ly am com - ing a - gain."
 There's free - dom from sin thro' the blood, And Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
 That all may re - turn from a - broad To Je - sus who's com - ing a - gain.

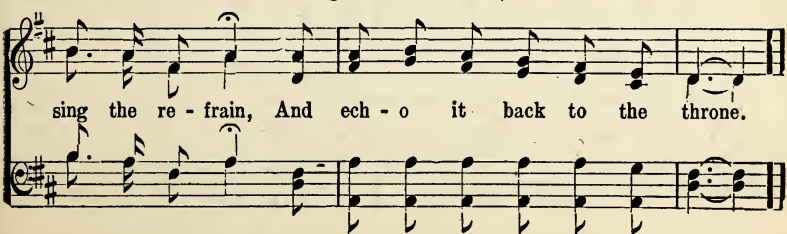
CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain, Is
 is com - ing a - gain.



com - ing to gath - er His own; Re - joice ye, and
 Re - joice ye, and sing, O
 gath - er His own;

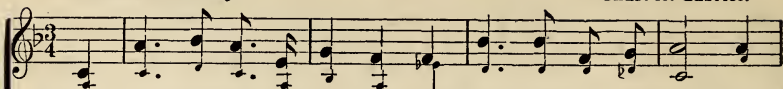


sing the re - frain, And ech - o it back to the throne.

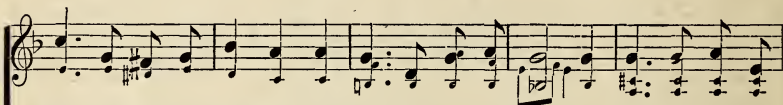
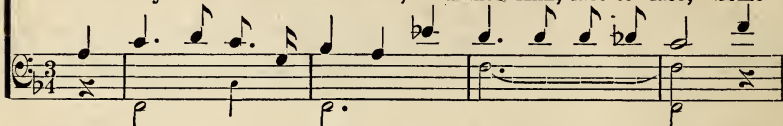
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Dr. Victor M. Staley.

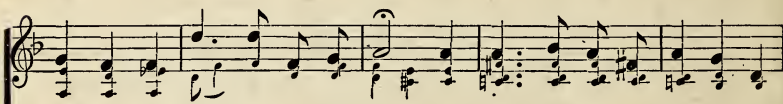
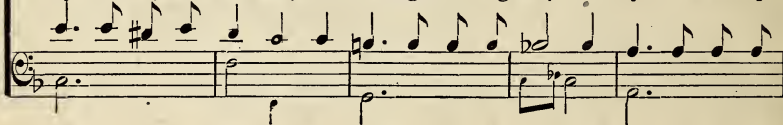
Chas. H. Gabriel.



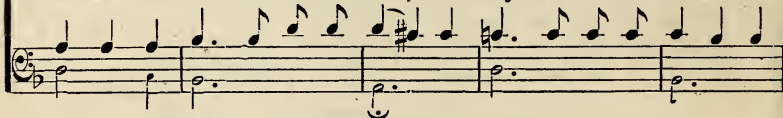
1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver— The toil and cares of life; Some
2. Some day I'll see the man - sions Of heav-en's cit - y fair; Some
3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know Him, face to face; Some



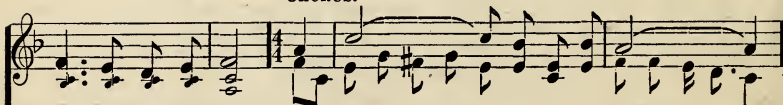
day the world be vanquished With all this mor-tal strife; Some day the jour-ney
 day I'll greet with pleas-ure, The dear ones wait ing there; Some day I'll hear the
 day re-ceive, un-meas-ured, The blessings of His grace; Some day He'll smile up-



end - ed, I'll lay my bur - den down; Some day, in realms su - per - nal Re-
 voic - es Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho - rus In
 on me From that white throne a - bove; Some day I'll know the full - ness Of



CHORUS.



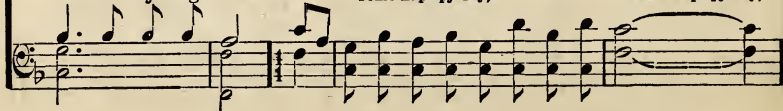
ceive, at last, my crown.

heav'n's immortal song. Some day, some hap - py day,

His un - dy - ing love.

some hap - py day,

some hap - py day,



Some Day,

The Lord will wipe all tears a - way, And I shall go to dwell with
all tears a-way.

Him, To dwell with Him some hap-py day.
to dwell with Him, To dwell with Him, hap-py day.

No. 24. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

Joseph Hart.

Anon.
FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore; }
{ Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }
2. { Now, ye need - y, come and welcome, God's free bount - y glo - ri - fy; }
{ True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }
3. { Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Or of fit - ness fond-ly dream; }
{ All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth, Is to feel your need of Him. }
4. { Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and man - gled by the fall, }
{ If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all. }

D.C.—Glo-ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

CHORUS. D.C.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

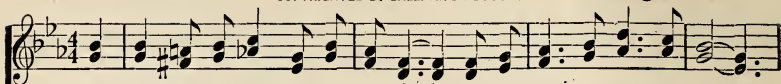
No. 25.

The Cross is Not Greater.

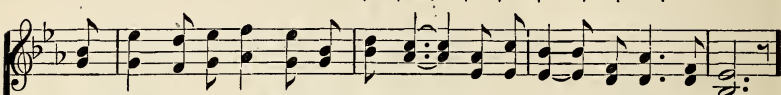
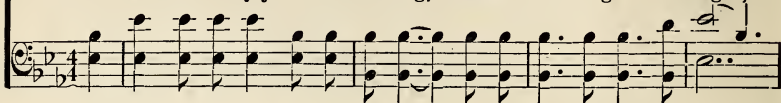
B. B.

COPYRIGHTED BY BALLINGTON BOOTH.

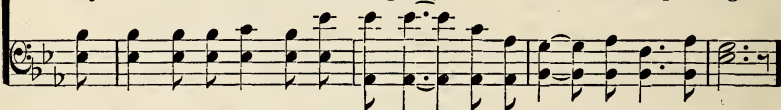
Ballington Booth.



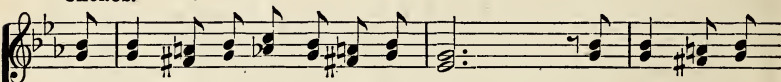
1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls 'on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,



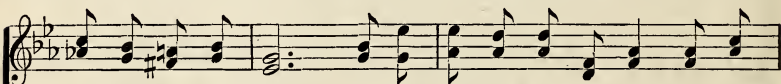
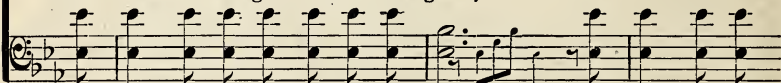
The storm that I fear'd may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsem-a - ne.
 The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a - lone can keep me right.



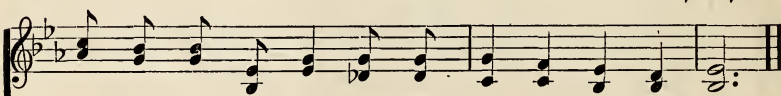
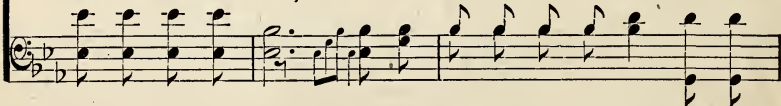
CHORUS.



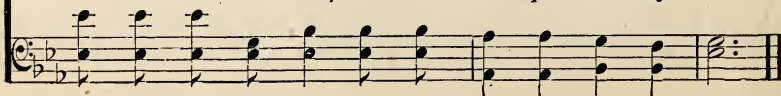
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with



Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

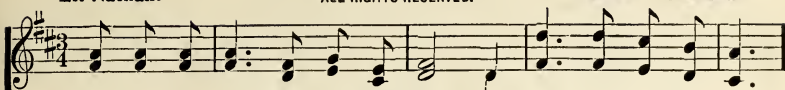


I Will Pass Over You.

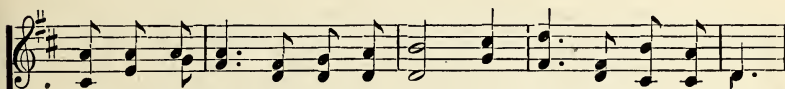
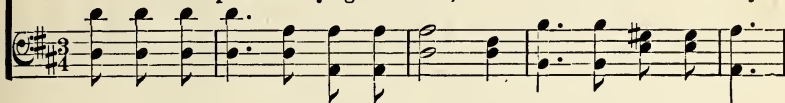
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El. Nathan.

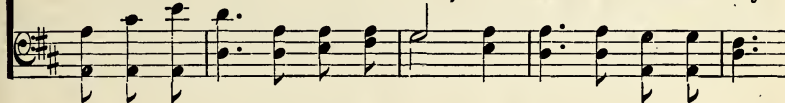
James McGranahan.



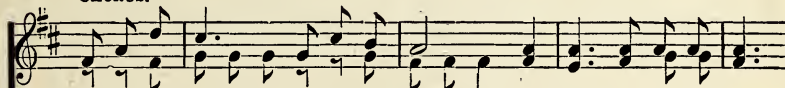
1. When God the way of life would teach And gath - er all His own,
2. By Christ, the Lamb, the Lamb of God, The pre - cious blood was shed,
3. O soul, for thee sal - va - tion thus By God is free - ly giv'n,
4. The wrath of God that was our due, Up - on the Lamb was laid;
5. How calm shall pass the judgment hour, To all who do o - bey



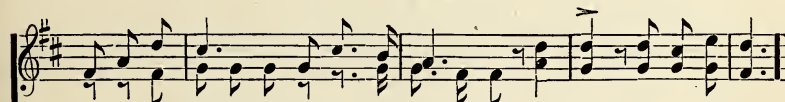
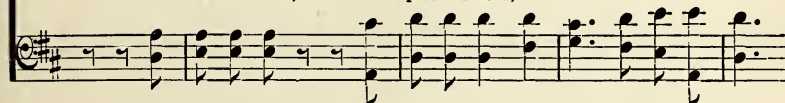
He puts them safe be - yond the reach Of death, by blood a - lone.
When He ful-filled God's ho - ly word, And suf - fered in our stead.
The blood of Christ a - tones for sin, And makes us meet for heav'n.
And by His blood, His pre-cious blood, The debt for us was paid.
The word of God a - bout the blood, And make that word their stay.



CHORUS.



It is His word, God's precious word, It stands for - ev - er true;
It is His word, God's precious word,



When I, the Lord, shall see the blood, I will pass o-ver you.
When I, the Lord, shall see the blood.

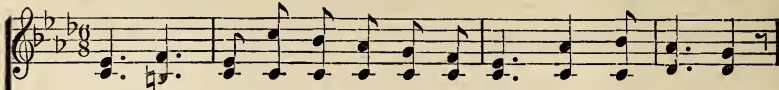


A Song of Victory.

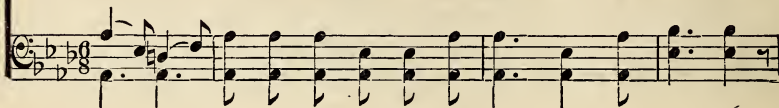
Charlotte G. Homer,

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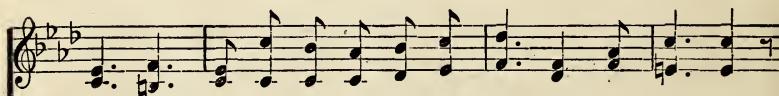
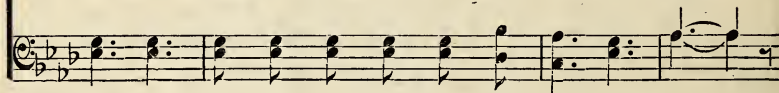
Chas. H. Gabriel.



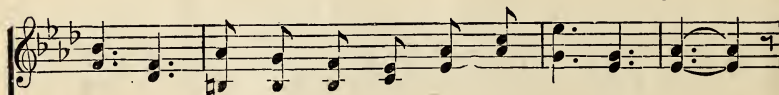
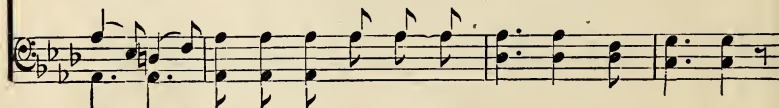
1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!



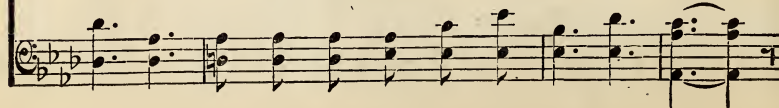
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;



Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

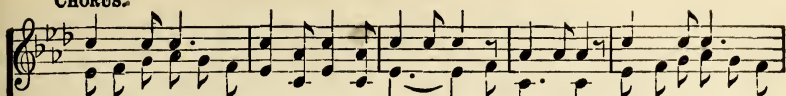


Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

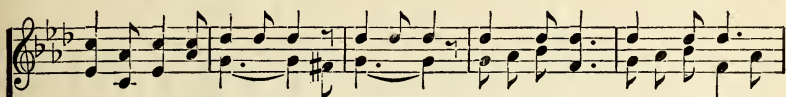


A Song of Victory.

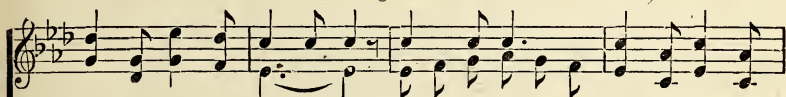
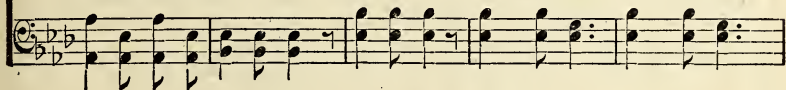
CHORUS.



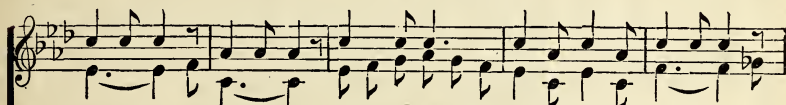
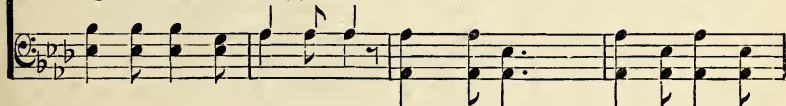
Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat-tle cry, bat - tle cry! Till the glad
Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo-ri-ous



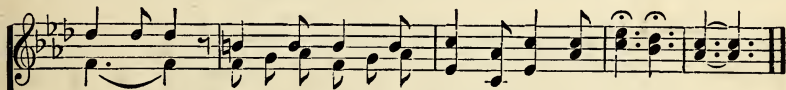
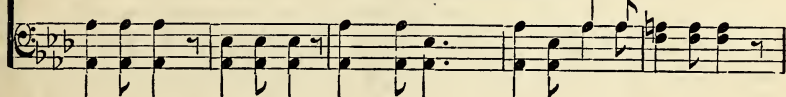
echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un-furled
ech-oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . O-ver the world now be unfurl'd His



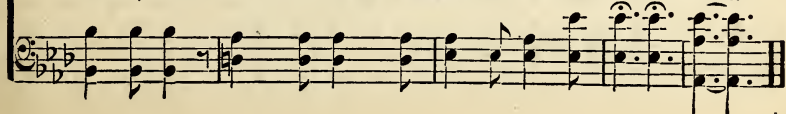
now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each
flag from shore to shore; . . . Loy-al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful



soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er
sol - - - dier stands, . . . Glad-ly o - bey - ing in what-so - ev - er He . . . com -



He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for-ev-er - more.
mands; He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.



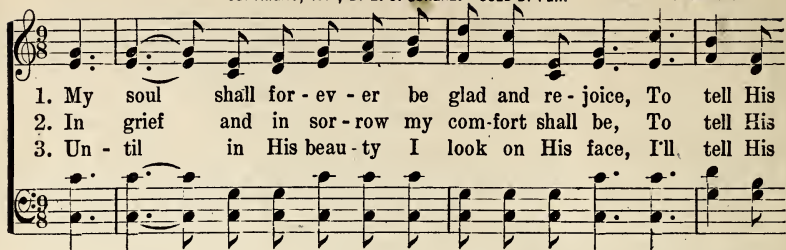
No. 28.

His Wonderful Love.

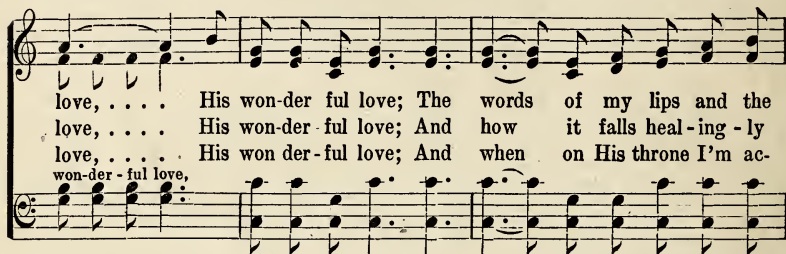
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY E. S. LORENZ. USED BY PER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. My soul shall for - ev - er be glad and re - joice, To tell His
 2. In grief and in sor - row my com - fort shall be, To tell His
 3. Un - til in His beau - ty I look on His face, I'll tell His

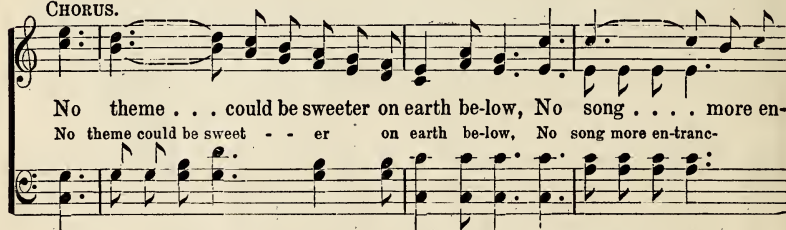


love, His won - der - ful love; The words of my lips and the
 love, His won - der - ful love; And how it falls heal - ing - ly
 love, His won - der - ful love; And when on His throne I'm ac -
 won - der - ful love,

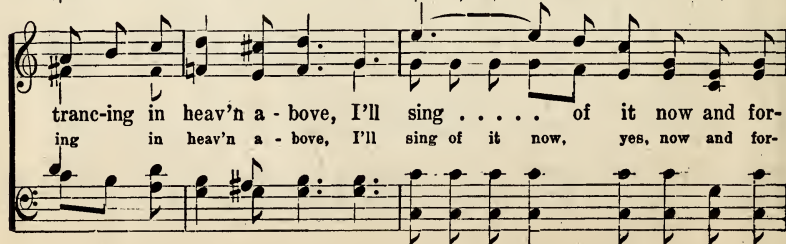


song of my voice Shall speak . . . of His won - der - ful love. . . .
 e - ven on me, This won - der - ful, won - der - ful love. . . .
 cord - ed a place I'll sing . . . of His won - der - ful love. . . .
 speak of His love, of His won - der - ful love.

CHORUS.



No theme . . . could be sweeter on earth be - low, No song . . . more en -
 No theme could be sweet - - er on earth be - low, No song more en - tranc -



tranc - ing in heav'n a - bove, I'll sing of it now and for -
 ing in heav'n a - bove, I'll sing of it now, yes, now and for -

His Wonderful Love.

ev - er, This won - der - ful, won - der - ful love. . . .
 ev - er, This won - der - ful love, this won - der - ful love.

No. 29.

Jesus, Our Friend.

(Primary Song.)

Mattie A. Long.

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Louis D. Eichhorn.

1. Je - sus loves us, He's our Friend, And from harm He will de - fend,
 2. Je - sus keeps us in His care, With His love will none com - pare,
 3. Lit - tle ones we know He'll keep, While a - wake and while a - sleep,

He'll pro - tect us, this we know, With His love, from ev - 'ry foe.
 All our sins He will for - give, In His truth we all may live.
 In His way He bids us go, Yes, the Bi - ble tells us so.

CHORUS.

Je - sus' ban - ner we will wave, From the foes of sin He'll save,

If we brave - ly try to do All that's good and kind and true.

J. W. Van De Venter.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY W. S. WEEDEN AND J. W. VAN DE VENTER.
HALL-MACK CO., OWNERS.

W. S. Weeden.

1. The dear lov-ing Sav-ior has found me, And shat-ter'd the fet-ters that
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi-nal-ly win-ning me
 3. I nev-er, no, nev-er will leave Him, Grow wea-ry of serv-ice and

bound me, Tho' all was con-fus-ion a-round me, He came and spoke
 to Him, I yield-ed my all to pur-sue Him, And ask'd to be
 grieve Him, I'll con-stant-ly trust and be-lieve Him, Re-main in His

peace to my soul; The bless-ed Re-deem-er that bought me, In
 fill'd with His grace, Al-though a vile sin-ner be-fore Him, Thro'
 pres-ence di-vine; A-bid-ing in love ev-er flow-ing, In

ten-der-ness con-stant-ly sought me, The way of sal-va-tion He
 faith I was led to im-plore Him, And now I re-joice and a-
 knowledge and grace ev-er grow-ing, Con-fid-ing im-plic-it-ly,

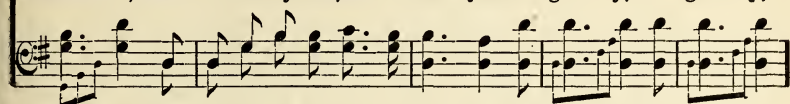
CHORUS.

taught me, And made my heart per-fect-ly whole.
 dore Him, Re-stor'd to His lov-ing em-brace. He saves me, He
 know-ing, That Je-sus, the Sav-ior is mine.

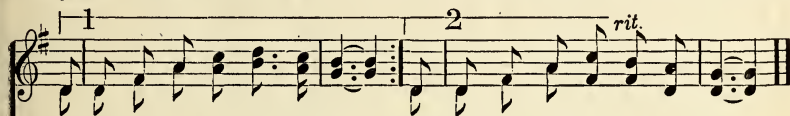
He Saves Me,



saves me, His love fills my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! O glo - ry, O glo - ry,



His spir - it a - bid - eth with-in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.



No. 31.

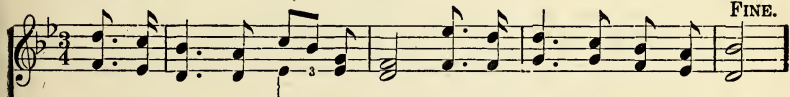
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper,

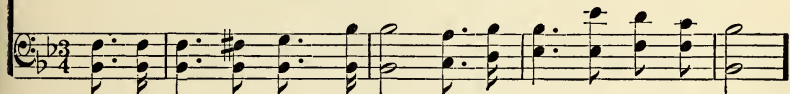
(PILOT.)

J. E. Gould.

FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.



Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

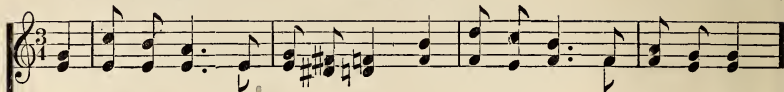
No. 32.

The Name of Jesus.

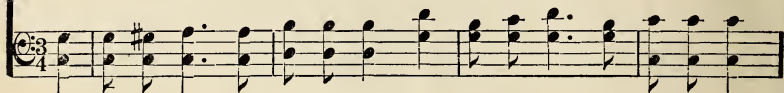
Rev. W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1901 AND 1903, BY E. S. LORENZ.
USED BY PER.

E. S. Lorenz.

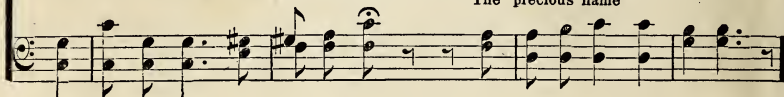


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear; It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;

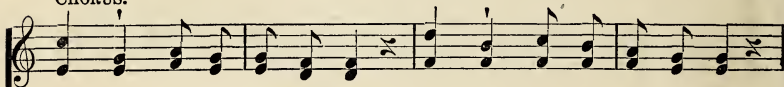


It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
 Who bids all anxious fears de-part— I love the name of Je - sus.
 Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
 Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.

The precious name



CHORUS.



"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;



No. 33.

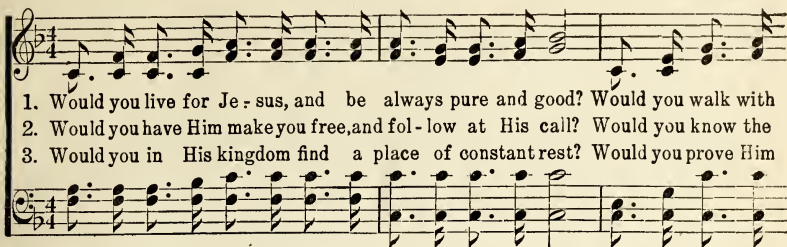
His Way With Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.

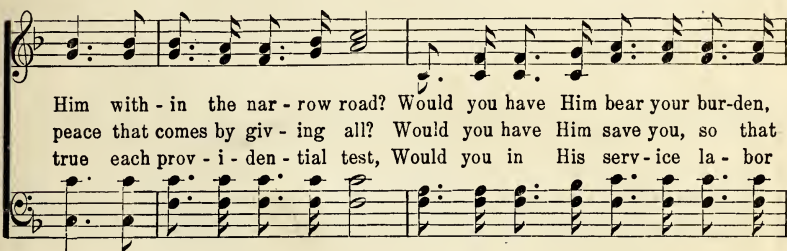
C. S. N.

USED BY PER.

Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

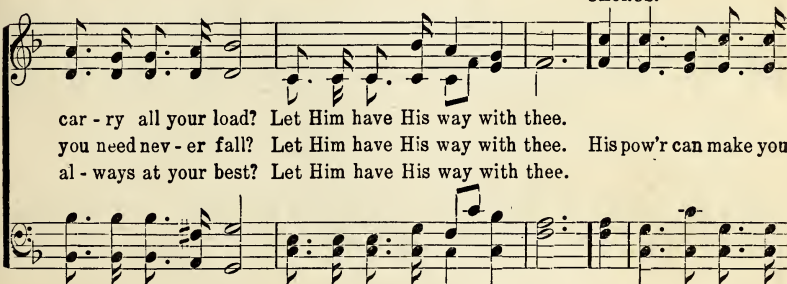


1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol - low at His call? Would you know the
 3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him



Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
 true each prov - i - den - tial test, Would you in His serv - ice la - bor

CHORUS.

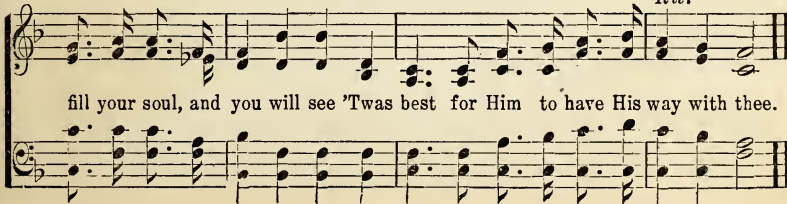


car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
 you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you
 al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

Rit.



fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

J. W. V.

J. W. Van De Venter.

1. O - ver the riv - er fac - es I see, Fair as the morn-ing, look-ing for me;
 2. Fa - ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
 3. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look - ing for someone beck - on - ing come;
 4. Je - sus the Sav - ior, bright Morn - ing Star, Look - ing for lost ones, stray - ing a - far;

Free from this sor - row, grief and de - spair, Wait - ing and watch - ing pa - tient ly there.
 Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
 Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anx - ious - ly look - ing, moth - er, for you.
 Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Jesus is call - ing, "Sin - ner come home."

CHORUS.

Looking this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;

Fair as the morn - ing, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look - ing this way.

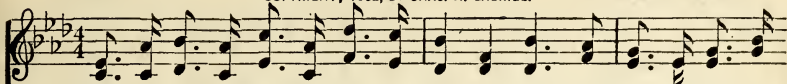
No. 35.

Sunshine and Rain.

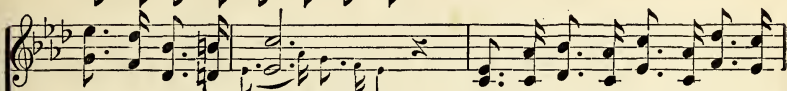
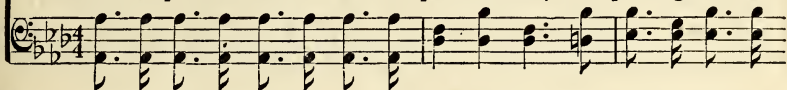
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



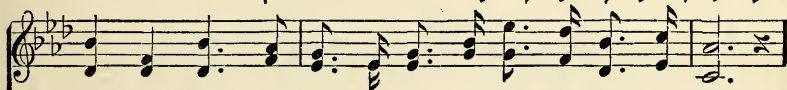
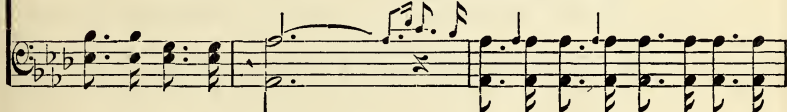
1. Had we on-ly sun-shine all the year a-round, With-out the bless-ing
2. Had we not a sor-row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re-pin-ing when the



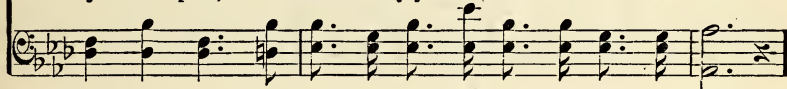
of re-fresh-ing rain, re-fresh-ing rain,
bur-den of our sin,
days are dark and drear?

Would we scat-ter seed up-on the
Would we know the sweetness of His
Can we hope for pleas-ures, yet de-

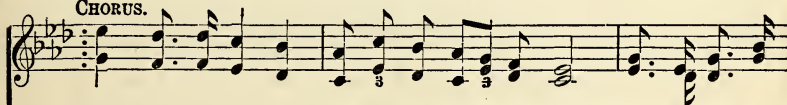
Would we scat-ter seed



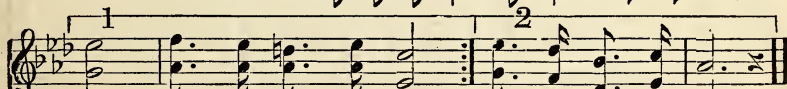
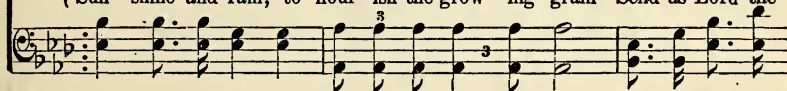
fal-low ground, And hope to gath-er flow-ers, fruit and grain?
love and care, Or, e-ven strive e-ter-nal joys to win?
ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?



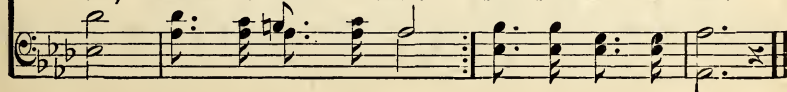
CHORUS.



{ Sun-shine and rain, re-fresh-ing, re-viv-ing rain, Light of faith and
{ Sun-shine and rain, to nour-ish the grow-ing grain Send us Lord the



love, Show-ers from a-bove! sun-shine and the rain.



No. 36,

There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Welser Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is Glo-ry
 2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind-ness, There is glo-ry
 3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav-ing sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo-ry
 4. Since I en-ter'd Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry

in my soul! Since by faith I sought and ob-tain'd God's fav-or, There is
 in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov-ing kind-ness, There is
 in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is
 in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv-en, There is

CHORUS.

glo-ry in my soul! There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is glo-ry in my

soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I con-quer all my foes; There is glo-ry,

glo-ry, there is glo-ry in my soul! There is glo-ry in my soul!
 glo-ry in my soul!

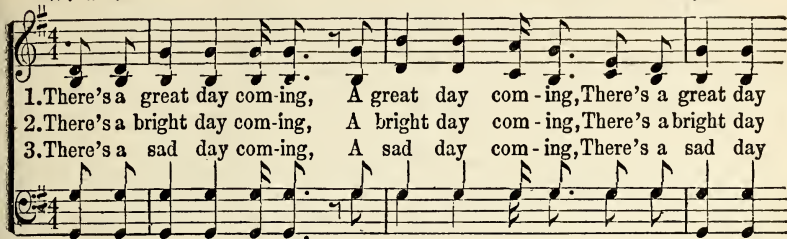
No. 37.

There's a Great Day Coming.

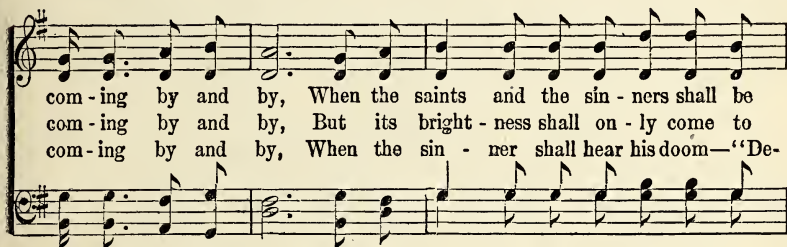
USED BY PER. COPYRIGHT BY WILL L. THOMPSON & CO. EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO, & CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

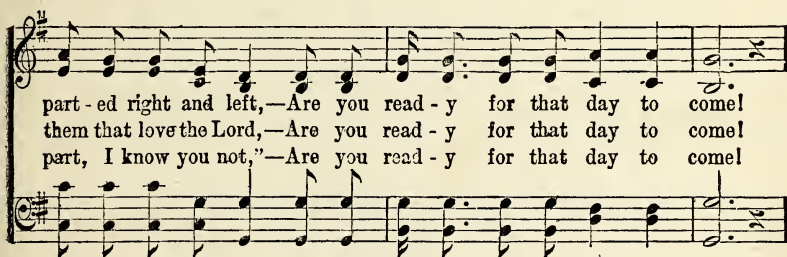
Will L. Thompson.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day

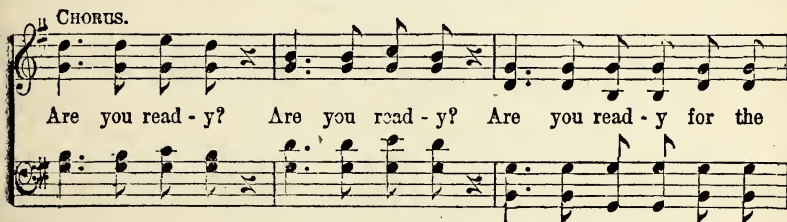


com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
 com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom—"De-

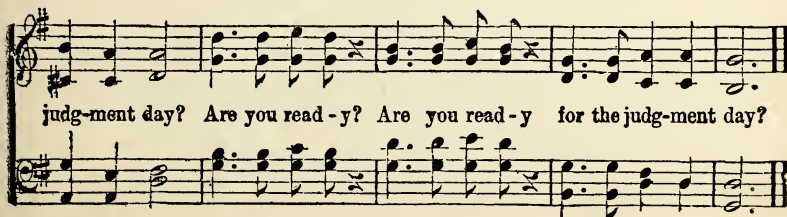


part-ed right and left,—Are you read-y for that day to come!
 them that love the Lord,—Are you read-y for that day to come!
 part, I know you not,—Are you read-y for that day to come!

CHORUS.



Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the



judg-ment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judg-ment day?

Rev. Walter C. Smith,

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.
USED BY PER.

Fred H. Byshe,

1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my path hath mir-y been,
2. If clear-er vis-ion Thou im-part, Grate-ful and glad my soul shall be;
3. Yea, on-ly as this heart is clean May larg-er vis-ion yet be mine,
4. I watch to shun the mir-y way, And stanch the springs of guilt-y tho't,

Be it by wa-ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
But yet to have a pur-er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
For mir-rored in its depths are seen. The things di-vine, The things di-vine.
But, watch and strug-gle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

REFRAIN.

So wash me, Thou, with-out, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
Wash me, Thou, with-out, within, Or purge with fire, it that must be,

A Clean Heart.

No matter how, if on - ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.
 An-y-how, if on-ly sin Die out in me, Die out, die out in me,
 Die in me,

rit.

No. 39. Old Jordan's Waves I Do Not Fear.

C. J. B.

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USED BY PER.

Chas. J. Butler,

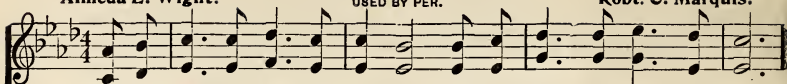
1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an - gel Death will come to me;
2. My sins He long a - go for-gave, And still I feel His pow'r to save;
3. My loved ones they have cross'd the tide, But safely cross'd with Christ their Guide;
4. So when at death's cold brink I stand, My hand clasp'd in my Sav-ior's hand,

But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.
 And if I keep the wit-ness clear, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.
 They sweetly whis-per'd in my ear, Old Jor-dan's waves I do not fear.
 I, too, shall shout in tones so clear, Old Jor-dan's waves I do not fear.

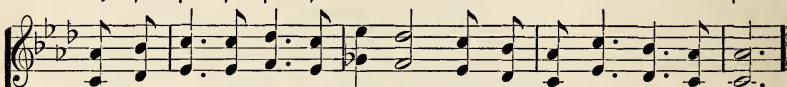
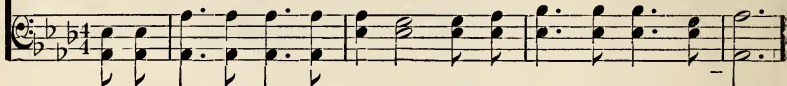
Almeda E. Wight.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY ROBT. C. MARQUIS.
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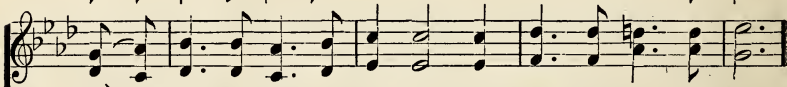
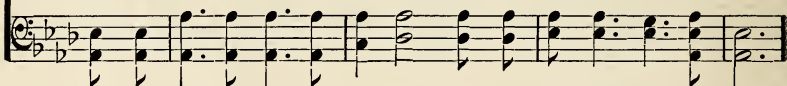
Robt. C. Marquis.



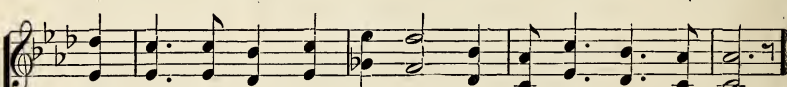
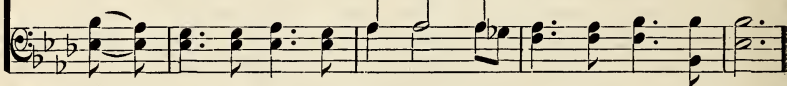
1. 'Tis a sweet and ten - der sto - ry, How the Fa - ther from a - bove
2. 'Tis the ver - y same old sto - ry That has warm'd the cold world's heart
3. Say you not that un - a - vail - ing Seem the words you try to speak;



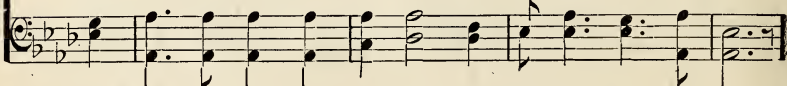
Looked down on His err - ing chil - dren With the pity - ing eyes of love;
Thro' the centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er de - part;
Trust the Ho - ly Spir - it's unc - tion, It shall strengthen what is weak.



How He sent His Well - Be - lov - ed, For - give - ness to un - fold;
There are souls that have not heard it, Some hearts so strange - ly cold.
Go forth to do His bid - ding; The truth shall make you bold;



That sweet and ten - der sto - ry, O Chris - tian, must be told.
To these, O fal - t'ring Chris - tian, The sto - ry must be told.
Tho' few shall heed your sto - ry That sto - ry must be told.



CHORUS.



It must be told, It must be told The
It must be told, it must be told, It must be told, it must be told, The



It Must Be Told.

sto-ry must be told; That sweet and ten-der
sto-ry must be sweet-ly told, be oft-en sweet-ly told;

sto-ry, O Christian, must be told.
won-drous sto-ry, be oft-en sweet-ly told.

No. 41.

The Old Time Religion.

C. D. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
USED BY PER.

Arr by Charlie D. Tillman.

CHO. 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers,
2. Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y,
3. It has saved our . . fa-thers, It has saved our . . fa-thers,

'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good e-nough for me!
It was good for our mothers, And its good e-nough for me!
Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, And its good e-nough for me!
It has saved our . . fa-thers, And its good e-nough for me!

4 Makes me love the good old Bible,
And it's good enough for me!

6 It will do when I'm dying,
And it's good enough for me!

5 It will lead me to Jesus,
And it's good enough for me!

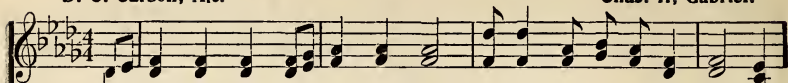
7 It will take us all to heaven,
And it's good enough for me!

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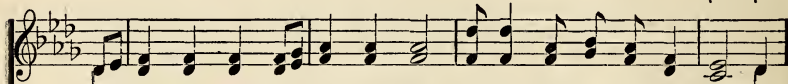
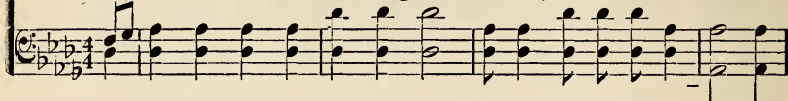
R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, K., OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

D. C. Carson, Alt.

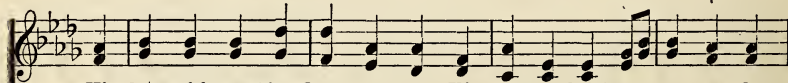
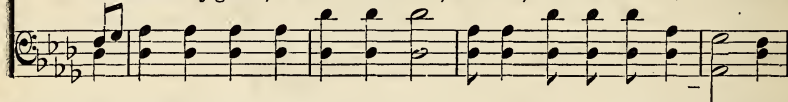
Chas. H. Gabriel.



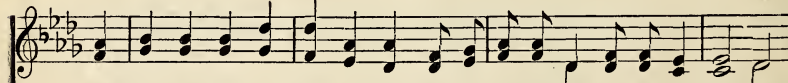
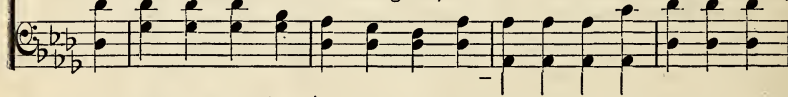
1. I've found a Friend, the best of all, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav-ior!
2. He with the low - ly sat at meat, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav-ior!
3. Oh, that the whole wide world might own Je-sus, the wonderful Sav-ior!



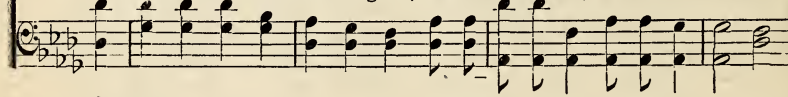
He leads and guides me lest I fall, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-ior!
 And wash'd His own dis - ci - ples' feet—Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-ior!
 We're saved by grace, thro' Him a - lone, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-ior!



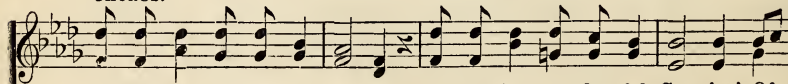
His love with sunshine floods my way, His presence brightens ev-'ry day;
 Tho' with-out sin, for me He died, On Cal - va - ry was cru - ci - fied;
 No oth - er name for sin-ners giv'n; No oth - er name in earth or heav'n;



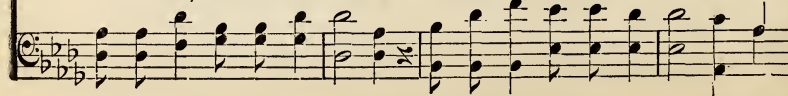
'Tis joy to hon-or and o - bey, Such a wonder-ful, wonder-ful Sav-ior!
 Yet up from death, all glo - rified, Came this wonder-ful, wonder-ful Sav-ior!
 But all must come who'd be for giv'n, To this wonder-ful, wonder-ful Sav-ior!



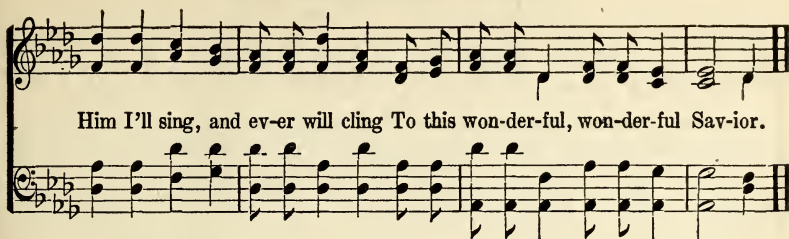
CHORUS.



Won der ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior! Won der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior! Of



The Wonderful Savior.



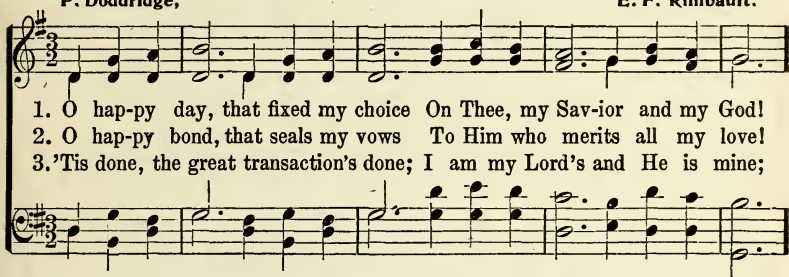
Him I'll sing, and ev-er will cling To this won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior.

No. 43.

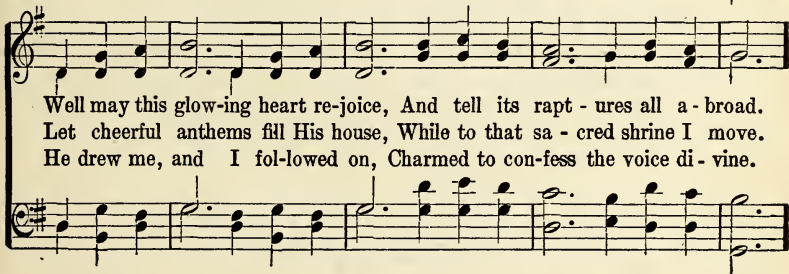
0 Happy Day.

P. Doddridge,

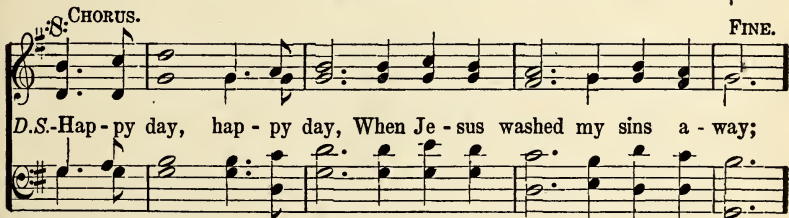
E. F. Rimbault.



1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love!
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;

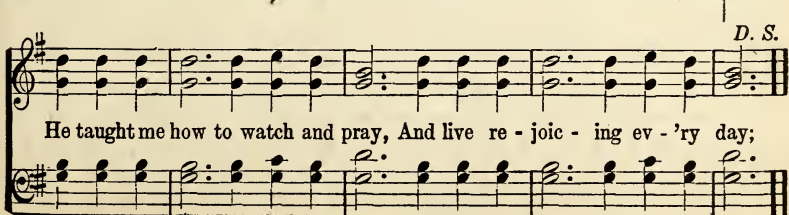


Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad.
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di - vine.



CHORUS. **FINE.**

D.S.-Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;



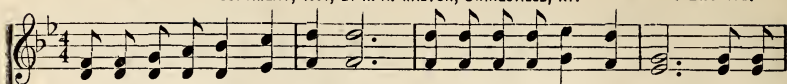
D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

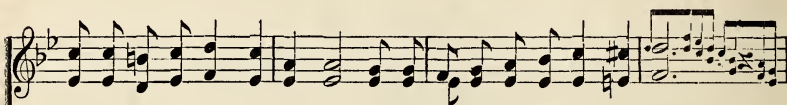
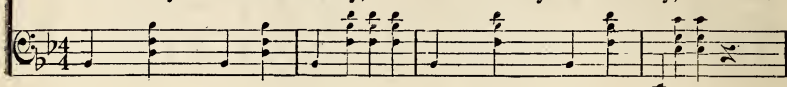
Jennie Ree.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, KY.

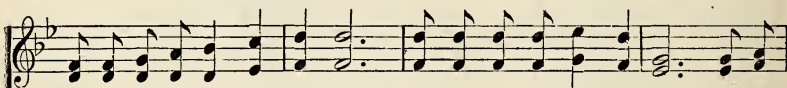
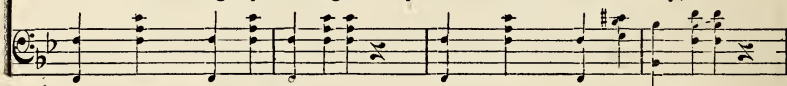
Chas. H. Gabriel.



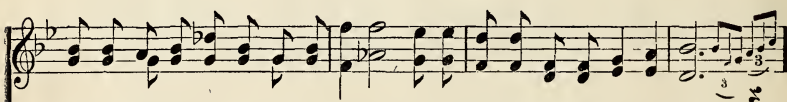
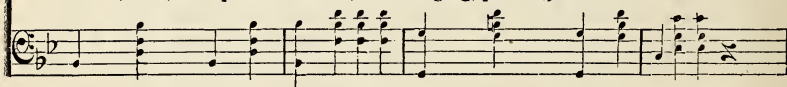
1. Onward up the King's great highway, Upward to the prom-ised land, We are
 2. Tho' the day be dark and drear-y, Tho' the stormy winds rush by, Yet we



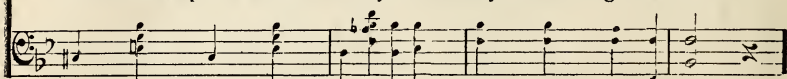
marching with a shout of tri-umph, For the Lord of hosts is in com-mand;
 know the sun is brightly shin-ing Just beyond the clouds that veil the sky;



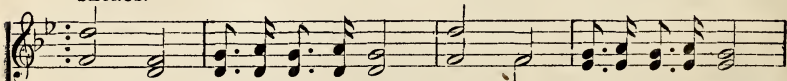
Stead-i - ly, our force in - creas-ing, On we go with songs of joy, For no
 Onward, then, and up-ward ev - er, Singing, praising more and more, Till we



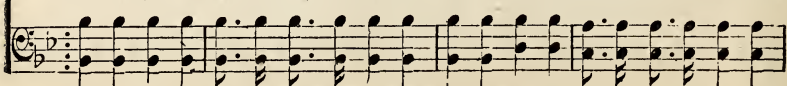
en - e-my shall hold the way before us, Neither shall they frighten or de-stroy.
 reach at last the promis'd land of beauty. And our days of marching all are o'er.



CHORUS.



On - ward at the King's command, Up - ward to the promis'd land.
 On-ward, on-ward at the King's command, and Up-ward, up-ward to the promised land, now



On the Great Highway.

Moves the mighty ar - my of the Lord in proud ar-ray, To vic - to - ry and

glo - ry, o'er the King's highway; Then vic - to - ry and glo - ry, o'er the King's highway.

No. 45.

Perfect Peace.

Frances R. Havergal,
Joyful.

J. Mountain.

1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic -
2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can
3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our

to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it flow - eth
fol - low, Nev - er trait - or stand; Not a surge of wor - ry,
di - al By the Sun of Love; We may trust Him ful - ly

CHO.—Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,

D. S. for Chorus.

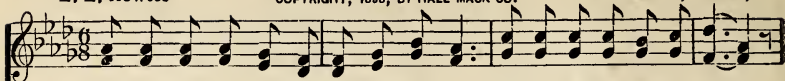
Full - er ev - 'ry day, — Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.
Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there.
All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him whol - ly true.

Hearts are ful - ly blest; Find - ing as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

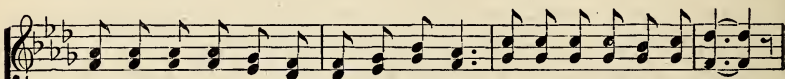
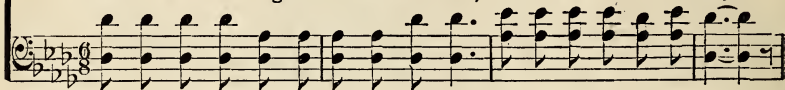
E. E. Hewitt

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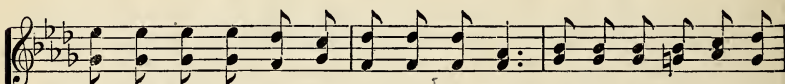
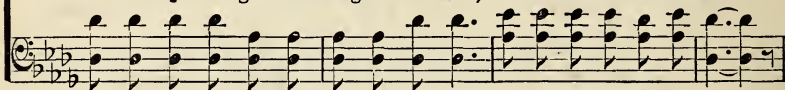
Howard E. Smith,



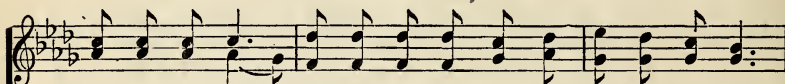
1. One who will free-ly for-give all my sin, He is the Sav-ior for me;
2. One who can turn bit-ter wa-ters to sweet, He is the Sav-ior for me;
3. One who is lov-ing and ten-der and true, He is the Sav-ior for me;



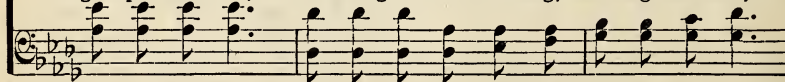
Bring-ing His pre-cious sal-va-tion with-in, He is the Sav-ior for me.
 Peace "perfect peace," as I wait at His feet, He is the Sav-ior for me.
 A-ble my courage and strength to re-new, He is the Sav-ior for me.



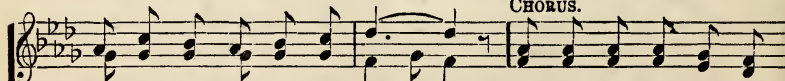
Spread-ing His mer-cy, like sun-shine, a-round, Won-der-ful grace that will
 Cleans-ing me, keep-ing me, day af-ter day, Help-ing me walk in His
 Lift-ing me up as His cross I shall bear, Call-ing me ev-er to



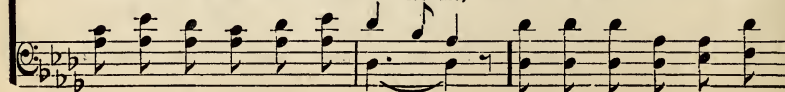
"much more a-bound;" Just such a Sav-ior in Je-sus I've found,
 roy-al high-way, Hear-ing and an-sw'ring as hum-bly I pray,
 heights pure and fair, In His great har-vest-ing, let-ting me share,



CHORUS.



He is the Sav-ior for me. . . . He is the Sav-ior for
 for me,



He is the Savior for Me.

me, Glo - ry to Him ev - er be; Just such a
for me;

Sav - ior in Je - sus I've found, He is the Sav - ior for me
for me.

No. 47.

Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D. S.—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sav ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

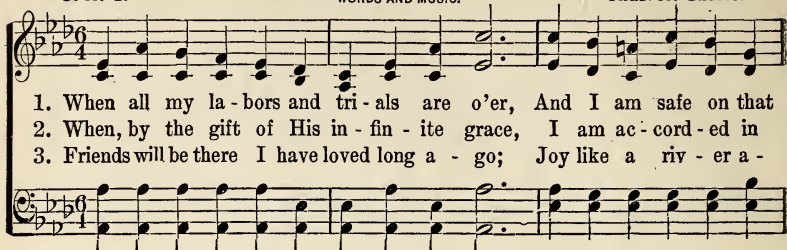
No. 48.

O That Will Be Glory.

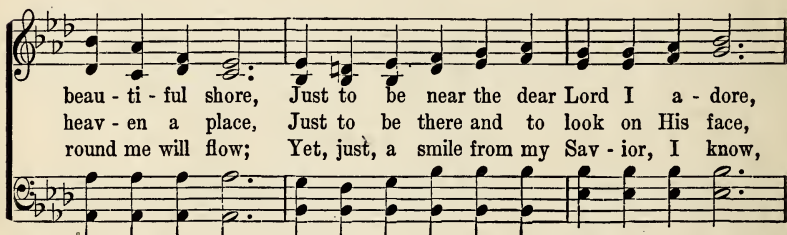
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

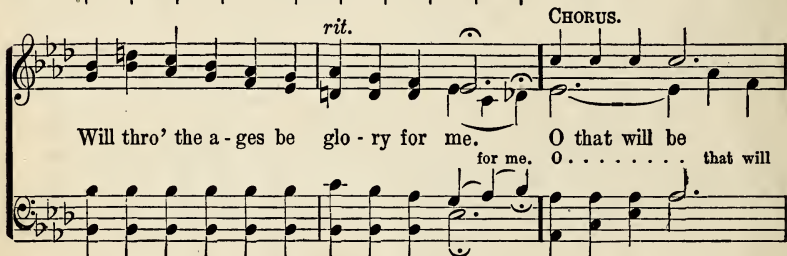
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
 2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac - cord - ed in
 3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a -



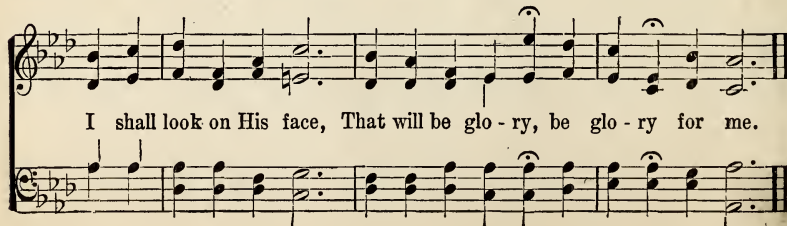
beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
 heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
 round me will flow; Yet, just, a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,



rit. CHORUS.
 Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me. O that will be
 for me. O that will



glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; When by His grace
 be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me. . . .



I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

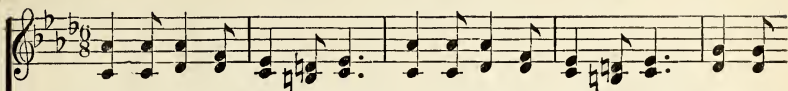
No. 49.

Day is Dying in the West.

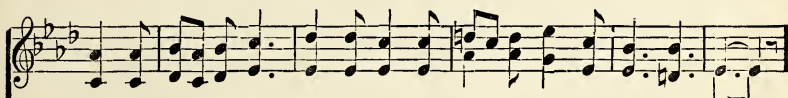
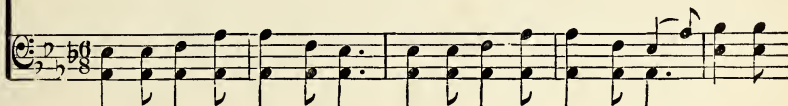
Mary Ann Lathbury.

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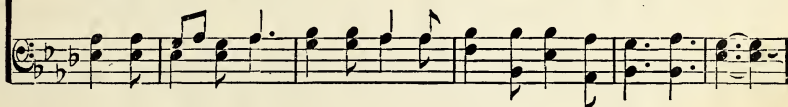
William F. Sherwin.



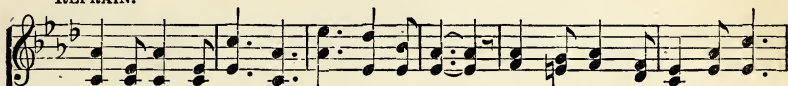
1. Day is dying in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the
4. When for ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



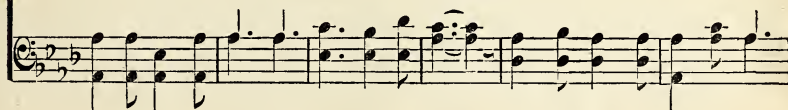
worship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts ascend.
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shadows end.



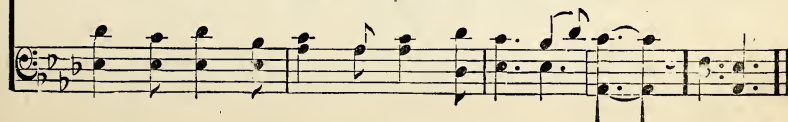
REFRAIN.



Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee;



Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High! A-men.



To Prof. Chas. F. Allen.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

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E. O. Excell.

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee;
 3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God;
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
 On, then, Chris - tian sol - diers, On to vic - to - ryl
 Broth - ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
 Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri - umph song;

Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,

Onward, Christian Soldiers.



For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
Broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count - less a - ges Men [and an - gels sing.

The first system of the musical score for 'Onward, Christian Soldiers'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The vocal line includes triplets and various note values. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

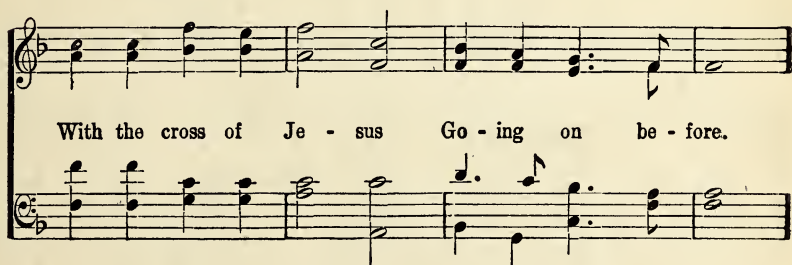
CHORUS.

Arthur S. Sullivan.



On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,

The chorus section of the musical score. It continues with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,'. The music features a steady rhythm with some melodic variation in the vocal line.



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

The second system of the chorus. The lyrics are 'With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.' The musical notation continues with the vocal and piano parts, maintaining the same key and tempo.

INTERLUDE.



The interlude section of the musical score. It is a short instrumental piece for the piano, featuring a sequence of chords and a simple melodic line. It serves as a bridge between the end of the chorus and the beginning of the next section.

No. 51.

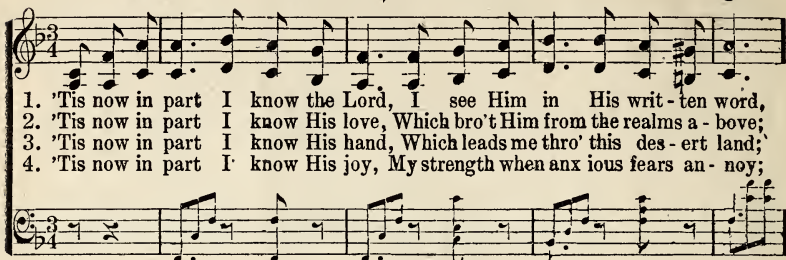
'Tis Now in Part.

This song was written and first sung at Atlanta, Ga., and is dedicated to Hon. W. J. Northern, former Governor of the State, and Chairman of the Business Men's Gospel Union.

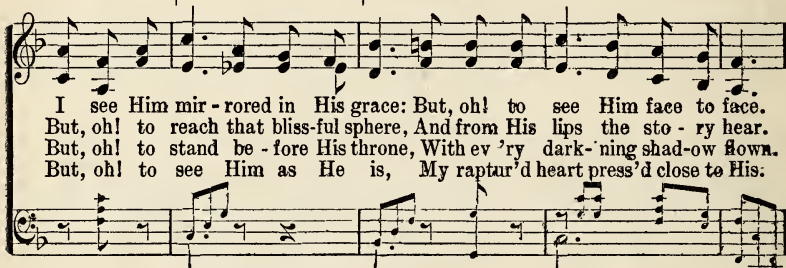
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O. F. Pugh.

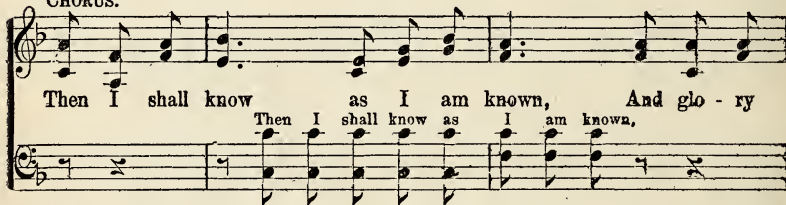


1. 'Tis now in part I know the Lord, I see Him in His writ-ten word,
 2. 'Tis now in part I know His love, Which bro't Him from the realms a - bove;
 3. 'Tis now in part I know His hand, Which leads me thro' this des-ert land;
 4. 'Tis now in part I know His joy, My strength when anx-ious fears an- noy;



I see Him mir-rored in His grace: But, oh! to see Him face to face.
 But, oh! to reach that bliss-ful sphere, And from His lips the sto-ry hear.
 But, oh! to stand be-fore His throne, With ev-'ry dark-n'ing shad-ow flown.
 But, oh! to see Him as He is, My raptur'd heart press'd close to His:

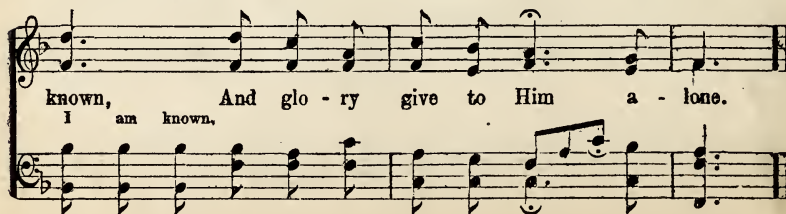
CHORUS.



Then I shall know as I am known, And glo-ry
 Then I shall know as I am known,



give to Him a - lone; Then I shall know as I am
 And glo-ry give to Him a - lone; Then I shall know as



known, And glo-ry give to Him a - lone.
 I am known,

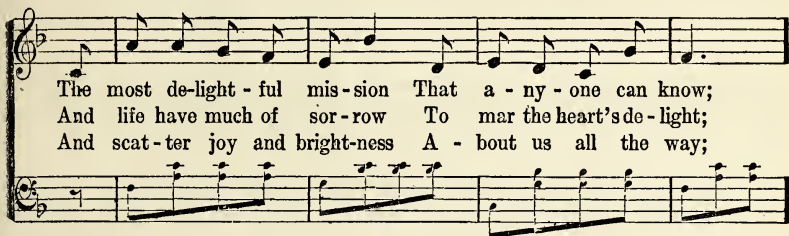
Eben E Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

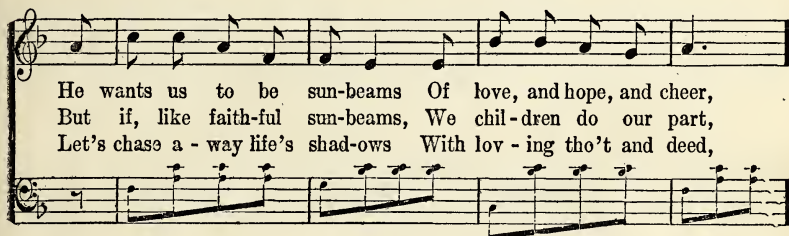
Chas. H. Gabriel.



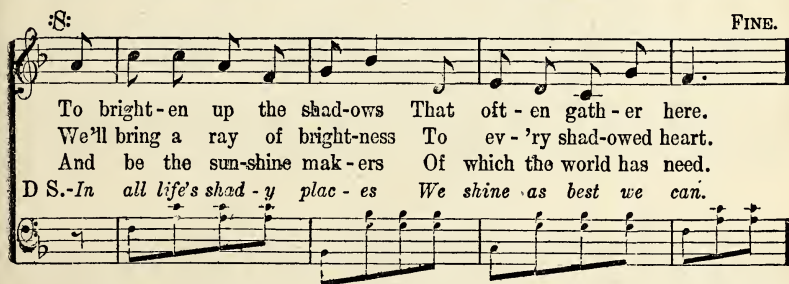
1. I think God gives the chil-dren, As thro' the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun-shine Of heav-en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis-sion Of sun-beams day by day,



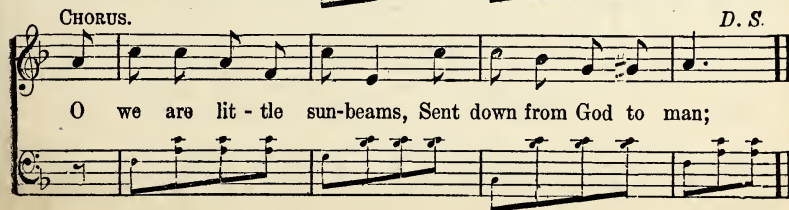
The most de-light-ful mis-sion That a-ny-one can know;
And life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's de-light;
And scat-ter joy and bright-ness A-bout us all the way;



He wants us to be sun-beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if, like faith-ful sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part,
Let's chase a-way life's shad-ows With lov-ing tho't and deed,



To bright-en up the shad-ows That oft-en gath-er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright-ness To ev'-ry shad-owed heart.
And be the sun-shine mak-ers Of which the world has need.
D S.-In all life's shad-y plac-es We shine as best we can.

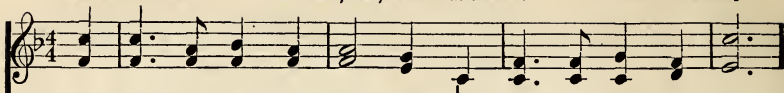


CHORUS. D. S.
O we are lit-tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to man;

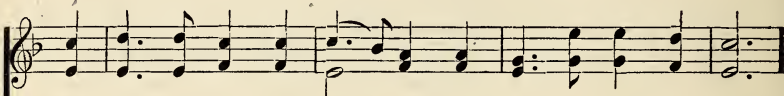
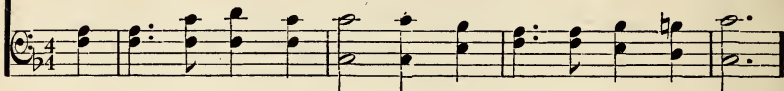
Carrie A. Wilson.

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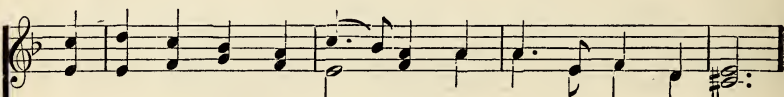
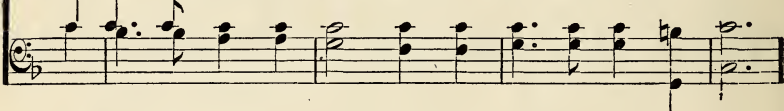
Jno. R. Sweney.



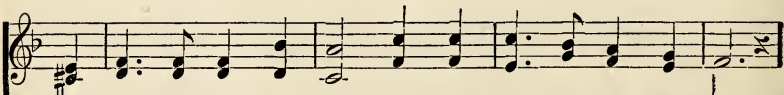
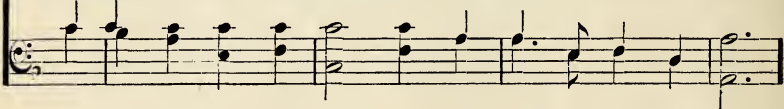
1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think the moments long;
 2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we stay
 3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not be long



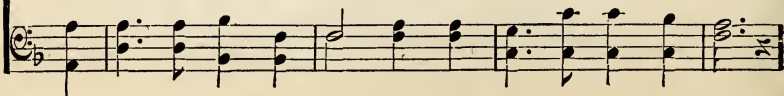
My faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune - ful song;
 Let songs of home and Je - sus Be - guile each fleet - ing day;
 Till in our Fa - ther's king - dom We swell a no - bler song,



Lol on the mount of bless - ing The glo - rious mount! I stand,
 Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of His re - deem - ing love,—
 Where those we love are wait - ing To greet us on the shore,

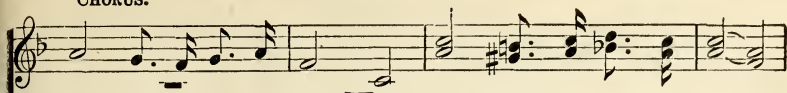


And, look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the prom - ised land.
 The ev - er - last - ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.
 We'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where surg - es roll no more.

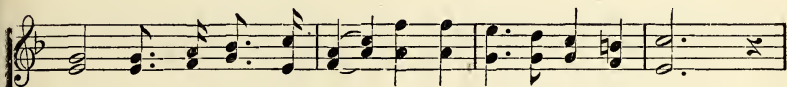
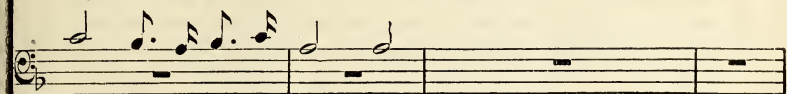


Sing On.

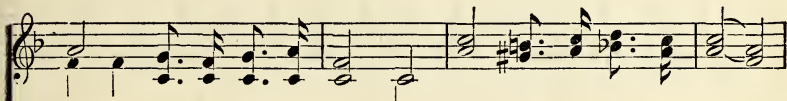
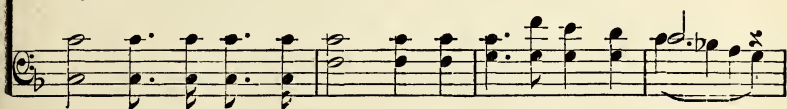
CHORUS.



Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise

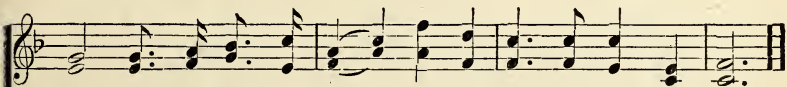
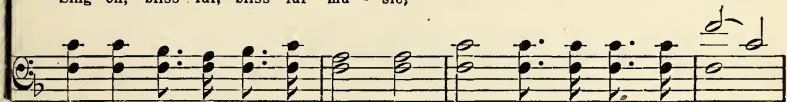


My heart is filled with rapt - ure, My soul is lost in praise:



Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise

Sing on; bliss-ful, bliss-ful mu - sic,



My heart is filled with rapt - ure, My soul is lost in praise.

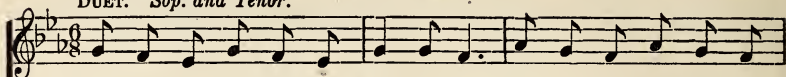


No. 54. I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus.

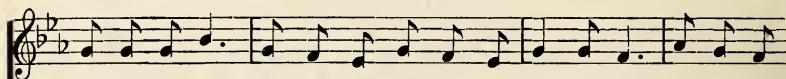
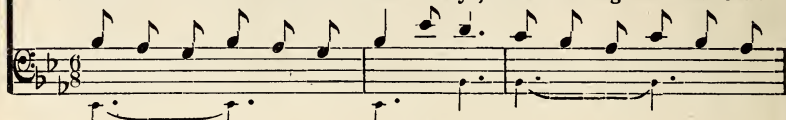
John R. Clements.
DUET. Sop. and Tenor.

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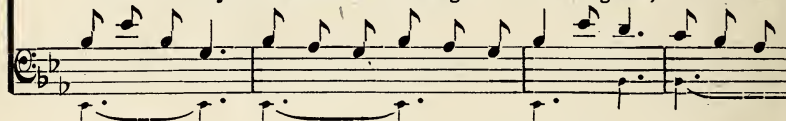
Elisha A. Hoffman.



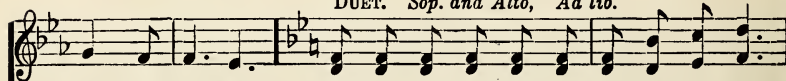
1. Back to the cold world I will not go, Back to the old paths of
2. Back on the night-shrouded sea to die? Back, where the breakers of
3. Back to the boon friends of form-er days, Still walk-ing on in their



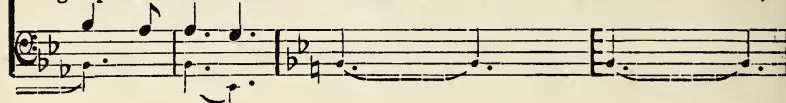
pain and of woe, Back to the old life of sin, O no! I've had a
sin toss on high? Back, 'mid the bil-lows of doubt? not I! I've had a
old sin - ful ways? Back with a mes-sage of love and grace; I've had a



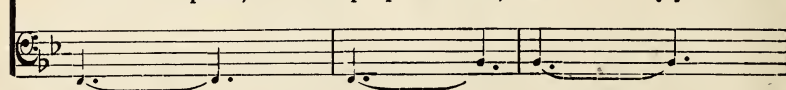
DUET. Sop. and Alto, Ad lib.



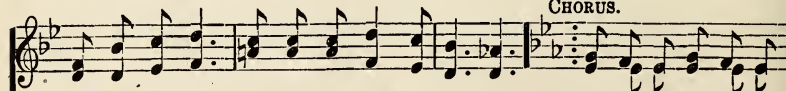
glimpse of Je - sus. I've found a life that is sweet-er to me,



Sweeter with peace, from un-hap - pi - ness free, Full - er of joy than the

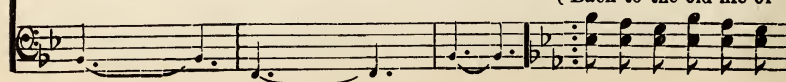


CHORUS.

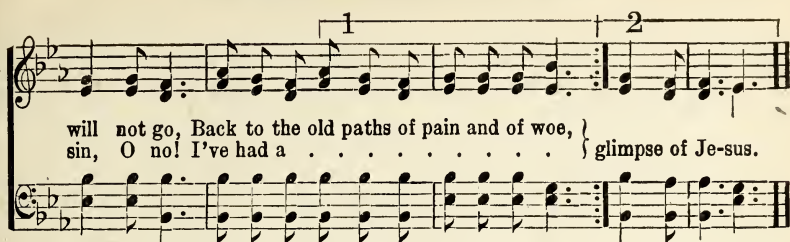


old life could be; I've had a glimpse of Je-sus.

{ Back to the cold world I
{ Back to the old life of



I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus.



will not go, Back to the old paths of pain and of woe, }
sin, O no! I've had a } glimpse of Je-sus.

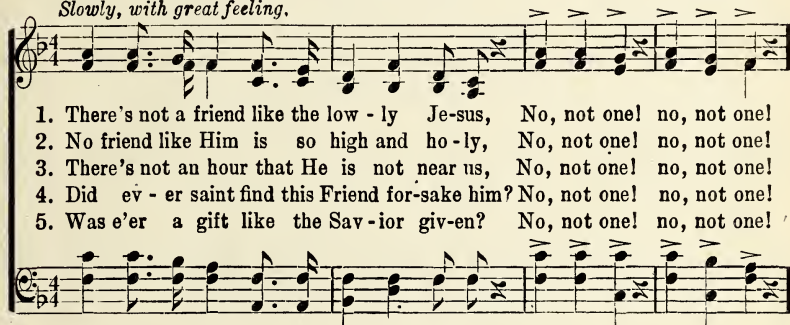
No. 55.

No, Not One!

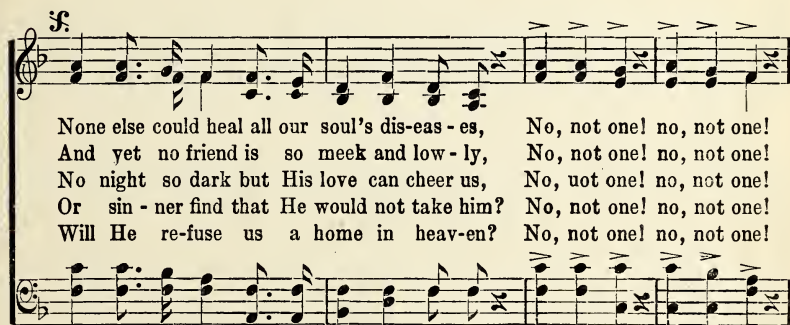
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.
Slowly, with great feeling.

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Geo. C. Hugg.



1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-ior giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

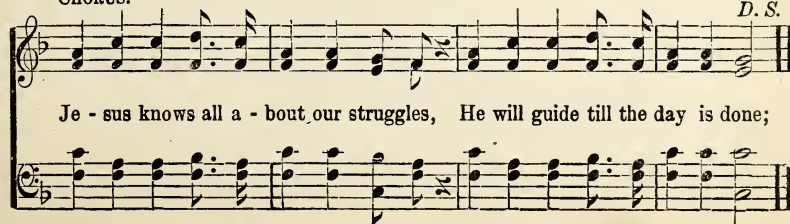


None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

D. S.



Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

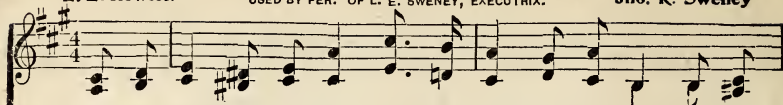
No. 56.

Will There Be Any Stars?

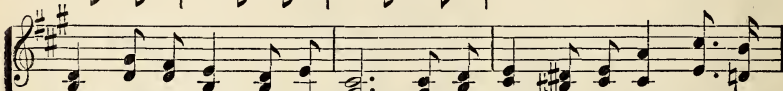
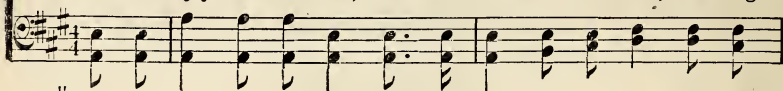
E. E. Hewitt.

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USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

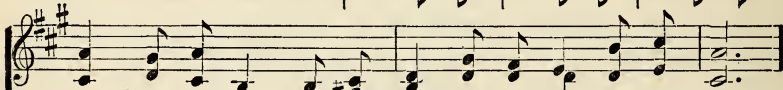
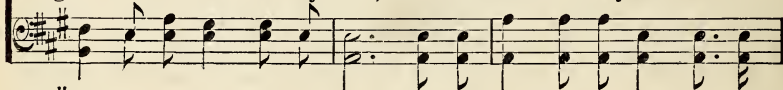
Jno. R. Sweney



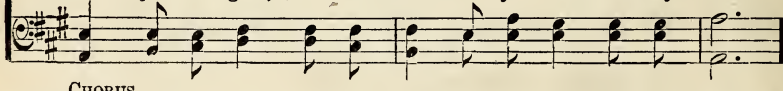
1. I am think - ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me
3. O what joy it will be, when His face I be - hold, Liv - ing



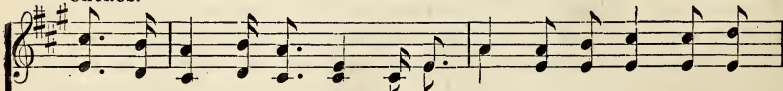
reach when the sun go - eth down; When, thro' won - der - ful grace, by my
watch as a win - ner of souls, That bright stars may be mine in the
gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet - en my bliss in the



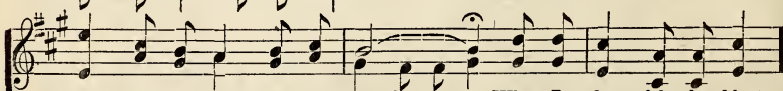
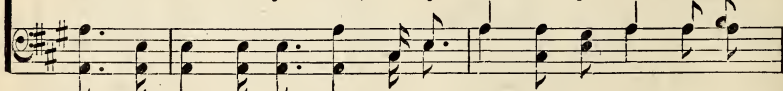
Sav - ior I stand, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
glo - ri - ous day When His praise like the sea bil - lows rolls.
cit - y of gold, Should there be an - y stars in my crown.



CHORUS.



Will there be an - y stars, an - y stars in my crown, When at



eve - ning the sun go - eth down? When I wake with the blest
go - eth down?



Will There Be Any Stars?

In the man-sions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
an - y stars in my crown?

No. 57.

Holy Spirit, Dwell in Me.

E. S. B.

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Effie S. Black.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Teach mine err - ing feet the way; As I
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Fill my heart with Thy rich grace; Let me
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Till life's night has passed a - way, When with

jour - ney here be - low, Guide me ev - 'ry day; Show me what I ought to do,
all the beau - ty see In my Sav - ior's face, Till at last His life shall be,
rapt - ure I shall wake In e - ter - nal day; I shall dwell with Christ my Lord,

Help me shun the wrong; In this va - ried chain of life Make the weak link strong.
Mir - rored in mine own, And the likeness God can see To His own dear Son.
In our heav'n - ly home, And He will present me then Fault - less at the throne.

Let the Sunshine In.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it
2. Does your faith grow faint - er in the cause yo : love? Are your
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know - ing

dark with-out you—dark-er still with - in? Clear the dark - en'd
 pray'rs un-an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark - en'd
 naught of dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark - en'd

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The notation includes a variety of note values: eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and dotted notes. There are also rests and beams connecting groups of notes. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.

win-dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The Rose Tree

Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; Let a lit-tle sun-shine in;
the sunshine in, the sunshine in;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes: G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3. The piece concludes with a final quarter note G3.

[illegible]

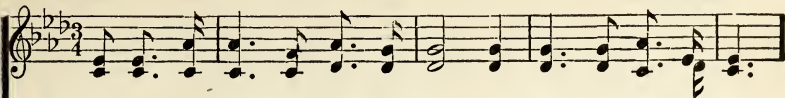
Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several rests throughout the system. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

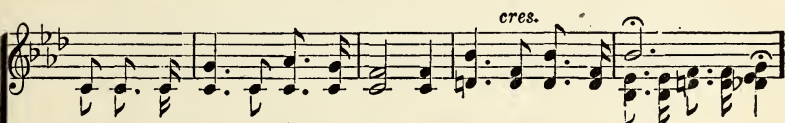
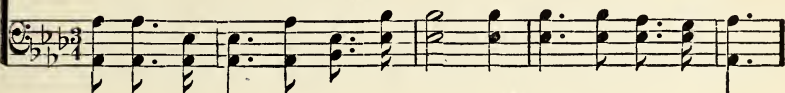
E. O. E.

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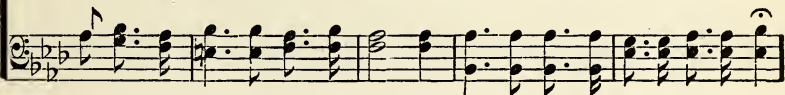
E. O. Excell.



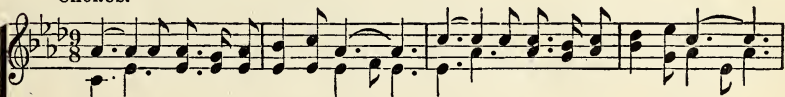
1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry,
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por - tion there will be



Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, enough for me.
 Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, enough for me.
 I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, enough for me. (enough for me.)
 To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, enough for me.



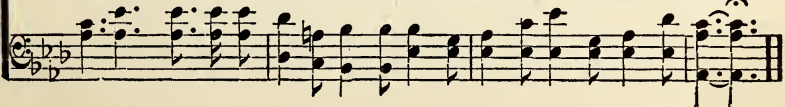
CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry, Grace as fath-om-less as the sea,
 Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry, for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the rolling sea,



Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, . . . enough for me.
 Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, A-bun-dant grace I see, enough for me.



James Montgomery.
Melody in the Tenor Part.

Arr. by T. Koschat.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since
 3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still

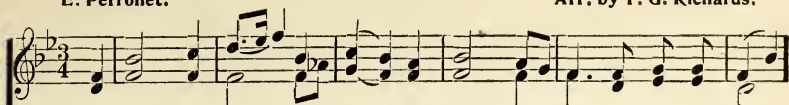
feed in green pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my
 Thou art my Guar-dian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
 bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and
 fol-low my steps till I meet Thee a-bove. I seek by the

soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my
 oil Thou a-noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
 path which my fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy

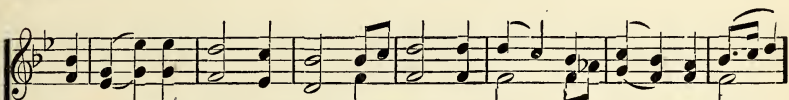
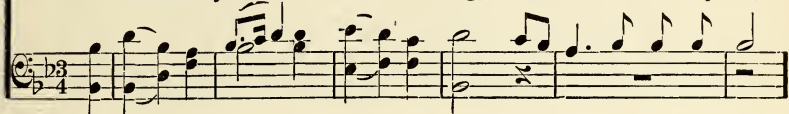
deems when oppressed; Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
 Com-fort-er near; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
 prov-i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
 king-dom of love; Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

E. Perronet.

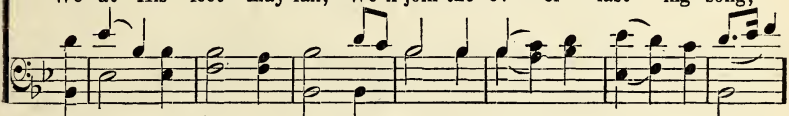
Arr. by T. G. Richards.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall,



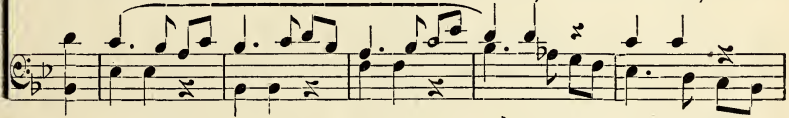
Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
 Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,
 We at His feet may fall, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



And crown Him, crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
 And crown Him, crown Him,

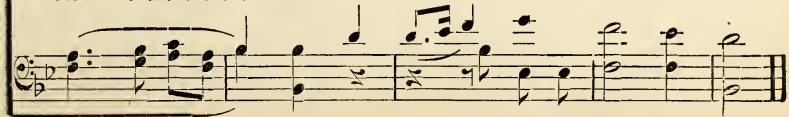


And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown

crown Him, crown Him,



all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him



. Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

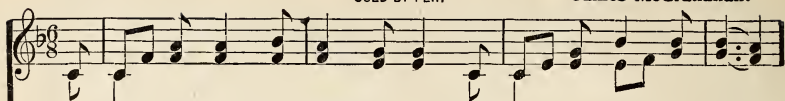
No. 62.

O How Love I Thy Law.

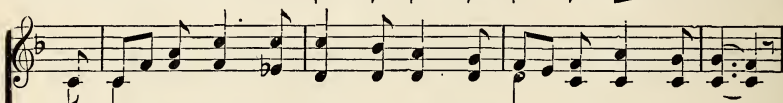
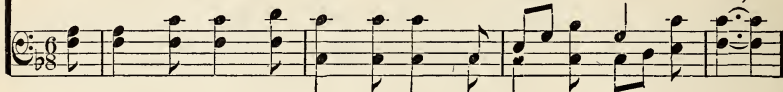
Anon.

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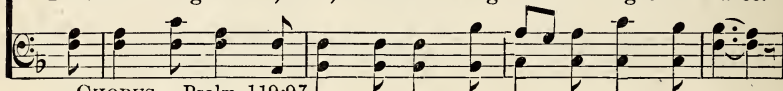
James McGranahan.



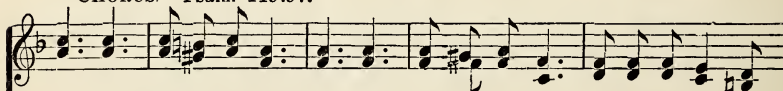
1. Un-spot-ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - si - red are;
3. More - o - ver, they thy serv-ant warn, How he his life should frame;
4. Who can his er - rors un - der - stand? From se-cret faults me cleanse;
5. And do not suf-fer them to have Do - min-ion o - ver me;



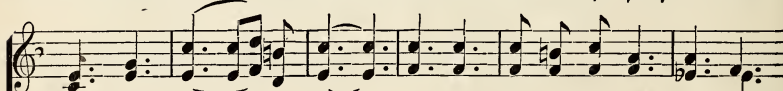
The judgments of the Lord are truth, And right-eous-ness most pure.
Than hon - ey, from the hon - ey comb That drop - peth, sweet - er far.
A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
Thy serv - ant al - so keep Thou back From all pre - sump - tuous sins;
I shall be right-eous, then, and from The great trans - gres-sion free.



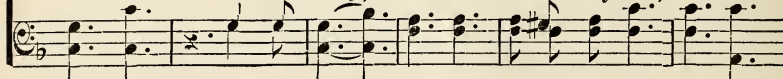
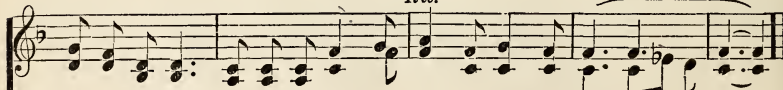
CHORUS. Psalm 119:97.



"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med-i-



ta - tion all the day; O how love I Thy law, O how

*Rit.*

love I Thy law; It is my med-i-ta-tion all the day." all the day.



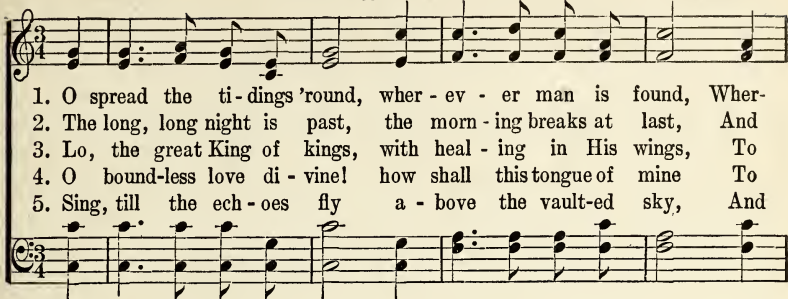
No. 63.

The Comforter Has Come.

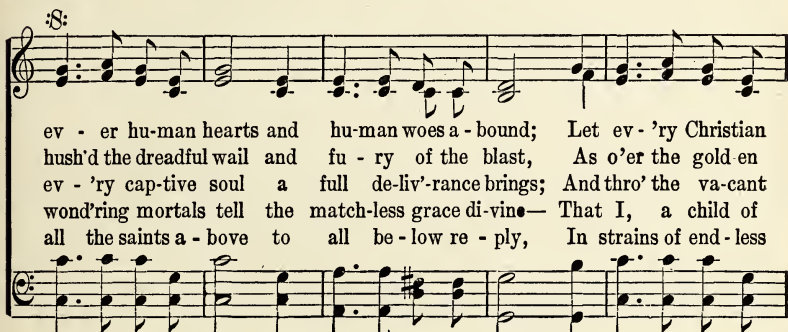
F. Bottome.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

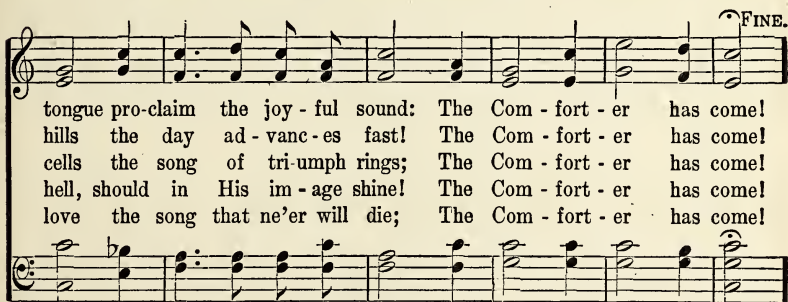


1. O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold en
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'-rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
 wond'ring mortals tell the match-less grace di-vine— That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less

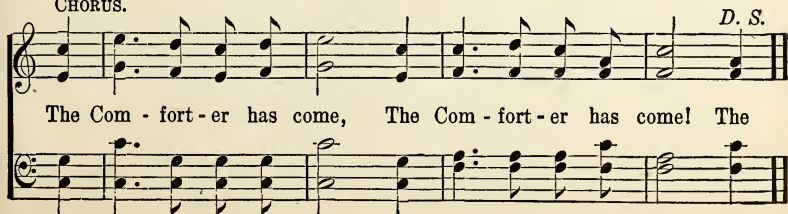
D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; O spread the tidings



tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
 love the song that ne'er will die; The Com - fort - er has come!

'round, Wher - ev - er man is found— The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

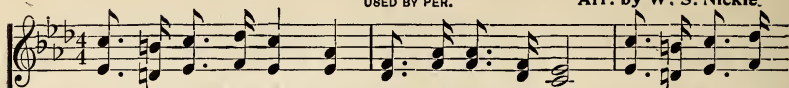
No. 64.

Meet Mother in the Skies.

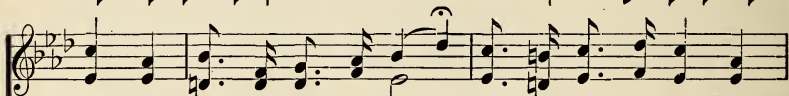
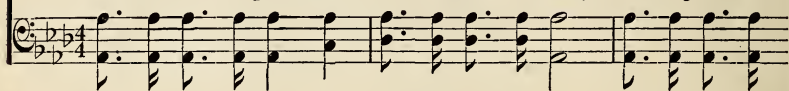
COPYRIGHT. 1898, BY JOHN F. ELLIS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

USED BY PER.

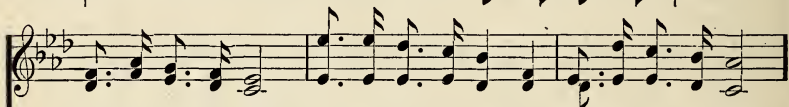
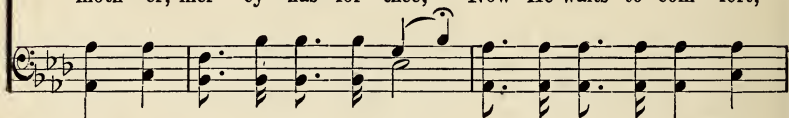
Arr. by W. S. Nickle.



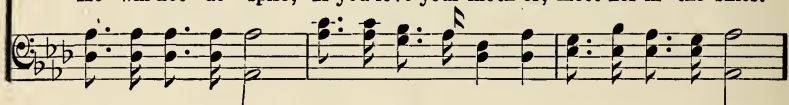
1. In a lone-ly grave-yard, ma-ny miles a-way, Lies your dear old
2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee, He who par-doned



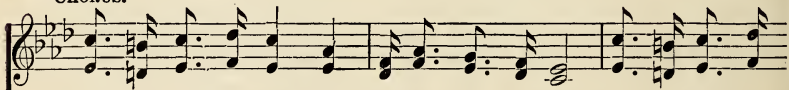
moth-er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem-'ries oft re-turn-ing
 ab-sent, moth-er, kind and true; Ev-er-more sheddwells where
 moth-er, mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort,



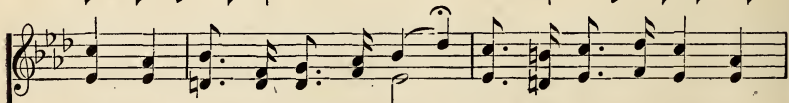
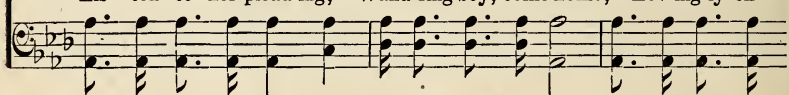
of her tears and sighs, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
 pleas-ure nev-er dies, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
 He will not de-spise, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.



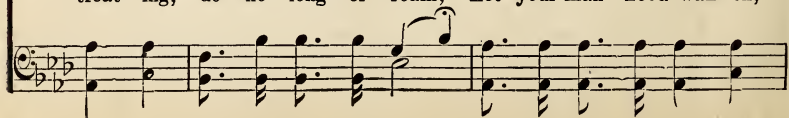
CHORUS.



Lis-ten to her plead-ing, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-



treat-ing, do no long-er roam; Let your man-hood wak-en,



Meet Mother in the Skies.

heav'nward lift your eyes; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

No. 65.

Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kind-ly light, a - mid th'en-cir- cling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me

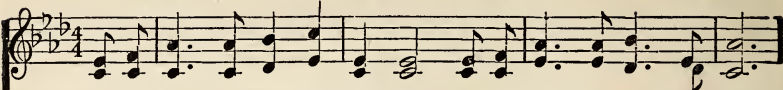
on! The night is dark, and I am far from home;
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till

Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es

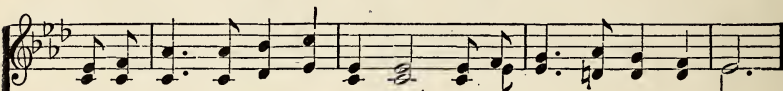
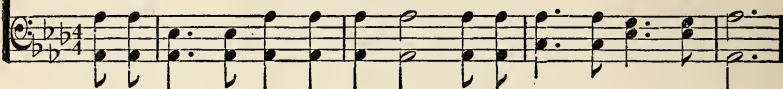
see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
fears, Pride ruled my will, re - mem - ber not past years.
smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

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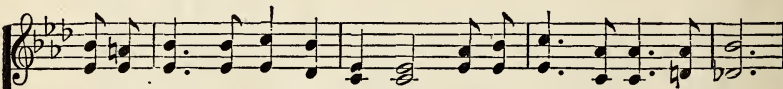
E. O. Excell.



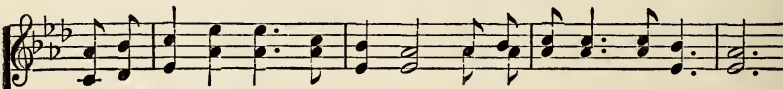
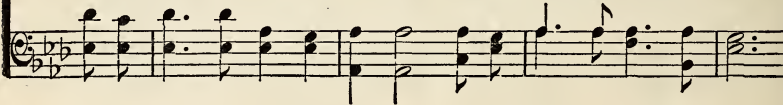
1. I am on the Gos - pel high-way, Press-ing for - ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sin - ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al - ways free;
3. Ma - ny friends have gone be - fore me, They have laid their ar - mor down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol - low, Just a few more days to roam;



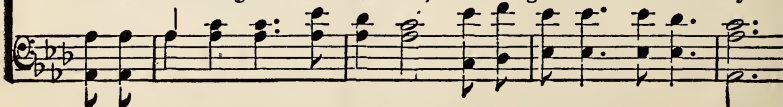
Where for me a rest re-main - eth In the home-land of the soul;
 Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
 With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have ob-tained a robe and crown;
 But the way grows more de-light - ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home;



Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-moment to de-lay;
 It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for Da-vid in his day;
 On this road they fought their bat-tles, Shouting vic-t'ry day by day;
 When the storms of life are o-ver, And the clouds have rolled a-way,



I am go-ing home to glo-ry In the good old-fashioned way.
 I am glad that I can fol-low In the good old-fashioned way.
 I shall o-ver-come and join them In the good old-fashioned way.
 I shall find the gates of heav-en, In the good old-fashioned way.



CHORUS.

The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

In the good old - fashioned way, In the good old - fashioned way,

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fashioned way.

D. C.

No. 67.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

USED BY PER.

M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend,
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,

Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil grims in a des - ert land;
 Leave us not to doubt and fear. Grop - ing on in dark ness here;
 Noth - ing left but heav n and pray'r, Trust - ing that our names are there;

D.S.-Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood;

D. S.

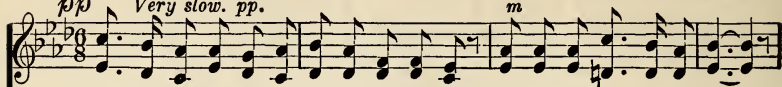
No. 68.

Softly and Tenderly.

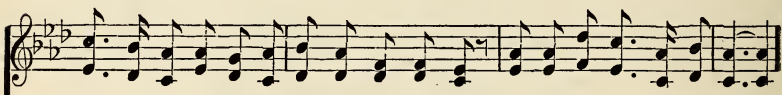
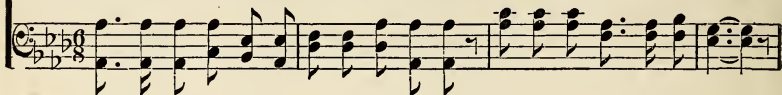
BY PER OF MESSRS. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., CHICAGO, ILL., & EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

W. L. T.

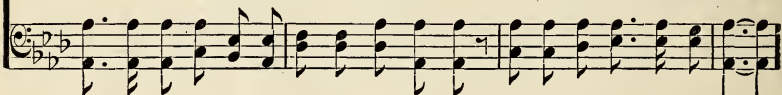
Will L. Thompson,

pp *Very slow. pp.**m*

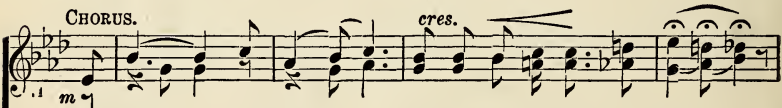
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



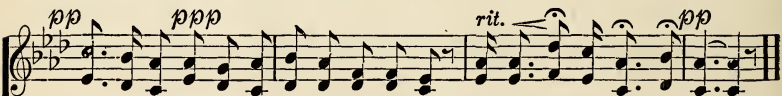
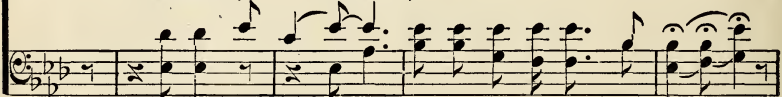
See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me.
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.



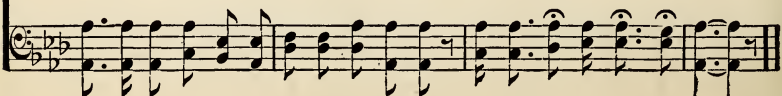
CHORUS.

cres.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
 Come home, come home,



Ear nest-ly, ten-der-ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

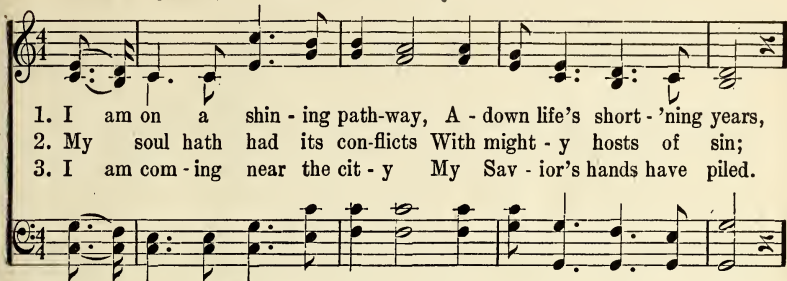


No. 69.

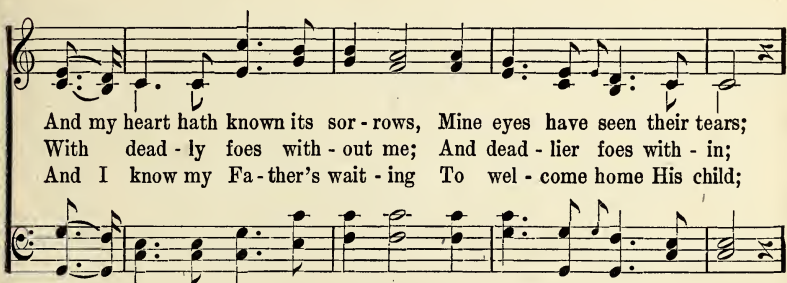
I'm On a Shining Pathway.

FROM "PUGH'S GOSPEL SONGS." MEYERS BROS. BY PER.

Solo or Chorus.

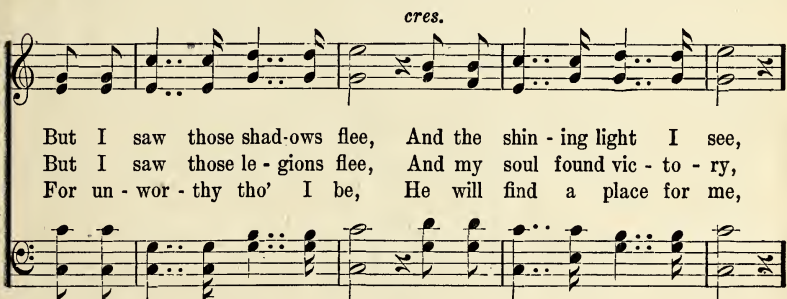


1. I am on a shin - ing path-way, A - down life's short - 'ning years,
 2. My soul hath had its con-flicts With might - y hosts of sin;
 3. I am com - ing near the cit - y My Sav - ior's hands have piled.



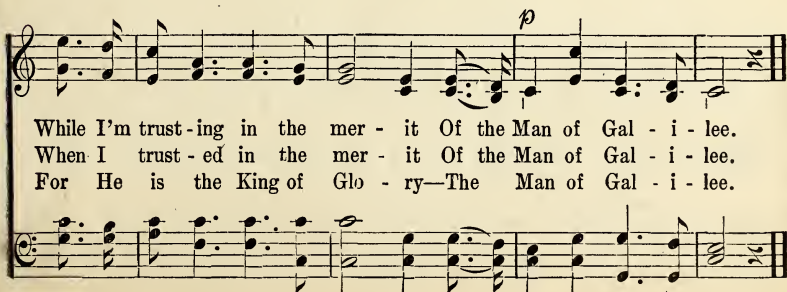
And my heart hath known its sor - rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears;
 With dead - ly foes with - out me; And dead - lier foes with - in;
 And I know my Fa - ther's wait - ing To wel - come home His child;

cres.



But I saw those shad - ows flee, And the shin - ing light I see,
 But I saw those le - gions flee, And my soul found vic - to - ry,
 For un - wor - thy tho' I be, He will find a place for me,

p

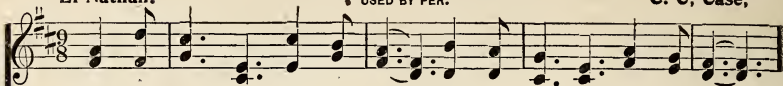


While I'm trust - ing in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
 When I trust - ed in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
 For He is the King of Glo - ry—The Man of Gal - i - lee.

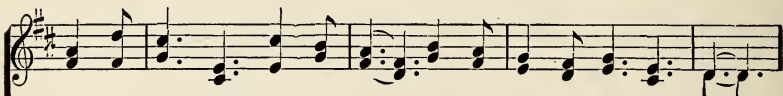
El Nathan.

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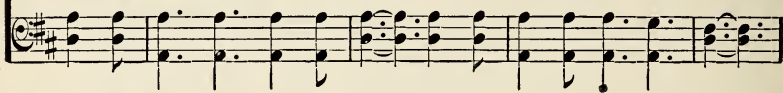
C. C. Case,



1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-der'd far a-way; Do not risk an-oth-er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troubled mind:
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;



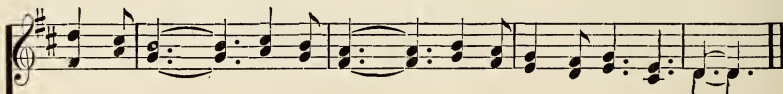
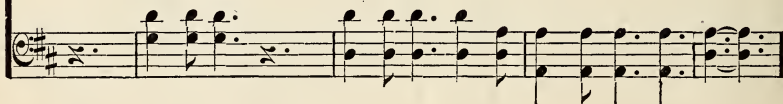
While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to-day, ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall re-ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



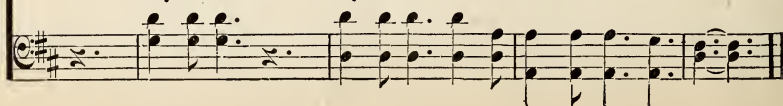
CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

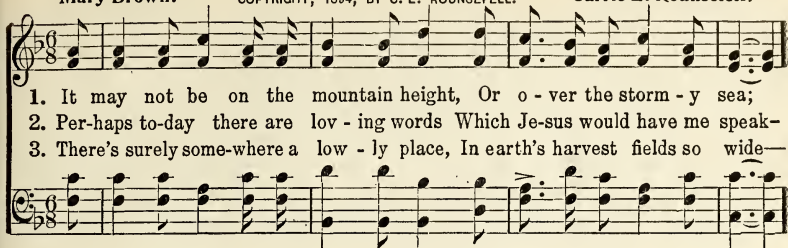


No. 71. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

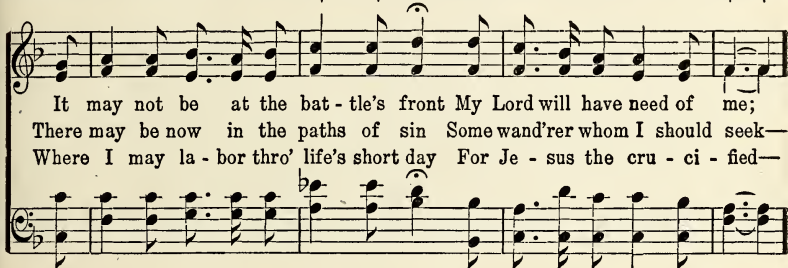
Mary Brown.

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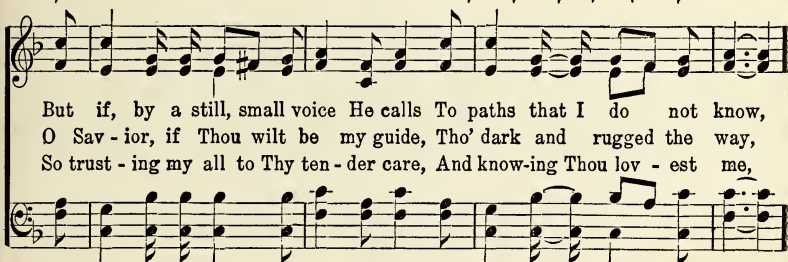
Carrie E. Rounsefell.



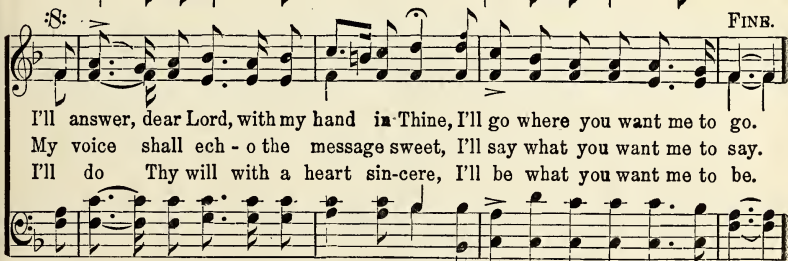
1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak-
 3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Somewand'rer whom I should seek—
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—




But if, by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
 So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.: I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

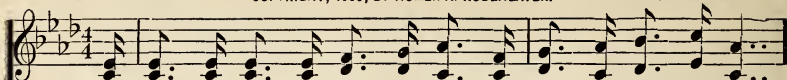
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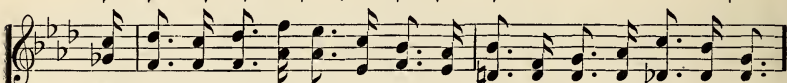
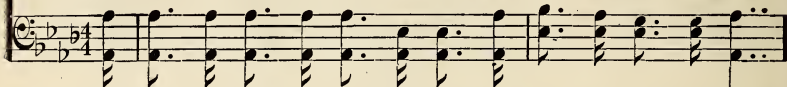
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O - ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

Paul J. Gilbert.

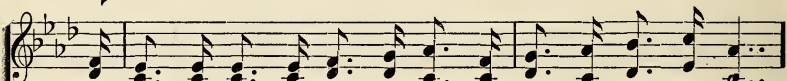
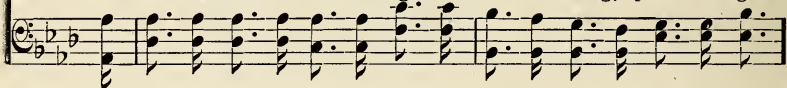
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Myrtle Henderson,
Homer Rodeheaver.

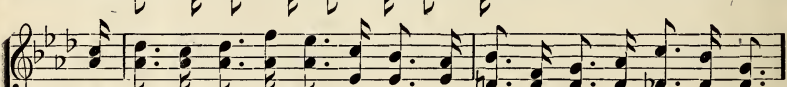
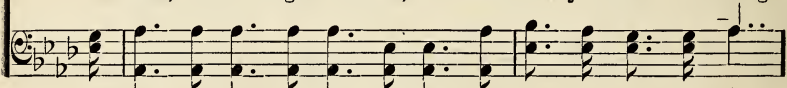
1. Im - man - u - el, the Prince of peace, We lift our hearts in praise;
 2. A - cross the waves the ti - dings come Of vic - to - ries com - plete,
 3. Then let the notes re - ech - o, And the na - tions hear our song,



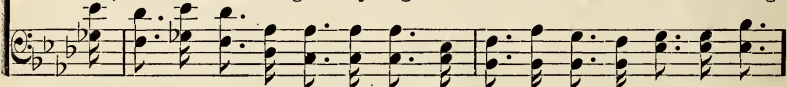
We come to wor-ship at Thy feet, To sing Thy mer - cies ev - er sweet.
 Of na - tions sing - ing, as the night Be - fore the com - ing King takes flight.
 And ev - er strive in Je - sus' might To smite the wrong, uphold the right.



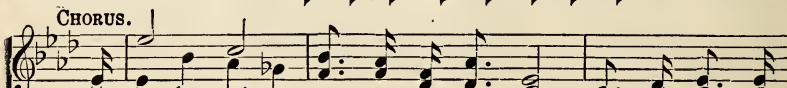
Thou art the friend of youth and maid, To Thee our hearts would raise
 We hear the shouts of joy - ful men, The tread of march - ing feet,
 A - rouse, O halt - ing Chris - tians, In His ho - ly name be strong.



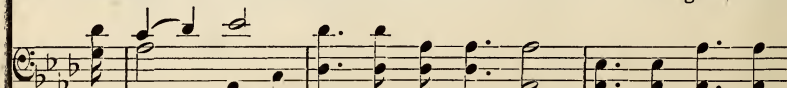
The songs of vic - to - ry and joy, An of - fer - ing with - out al - loy.
 In ev - 'ry land, the world a - round, The name of Je - sus shall re - sound.
 Yea, trust in Him and glad - ly sing Till all the earth her trib - utes bring.



CHORUS.



Then Hail! Hail! hearts that nev - er fail To our glo - rious



Hail to the King.

Mas - ter we'll be loy - al staunch and true Let us sing, sing

prais - es to our King, Fol - low - ing our Lead er all the jour - ney thro'.

The musical score for 'Hail to the King' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the vocal staff.

No. 73. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett.

(ORTONVILLE.)

Thos. Hastings.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Savior's brow; His head with radiant
 2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair - er is He than
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He bore the
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph

glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'n ly train.
 shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
 o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave. A-men.

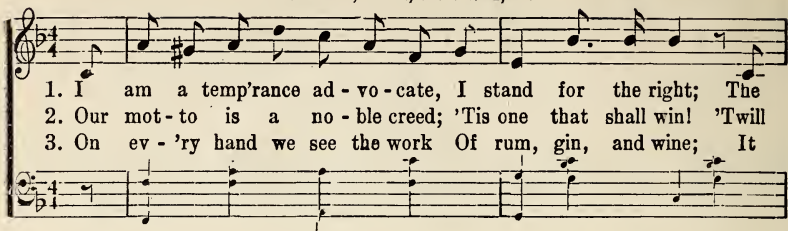
The musical score for 'Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned' is written in G major (one sharp) and 8/8 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the vocal staff.

(WILL YOU?)

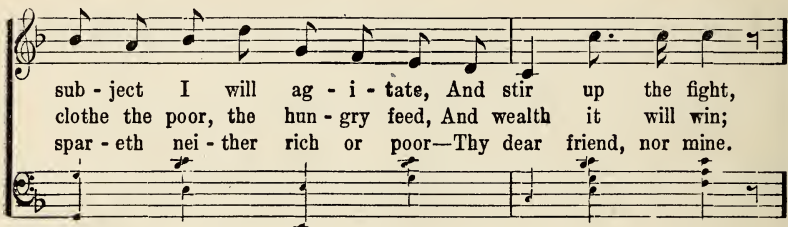
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
R. A. WALTON, OWNER, OWINGSVILLE, KY.

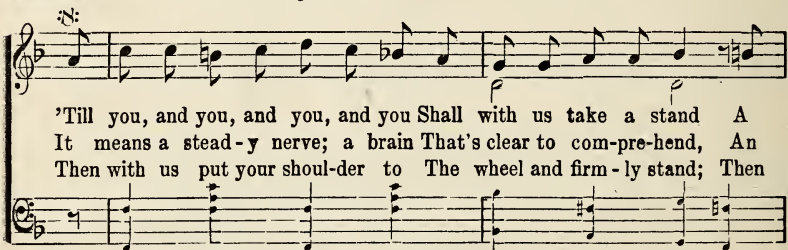
Chas. H. Gabriel,



1. I am a temp'rance ad - vo - cate, I stand for the right; The
 2. Our mot - to is a no - ble creed; 'Tis one that shall win! 'Twill
 3. On ev - 'ry hand we see the work Of rum, gin, and wine; It



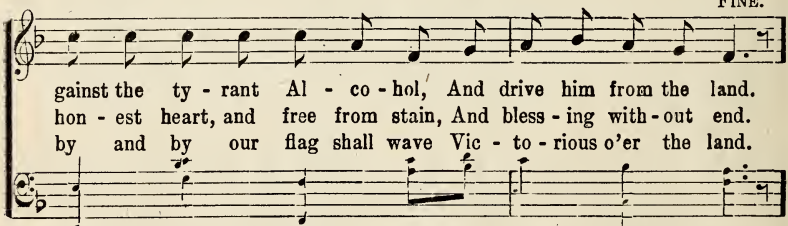
sub - ject I will ag - i - tate, And stir up the fight,
 clothe the poor, the hun - gry feed, And wealth it will win;
 spar - eth nei - ther rich or poor—Thy dear friend, nor mine.



'Till you, and you, and you, and you Shall with us take a stand A
 It means a stead - y nerve; a brain That's clear to com - pre - hend, An
 Then with us put your shoul - der to The wheel and firm - ly stand; Then

D. S.—There's not a no - bler work to do For God or man to - day! Then

FINE.

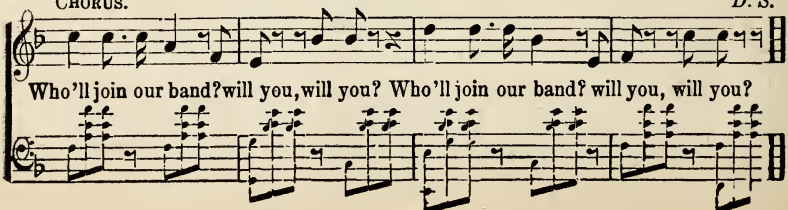


gainst the ty - rant Al - co - hol, And drive him from the land.
 hon - est heart, and free from stain, And bless - ing with - out end.
 by and by our flag shall wave Vic - to - rious o'er the land.

give your help and sym - pa - thy, To drive the curse a - way.

CHORUS.

D. S.



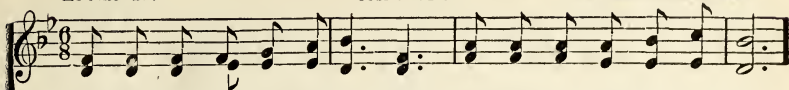
Who'll join our band? will you, will you? Who'll join our band? will you, will you?

No. 75. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

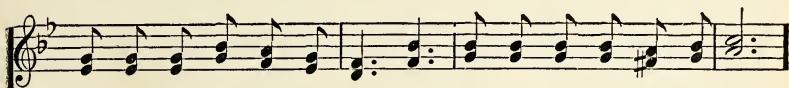
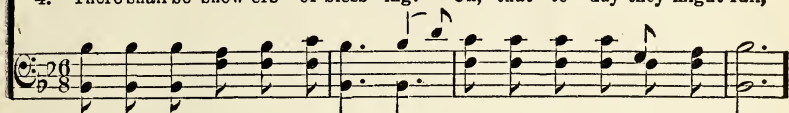
El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1883 BY JAMES McGRANAHAN.
* USED BY PER.

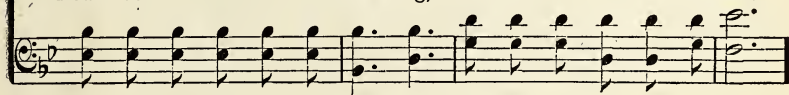
James McGranahan.



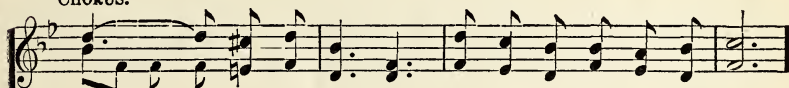
1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing." This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing." Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing." Oh, that to-day they might fall,



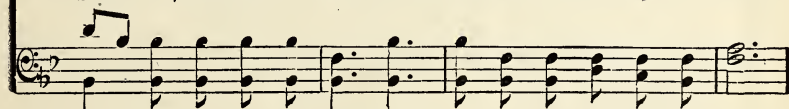
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bund-ance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!



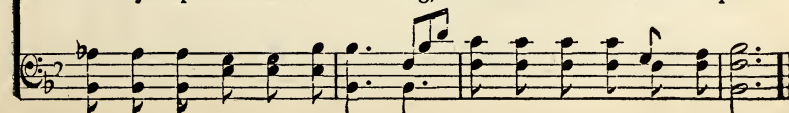
CHORUS.



Show - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show - ers, show-ers



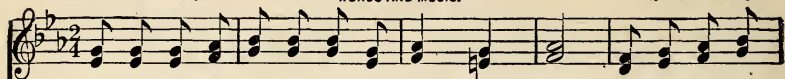
Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



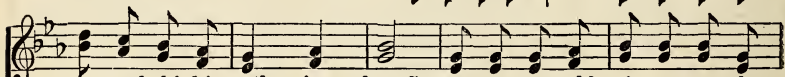
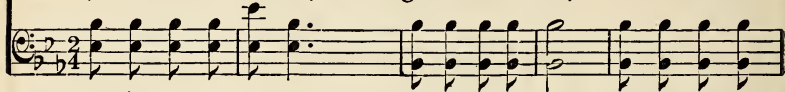
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

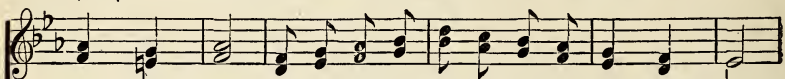
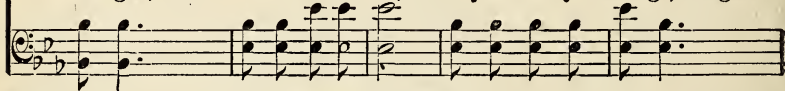
E. O. Excell.



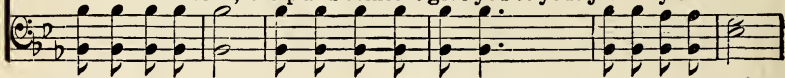
1. When up-on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burden'd with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



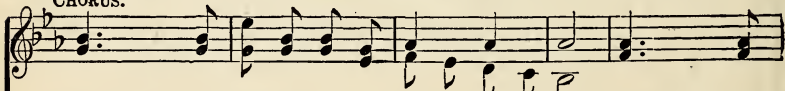
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them
heav-y you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev-'ry
promised you His wealth un - told; Count your many blessings, mon-ey
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your many blessings, an-gels



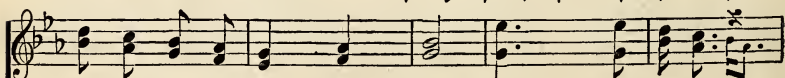
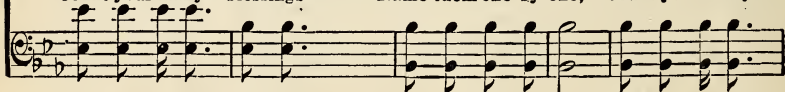
one by one, And it will surprise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re-ward in heav-en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and comfort give you to your jour-ney's end.



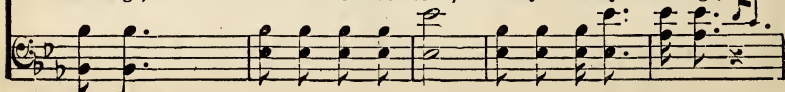
CHORUS.



Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your many blessings Name them one by one, Count your many

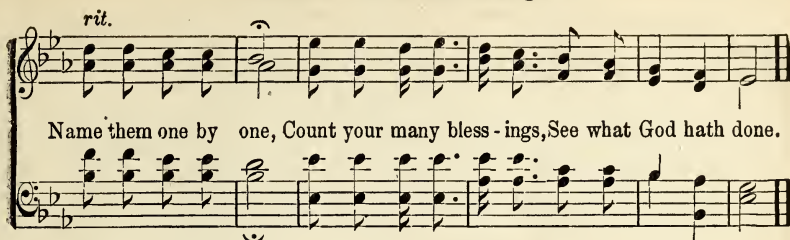


blessings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your many blessings,



Count Your Blessings.

rit.



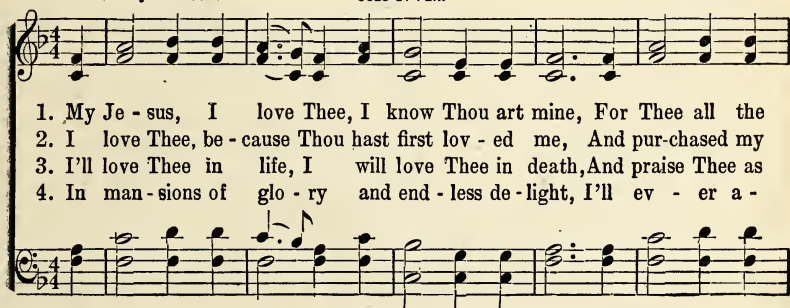
Name them one by one, Count your many bless - ings, See what God hath done.

No. 77. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

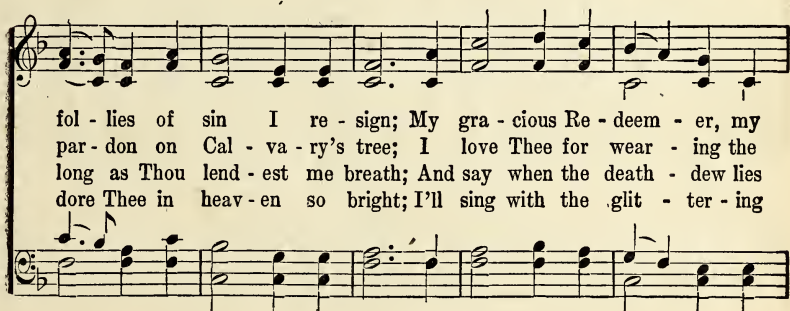
London Hymn Book.

USED BY PER.

A. J. Gordon.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."
 crown on my brow, "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."

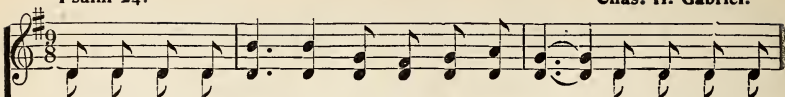
No. 78.

The Earth is the Lord's.

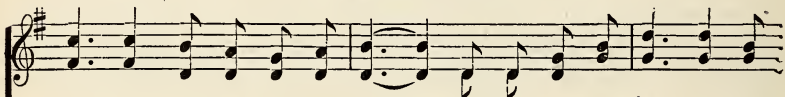
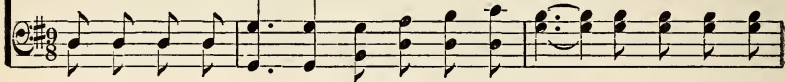
Psalm 24.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, KY.

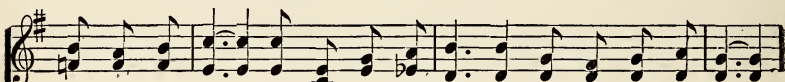
Chas. H. Gabriel.



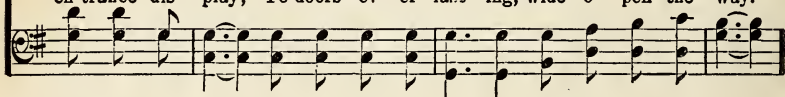
1. The earth and the ful - ness with which it is stored, The world and its
 2. Oh, who shall the hill of Je - ho - vah as - cend, Or who in the
 3. He shall from Je - ho - vah the bless - ing re - ceive, The God of sal -



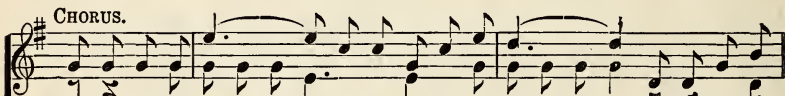
dwel - ers be - long to the Lord; For He on the seas its foun -
 place of His ho - li - ness stand? The man of pure heart and of
 va - tion shall right - eous - ness give; Ye gates, lift your heads, and an



da - tion hath laid, And firm on the wa - ters its pil - lars hath laid.
 hands with - out stain, Who swears not to false - hood, nor loves what is vain.
 en - trance dis - play; Ye doors ev - er - last - ing, wide o - pen the way.

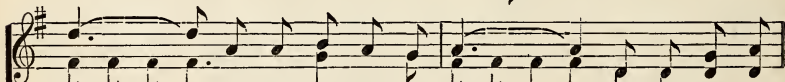


CHORUS.



Be lift - ed, ye gates, to the beau - ti - ful way; Ye doors ev - er -

Be lift - ed, ye gates, to the beau - ti - ful way; Ye



last - - - ing, an en - trance dis - play; The King of all
 doors ev - er - last - ing, an en - trance dis - play;



The Earth is the Lord's.

glo-ry high honors a-wait, The King of all glo-ry shall enter in state.
The King of all glo-ry

No. 79. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

USED BY PER.

Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the sil-ver riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flowing by the throne of God.
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its, will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

CHORUS.

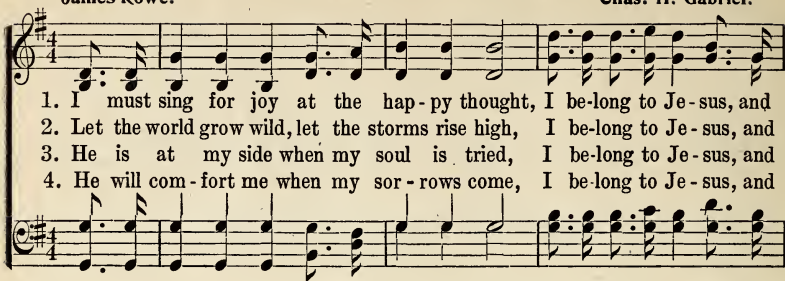
Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,

Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flow by the throne of God.

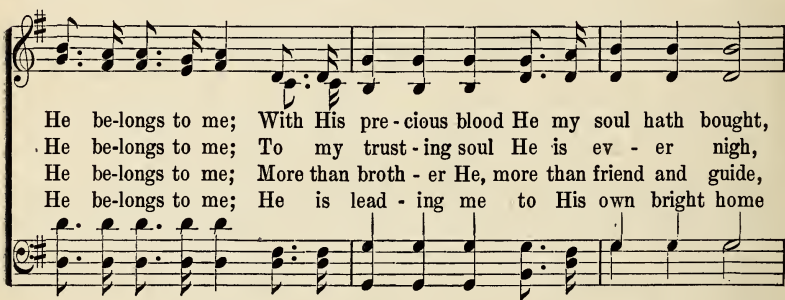
James Rowe.

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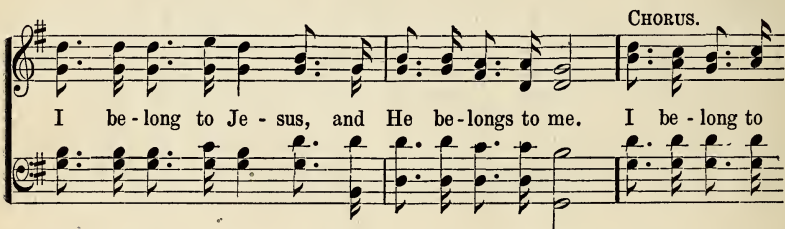
Chas. H. Gabriel.



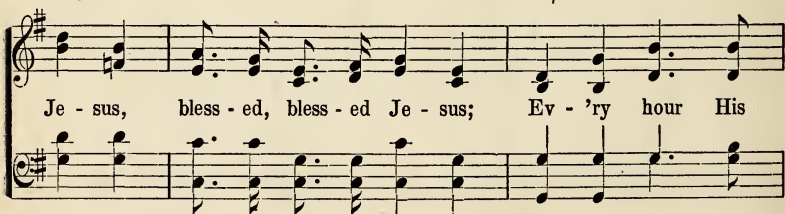
1. I must sing for joy at the hap-py thought, I be-long to Je-sus, and
 2. Let the world grow wild, let the storms rise high, I be-long to Je-sus, and
 3. He is at my side when my soul is tried, I be-long to Je-sus, and
 4. He will com-fort me when my sor-rows come, I be-long to Je-sus, and



He be-longs to me; With His pre-cious blood He my soul hath bought,
 He be-longs to me; To my trust-ing soul He is ev-er nigh,
 He be-longs to me; More than broth-er He, more than friend and guide,
 He be-longs to me; He is lead-ing me to His own bright home



CHORUS.
 I be-long to Je-sus, and He be-longs to me. I be-long to



Je-sus, bless-ed, bless-ed Je-sus; Ev-'ry hour His



ten-der smile I see; I am trust-ing in His love, ev-er faith-ful

I Am His and He is Mine.

He will prove, I be-long to Je - sus, and He be-longs to me.

This musical score is for the hymn 'I Am His and He is Mine.' It is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'He will prove, I be-long to Je - sus, and He be-longs to me.'

No. 81. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber.

EMULATION.

H. S. Cutler.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban - ner
2. That martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw His Mas - ter
3. A glorious band, the chosen few, On whom the Spirit came; Twelve valiant saints, their
4. A no - ble ar-my, men and boys, The matron and the maid, A-round the Sav - ior's

This musical score is for the hymn 'The Son of God Goes Forth to War.' It is written in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban - ner 2. That martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw His Mas - ter 3. A glorious band, the chosen few, On whom the Spirit came; Twelve valiant saints, their 4. A no - ble ar-my, men and boys, The matron and the maid, A-round the Sav - ior's'

streams a - far; Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - in the sky; And called on Him to save. Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame. They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel, The throne rejoice, In robes of white arrayed: They climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n Thro'

This musical score is for the hymn 'The Son of God Goes Forth to War.' It is written in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'streams a - far; Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - in the sky; And called on Him to save. Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame. They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel, The throne rejoice, In robes of white arrayed: They climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n Thro''

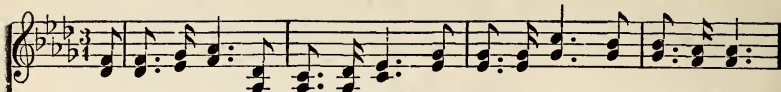
umphant o - ver pain, Who patient bears His cross below, — He fol-lows in His train. midst of mortal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who follows in His train? li - on's go-ry mane; They bow'd their necks the stroke to feel: Who follows in their train? per - il, toil, and pain; O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

This musical score is for the hymn 'The Son of God Goes Forth to War.' It is written in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'umphant o - ver pain, Who patient bears His cross below, — He fol-lows in His train. midst of mortal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who follows in His train? li - on's go-ry mane; They bow'd their necks the stroke to feel: Who follows in their train? per - il, toil, and pain; O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.'

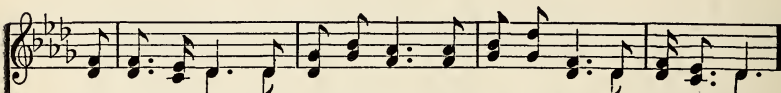
J. W. Van De Venter.

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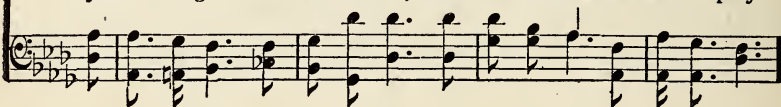
W. S. Weeden.



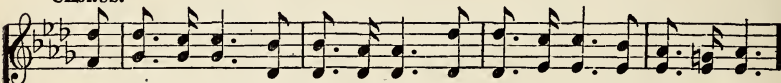
1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth er kind - ly say,
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That al - ways made my heart re - joice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for - get Those words of joy—I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav - ior's cleansing pow'r,



"You're leaving now my tender care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."
 Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re-mem-ber mother's pray'r.
 I see her by the old arm-chair, My mother dear, in humble pray'r.
 My sin and guilt he canceled there, 'Twas there He answered mother's pray'r.

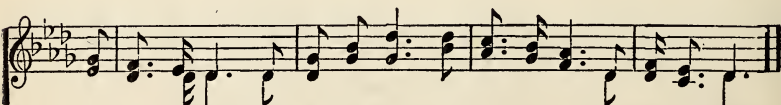
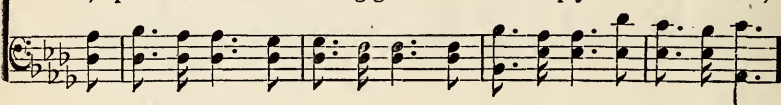


CHORUS.

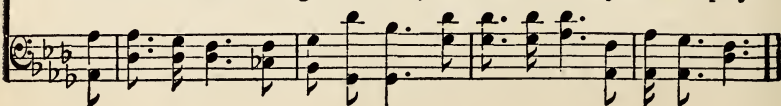


. When - e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
Chorus for last verse.

Oh, praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up yon - der face to face;



A voice comes float - ing on the air, Re - mind - ing me of mother's pray'r.
 The home a - bove to - geth - er share, In an - swer to my mother's pray'r.



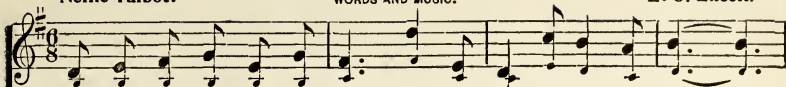
I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

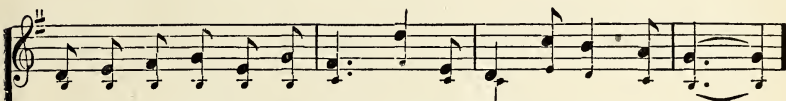
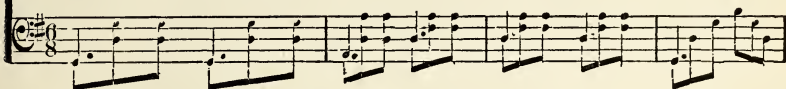
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

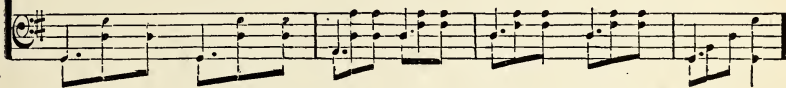
Nellie Talbot.



1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;



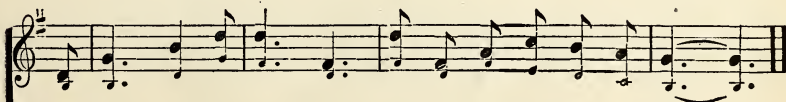
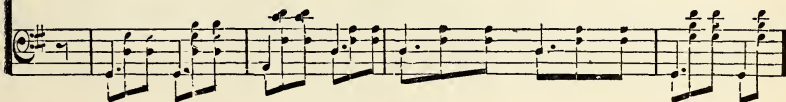
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
 Showing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
 Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
 Serv-ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



CHORUS.



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;



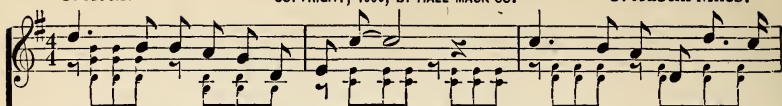
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.



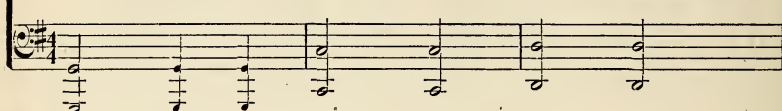
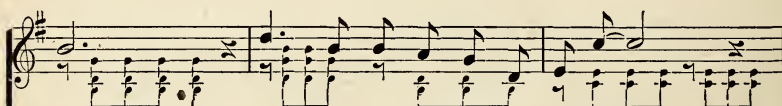
C. A. M.

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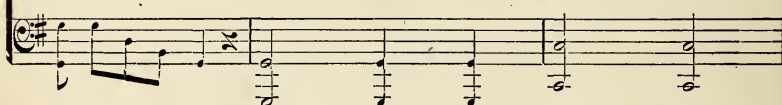
C. Austin Miles.



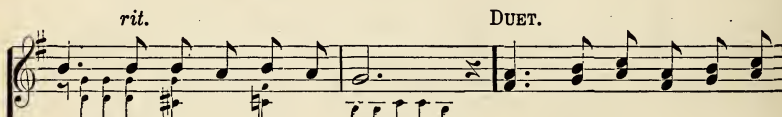
1. Just be-yond the riv - er Jor - don, Just a - cross its chill - ing
 2. Grow - ing in the Up - per Gar - den, "Flow'rs the earth too rude - ly
 3. There the buds from earth transplanted For our com - ing watch and

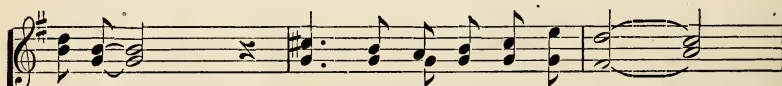
tide, There's a land of life e - ter - nal,
 pressed," In that land shall reach per - fec - tion
 wait, In that Up - per Gar - den grow - ing,



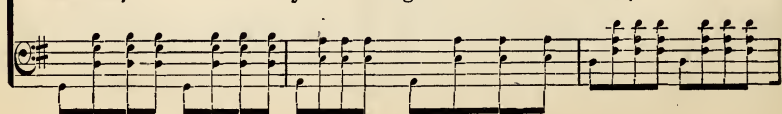
rit. *DUET.*



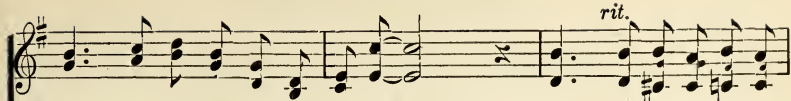
Thro' its vales sweet wa - ters glide. By the crys - tal riv - er
 By the heav'n - ly Gard'ner dressed. There the flow - ers bloom for
 Just with - in the gold - en gate. Tho' our hearts may break with

flow - ing. Grows the tree of life so fair. . . .
 ev - er, Death can find no en - trance there; . . .
 sor - row, By the grief so hard to bear, . . .



In the Upper Garden.



Ma - ny loved ones wait our com-ing
There is life and light e - ter - nal,
We shall meet them some glad morning

In the Up-per Gar-den
There is joy be-yond com-
In that Up-per Gar-den

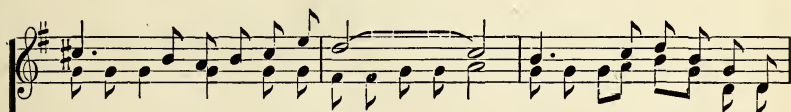
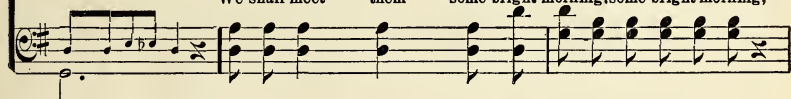


CHORUS.

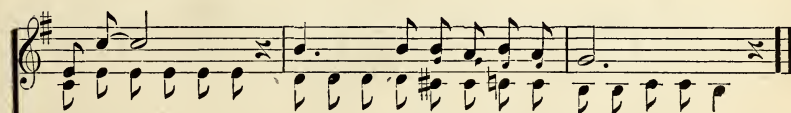
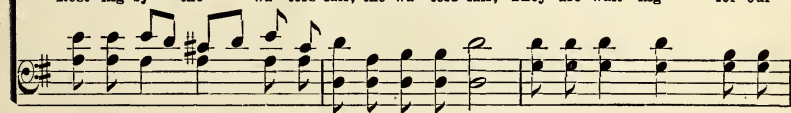


there. We shall meet them some bright morn-ing,
pare.
there.

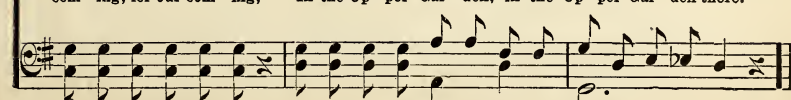
We shall meet them some bright morning, some bright morning,



Rest - ing by the wa-ters fair; They are waiting for our
Rest-ing by the wa - ters fair, the wa - ters fair; They are wait-ing for our



com-ing, In the Up-per Gar-den there.
com - ing, for our com - ing, In the Up - per Gar - den, in the Up - per Gar - den there.

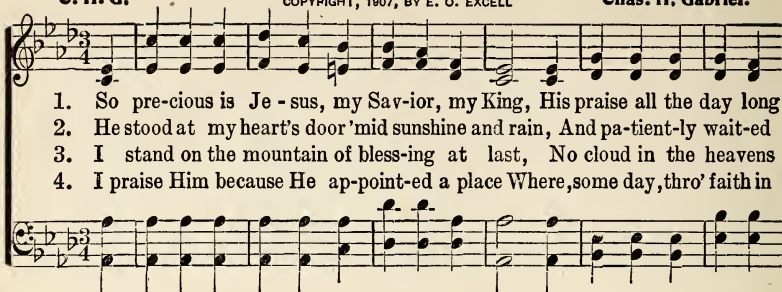


Gar - den there.

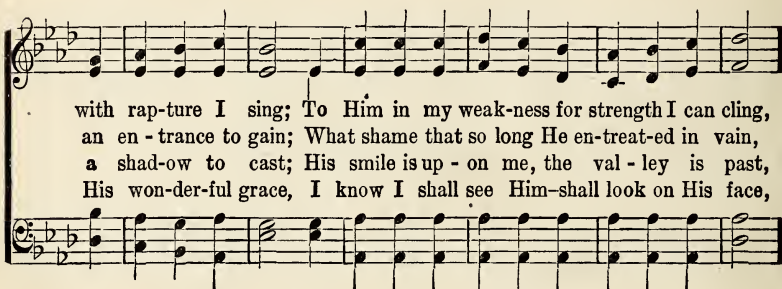
C. H. G.

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COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL

Chas. H. Gabriel.

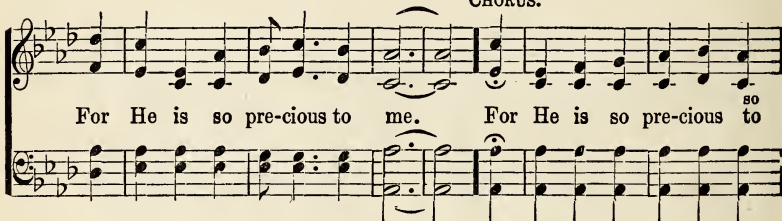


1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
 2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed
 3. I stand on the mountain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heavens
 4. I praise Him because He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

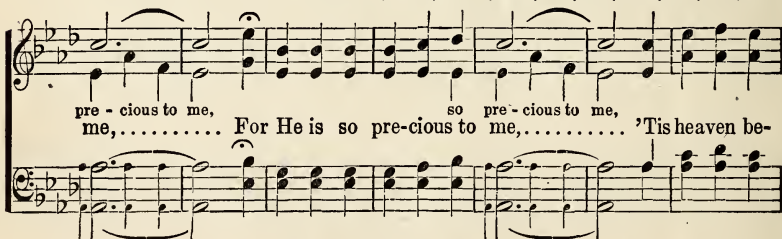


with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
 an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
 a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val-ley is past,
 His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him-shall look on His face,

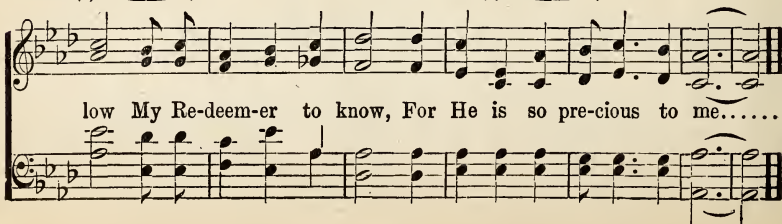
CHORUS.



For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to ^{so} me.



pre - cious to me, ^{so} pre - cious to me, me,..... For He is so pre-cious to me,..... 'Tis heaven be-

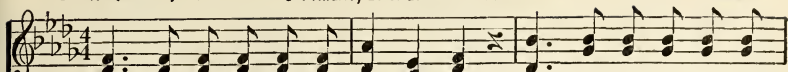


low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.....

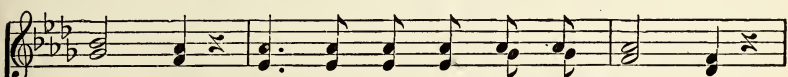
J. E. Rankin, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

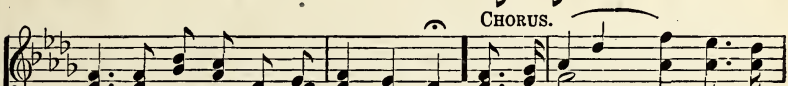
W. G. Tomer.



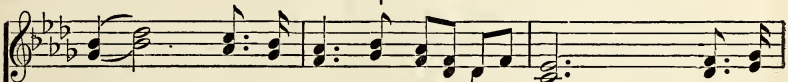
1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure - ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating



hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
 found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,



CHORUS.
 God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, . . . till we
 Till we meet, till we



meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we
 meet, a - gain, till we meet,



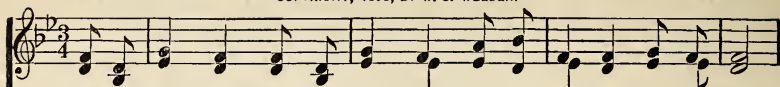
meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., and first sung in the Union Meeting at Mount Vernon, in November 1898.

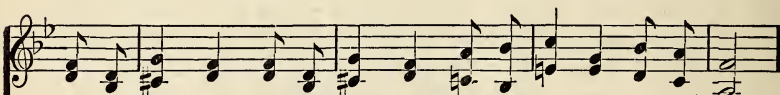
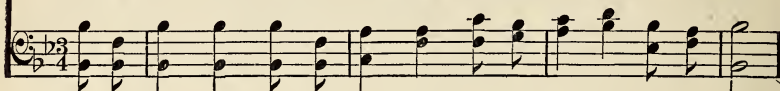
Flora Kirkland.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. S. WEEDEN.

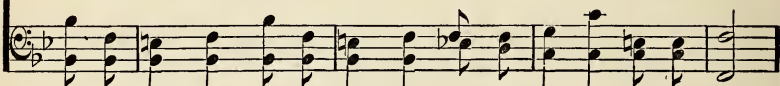
W. S. Weeden.



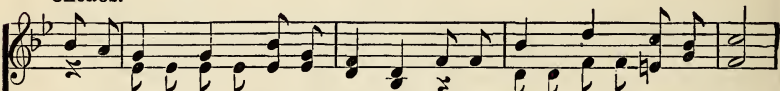
1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whis-per, "I have cho - sen you?"
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol - lowed, As they went wher-e'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er - rand in His name,
4. Mas - ter, at Thy foot-stool kneel-ing, We, Thy chil-dren, hum-bly wait;



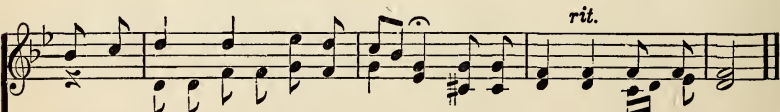
Does He tell you in com-mun-ion What He wish-es you to do?
So to - day, we, too, may fol - low, On His lead-ing still in - tent.
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till, we en - ter heaven's gate.



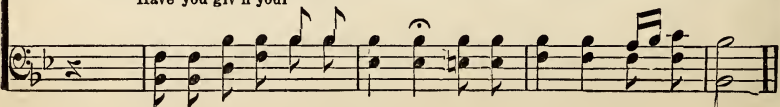
CHORUS.



Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?
Are you in the Have you heard the



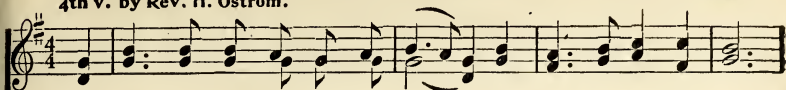
Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your all in all?
Have you giv'n your



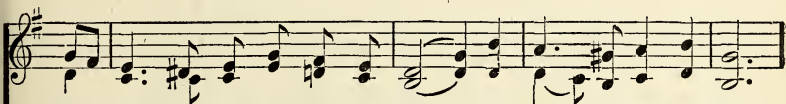
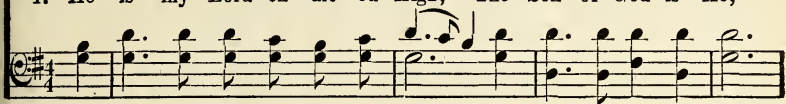
John R. Clements.
4th v. by Rev. H. Ostrom.

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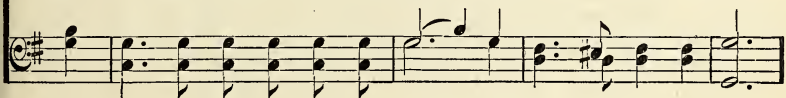
O. F. Pugh.



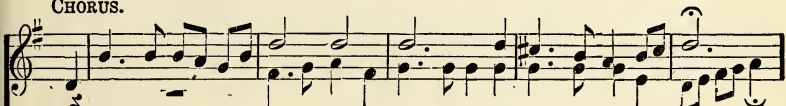
1. 'Mid all the stal-wart sons of men, One fair - est face I see;
2. He knows the bur - dens of my heart, Knows how to set me free;
3. He calls me in - to fel - low - ship, His serv - ant bids me be;
4. He is my Lord ex - alt - ed High, The Son of God is He;



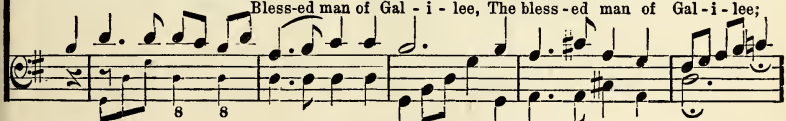
Sweet, wreathed in beau - ty rich and rare, The man of Gal - i - lee.
 He speaks in, ten - der tones of love, The man of Gal - i - lee.
 He gives His strength to meet each need, The man of Gal - i - lee.
 His riv - en side a ref - uge strong, The man of Gal - i - lee.



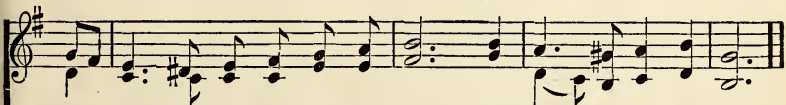
CHORUS.



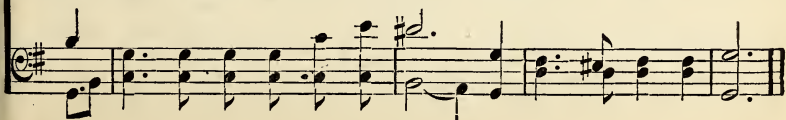
The bless - ed man of Gal - i - lee, The man of Gal - i - lee;
 Bless - ed man of Gal - i - lee, The bless - ed man of Gal - i - lee;



Bless - ed man of Gal - i - lee, The man of Gal - i - lee;



The fair - est of the sons of men, The man of Gal - i - lee.



Ada Blenkhorn.
Fannie J. Crosby.COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PER.

H. R. Palmer,

1. Praise ye the Lord! joy - ful - ly shout ho - san - na! Praise the Lord with
2. Praise ye the Lord! He is the King e - ter - nal! Glo - ry be to

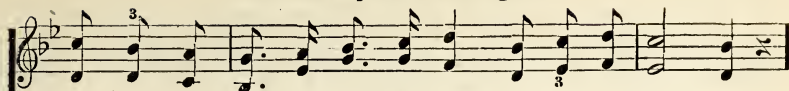
glad ac - claim; Lift up your hearts un - to His throne with glad - ness,
God on high! Praise ye the Lord, tell of His lov - ing kind - ness,

Mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name, March - ing a - long un - der His
Join the cho - rus of the sky, Still march - ing on, cheer - i - ly

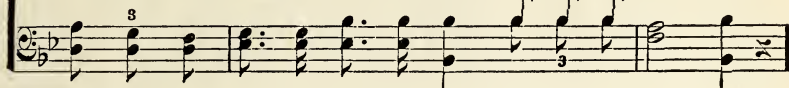
ban - ner bright, Trust - ing in His mer - cy as we go,
march - ing on, In the ranks of Je - sus we will go,
trust - ing we go,
ev - er we'll go,

His light di - vine ten - der - ly o'er us will shine;
Home to our rest, joy - ful - ly home, where the blest;

Steadily Marching On,



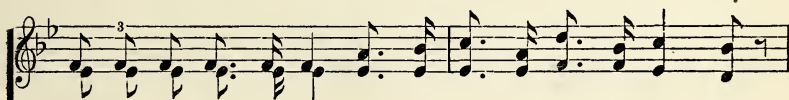
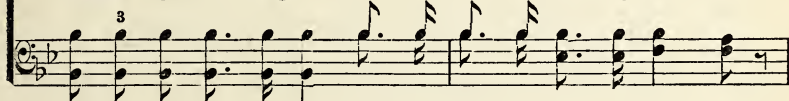
We shall be guid - ed by His hand now and for - ev - er.
Gath - er and praise the Sav - ior's name, praise Him for - ev - er.



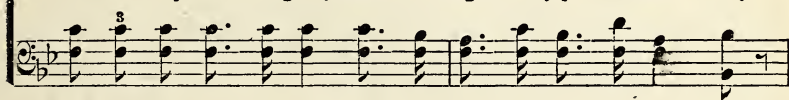
CHORUS.



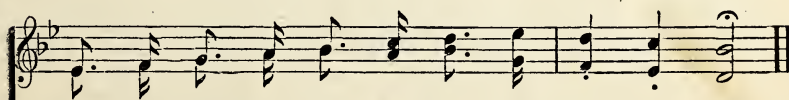
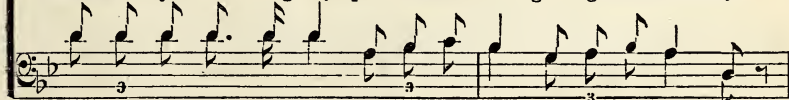
Stead - i - ly march - ing on, with our ban - ner wav - ing o'er us,



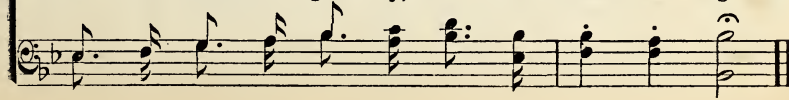
Stead - i - ly march - ing on, while we sing the joy - ful cho - rus;



Stead - i - ly march - ing on, pil - lar and cloud go - ing be - fore us;



To the realms of glo - ry, to our home on high.



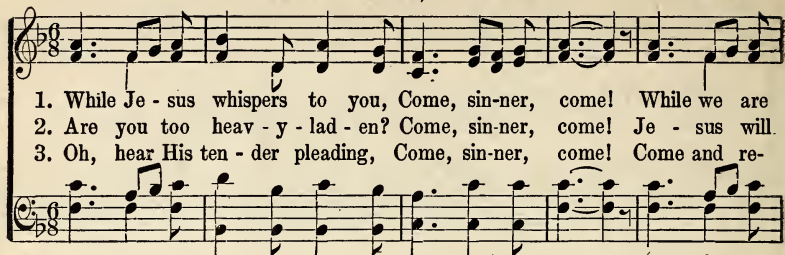
No. 90.

Come, Sinner, Come.

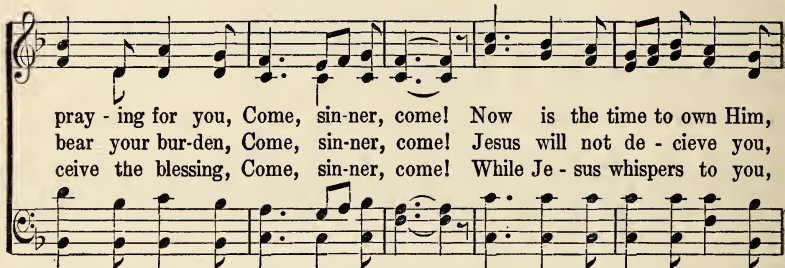
W. E. Witter.

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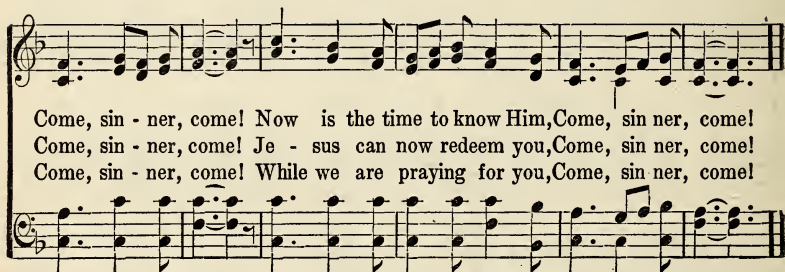
H. R. Palmer.



1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
 2. Are you too heav - y - lad - en? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will
 3. Oh, hear His ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-



pray - ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
 bear your bur - den, Come, sin-ner, come! Jesus will not de - cieve you,
 ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,



Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin ner, come!

No. 91.

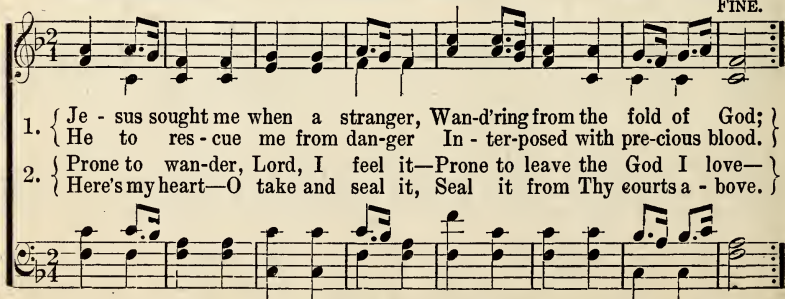
I Love Jesus.

Robert Robinson.

(GREENVILLE.)

Jean J. Rousseau.

FINE.



1. { Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God; }
 { He to res - cue me from dan-ger In - ter-posed with pre-cious blood. }
 2. { Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love— }
 { Here's my heart—O take and seal it, Seal it from Thy courts a - bove. }

D. C.—I love Je - sus, He's my Sav-ior, Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

I Love Jesus.

CHORUS.

D. C

I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do;

No. 92.

Deeper Yet.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol - low - ing Him each day; What I ask
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

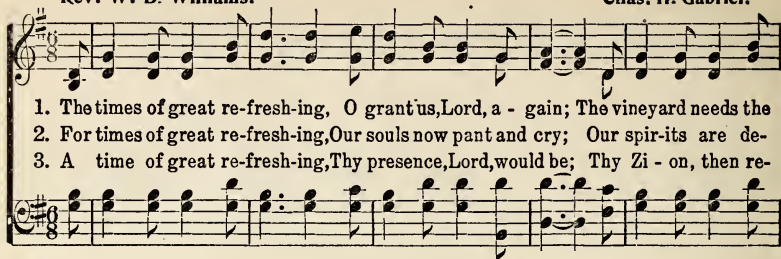
CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en - ter in.
 of His pow'r Ev - er my pray'r shall be. Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,
 He will give, So then with faith I pray.
 I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.

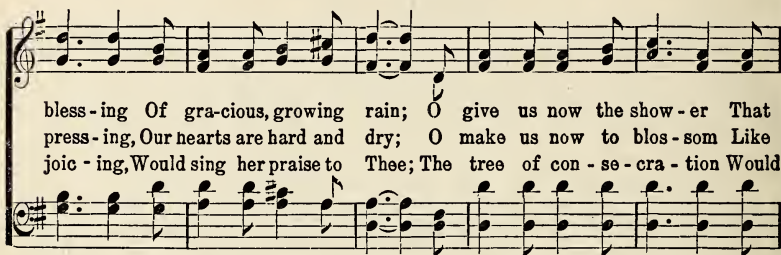
In-to the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

Rev. W. B. Williams.

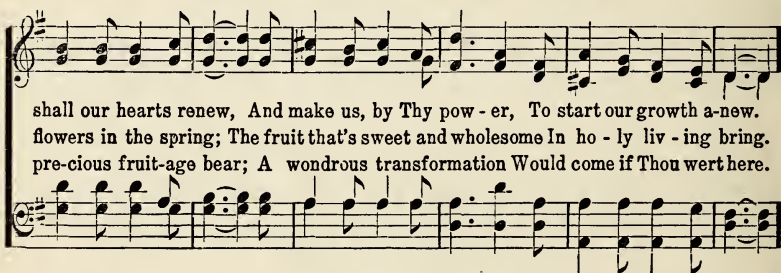
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. The times of great re-fresh-ing, O grant us, Lord, a - gain; The vineyard needs the
 2. For times of great re-fresh-ing, Our souls now pant and cry; Our spir-its are de-
 3. A time of great re-fresh-ing, Thy presence, Lord, would be; Thy Zi - on, then re-



bless-ing Of gra-cious, growing rain; O give us now the show-er That
 press-ing, Our hearts are hard and dry; O make us now to blos-som Like
 joic-ing, Would sing her praise to Thee; The tree of con-se-cra-tion Would

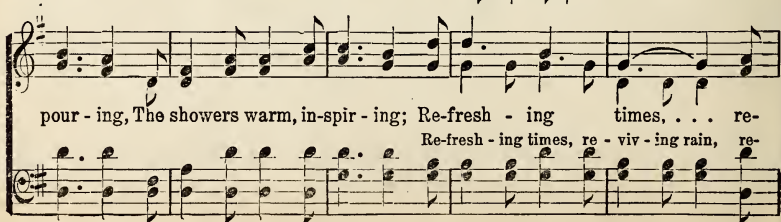


shall our hearts renew, And make us, by Thy pow-er, To start our growth a-new.
 flowers in the spring; The fruit that's sweet and wholesome In ho-ly liv-ing bring.
 pre-cious fruit-age bear; A wondrous transformation Would come if Thou wert here.

CHORUS.



Re-fresh - ing times, re-viv - ing rain; The Holy Ghost out-
 Re-fresh-ing times, re - viv-ing rain, re-fresh-ing times, re-viv - ing rain,



pour - ing, The showers warm, in-spir - ing; Re-fresh - ing times, . . . re-
 Re-fresh - ing times, re - viv - ing rain, re-

Times of Refreshing.

viv - ing rain, . . . O give us once a-gain, give us, Lord, a - gain.
 fresh-ing times, re - viv - ing rain.

No. 94. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

With great feeling.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
 3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home;
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

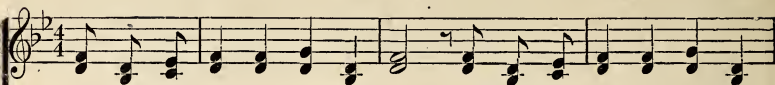
6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 O wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

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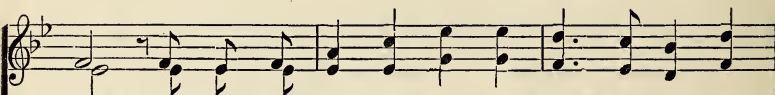
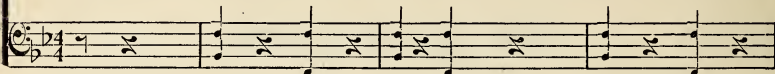
C. H. G.

USED BY PER.

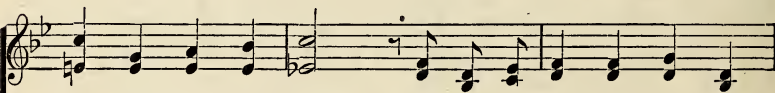
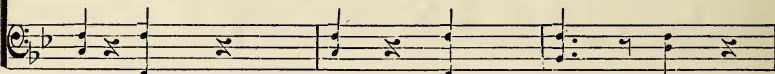
Chas. H. Gabriel.



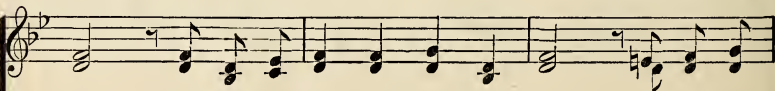
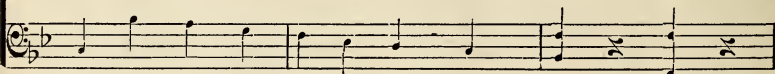
1. A band of faith - ful reap - ers we, Who gath - er for e - ter - ni -
2. We are a faith - ful glean - ing band, And la - bor at our Lord's com -
3. The gold - en hours like mo - ments fly, And har - vest days are pass - ing



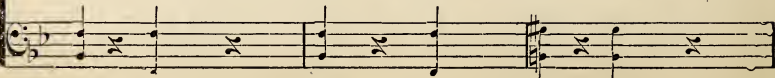
ty, The gold - en sheaves of rip - ened grain From ev - 'ry
 mand, Un - yield - ing, loy - al, tried and true, For lo! the
 by; Then take thy rust - y sick - le down, And la - bor



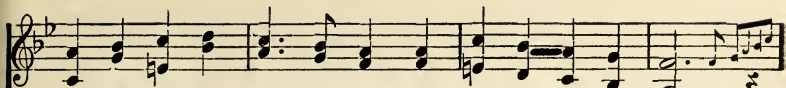
val - ley, hill and plain; Our song is one the reap - ers
 reap - ers are but few; Be - hold the wav - ing har - vest
 for a fade - less crown; Why will you i - dly stand and



sing, In hon - or of their Lord and King— The Mas - ter
 field A - bundant with a gold - en yield; And hear the
 wait? Be - hold, the hour is grow - ing late! Can you to



To the Harvest Field.

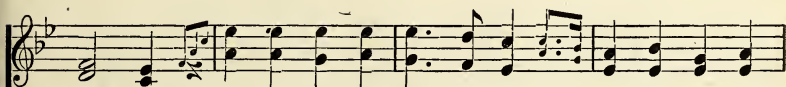


of the har-vest wide, Who for a world of sin-ners died.
 Lord of har-vest say To all: "Go reap for me to-day."
 judg-ment bring but leaves, While here are wait-ing gold-en sheaves?

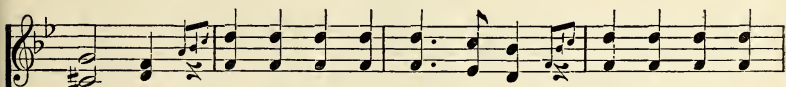
CHORUS.



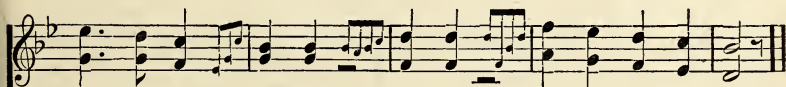
To the har-vest field a-way, For the Mas-ter



call-eth; There is work for all to-day, Ere the dark-ness



fall-eth. Swift-ly do the mo-ments fly, Har-vest days are

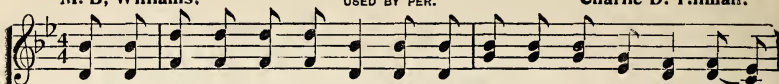


go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

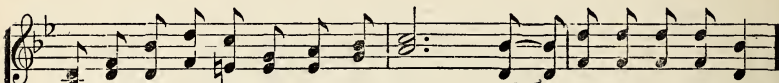
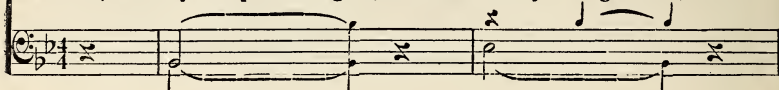
M. B. Williams.

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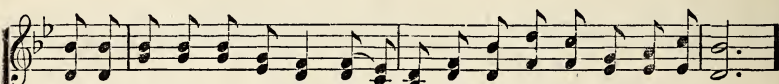
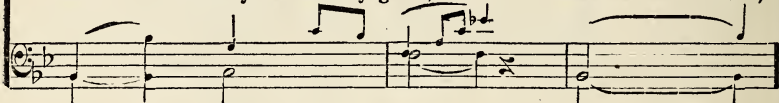
Charlie D. Tillman.



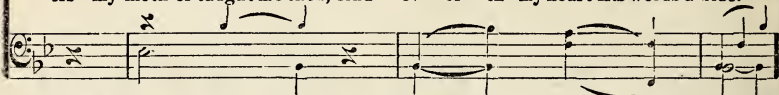
1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' it's worn and fad ed now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je-sus' love As He blest the child-ren dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-ry lin-gers still, And the



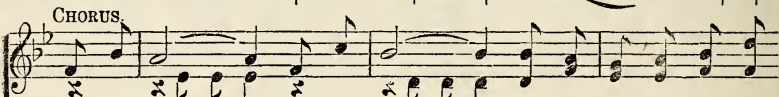
calls those hap-py days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee,
 Jos-eph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit-tle Da-vid bold,
 suffered, bled and died up-on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,
 dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,



With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low.
 Who be-came a king at last; Of Sa-tan with his ma-n-y wick-ed wiles.
 Then she dried my flow-ing tears With her kisses as she said it was for me.
 As my moth-er taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words a-bide.

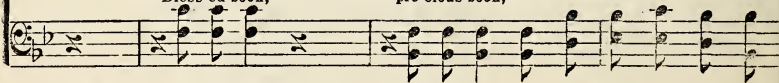


CHORUS.

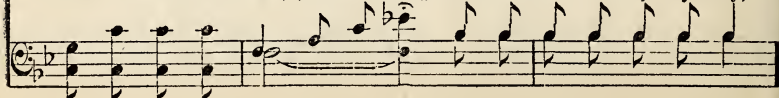


Bless-ed book, pre-cious book, On thy dear old tear-stained

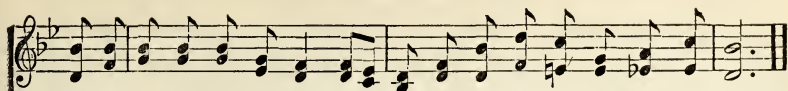
Bless-ed book, pre-cious book,



leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet-er day by day,



My Mother's Bible.



As I walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.

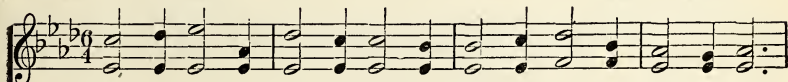


No. 97.

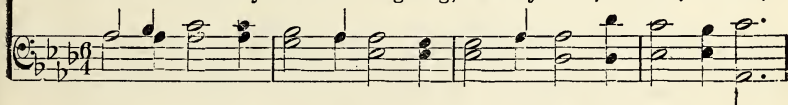
Even Me.

Mrs. Eliz. Codner.

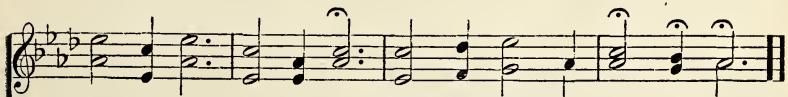
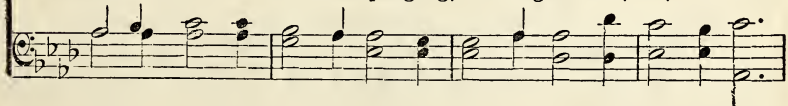
Wm. B. Bradbury.



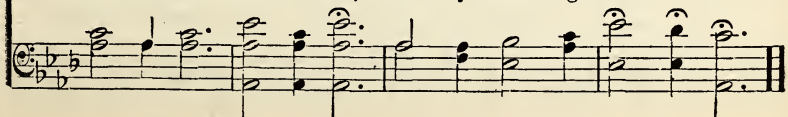
1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - ior! Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
6. Pass me not! Thy lost one bring - ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;



Show'r's the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me—
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me—
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—
Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me—
Grace of God, so strong and bound - less;—Mag - ni - fy them all in me—
While the streams of life are spring - ing, Bless - ing oth - ers, oh, bless me—



E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.

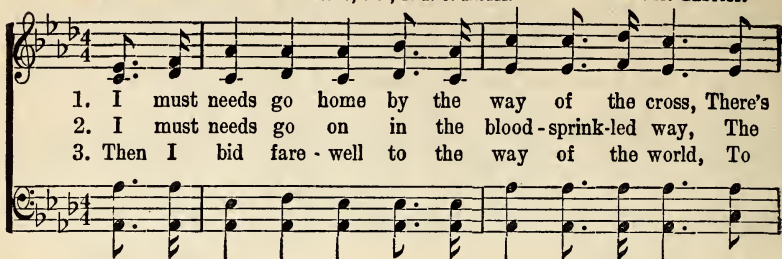


No. 98. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

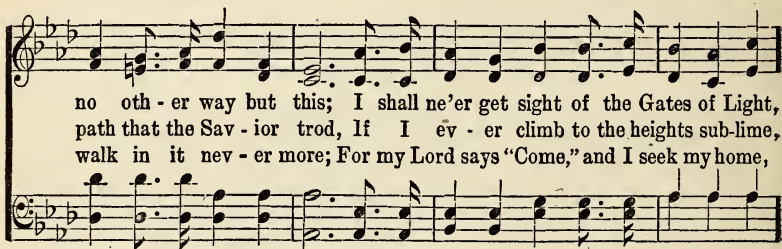
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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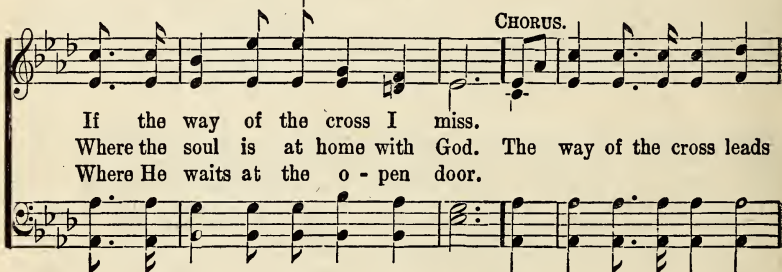
Chas. H. Gabriel.



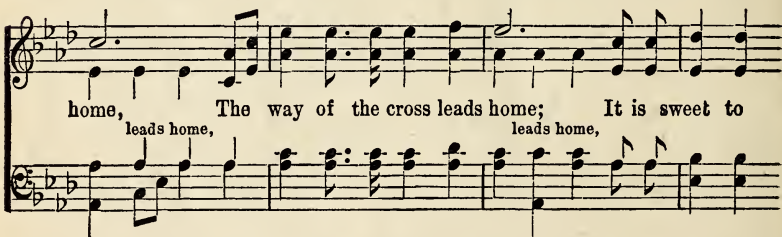
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprink-led way, The
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To



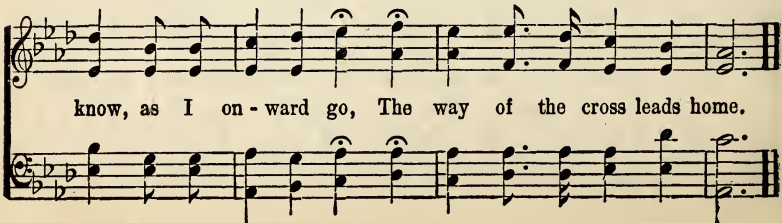
no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub-lime,
walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to
leads home, leads home,



know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

Anon.

Arranged.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And storm-y o - ver-head, And
 2. When those who once were dear - est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
 3. And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
 those who once pro - fessed to love Have si - lent grown and mute, I
 march a - long with cheer - ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

Soon I con - quer all, As to the Lord I call, — A lit - tle talk with
 tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re - lief, — A lit - tle talk with
 Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un - to the end, A lit - tle talk with

D.S. — trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al - ways find A lit - tle talk with

FINE. CHORUS.

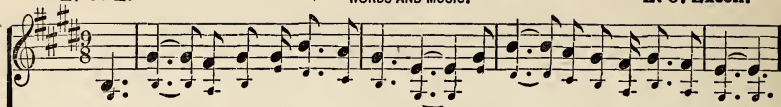
Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it
 Je - sus makes it right, all right.

right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right; In

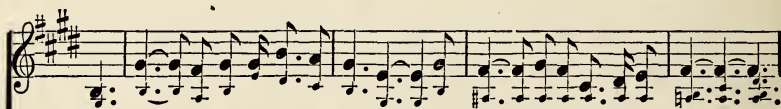
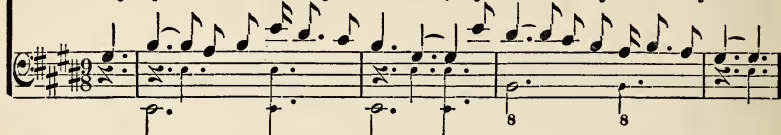
E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring a-far from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down:



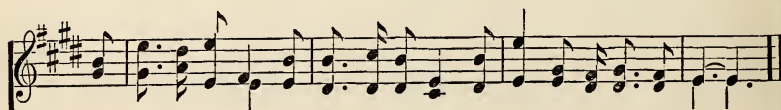
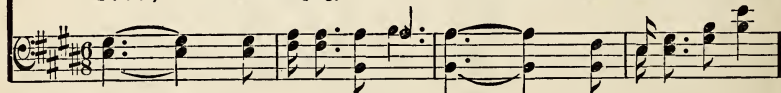
His voice, it is mu-sic to hear it, His face, it is Heaven to see.
 Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
 His Spir - it to guide and to com-fort Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
 Till then I will ev - er be faith-ful, In gathering gems for His crown.



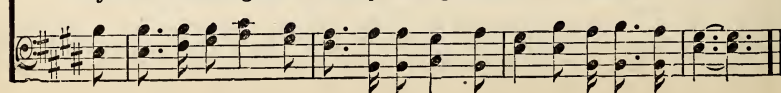
CHORUS.



I am hap-py in Him, . . . I am hap-py in Him, . . .
 I . . . , am hap - py in Him. I . . . am hap - py in Him,



My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.



No. 101. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

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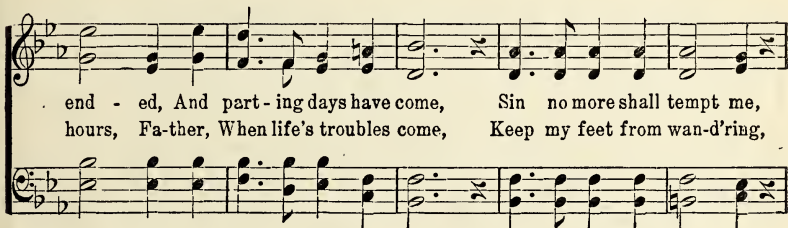
W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

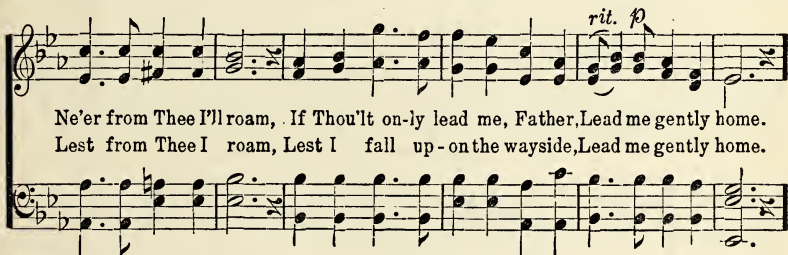
SOLO OR DUET, *ad lib.*



1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est



end - ed, And part-ing days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Fa-ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wan-d'ring,

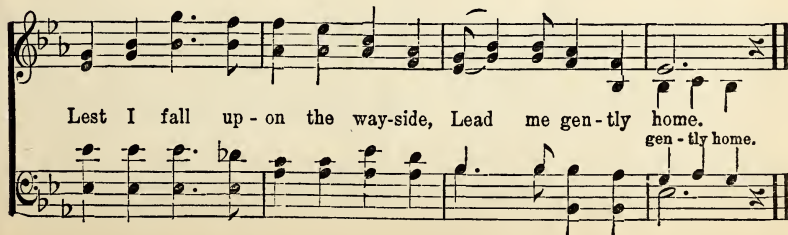


Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

REFRAIN.



Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,

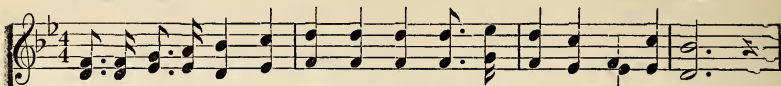


Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen - tly home.

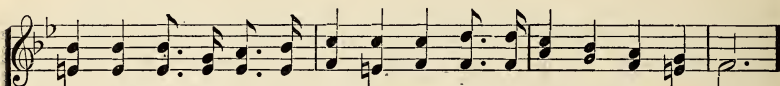
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, KY.

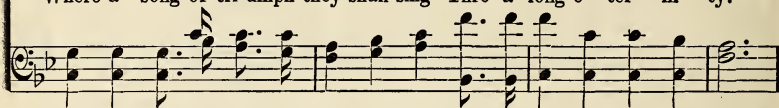
Chas. H. Gabriel.



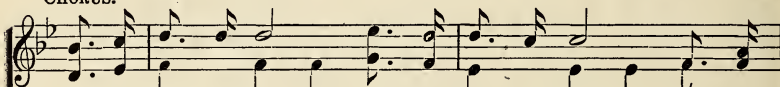
1. Ev - er on and on with ban ners bright, March the sol-diers of the King;
2. Ev - er on and on they brave-ly go Thro' the wil-der-ness of sin;
3. Ev - er on and on, and up - ward led To the fi-nal vic - to - ry,



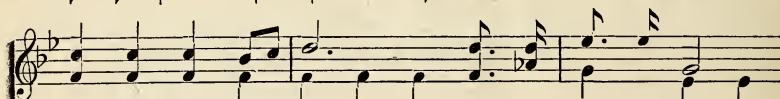
Worn and wea-ry by the cease-less fight, But the tri-umph song they sing.
 Ev - er fol-low-ing the flee-ing foe, Oth-er vic-tor-ies to win.
 Where a song of tri-umph they shall sing Thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty.



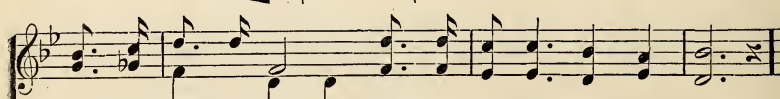
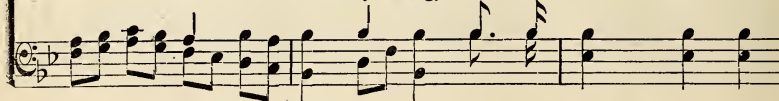
CHORUS.



Ev - er march - ing on with the ban - ner bright, As the
 Ev - er on, on, on, with the ban - ner bright.



tri - umph song they sing, Ev - er march - ing on,
 they sing; Ev - er on, on, on,



march-ing brave - ly on, Faith - ful sol - diers of the King.
 march-ing on, on, on,



No. 103.

There is a Fountain.

Unknown.

William Cowper.

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, }
 And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, }
 D. C.-And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood,

2 FINE. D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, tho' vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

3 Dear Gying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

No. 104.

In the Cross.

John Bowring.

(RATHBUN)

Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an- noy, Nev-er shall the

sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.
 cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

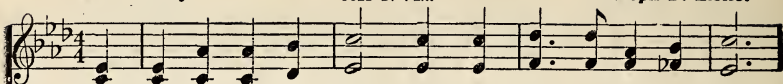
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that thro' all time abide.

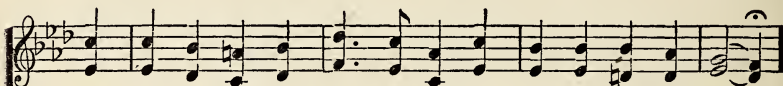
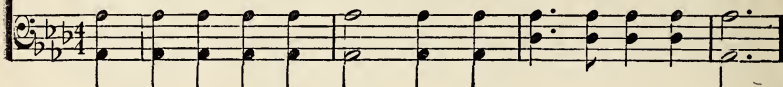
Mrs. L. Shorey.

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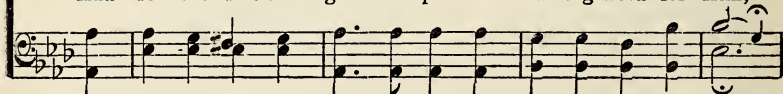
Joseph D. Little.



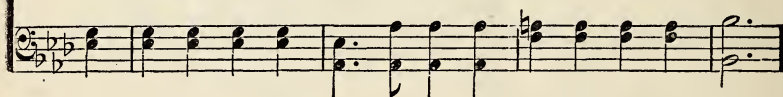
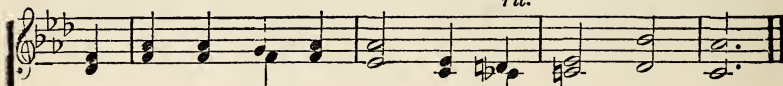
1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well;
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,



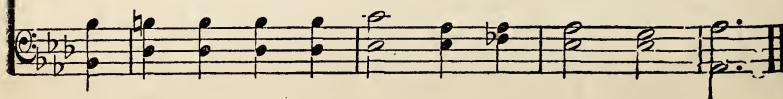
He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly,
But with what love He lov - eth me My tongue can nev - er tell;
I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
And so He bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for Him;



I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In ev - er rich sup - ply,
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die;

*rit.*

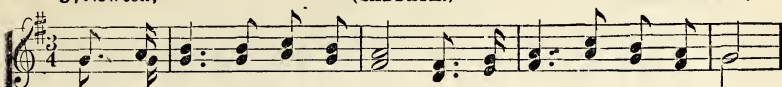
And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.



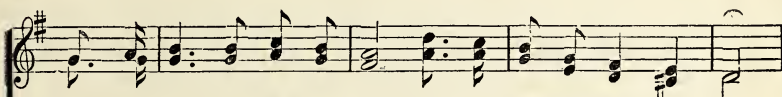
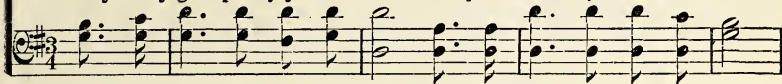
J. Newton,

(SABBATH.)

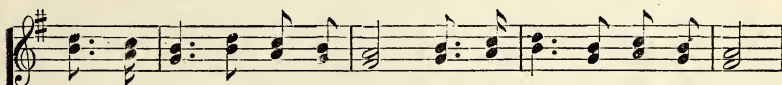
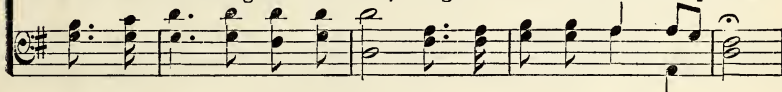
Lowell Mason,



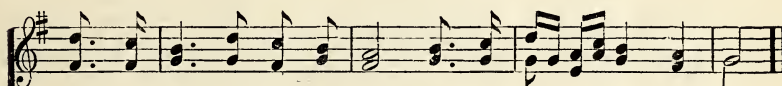
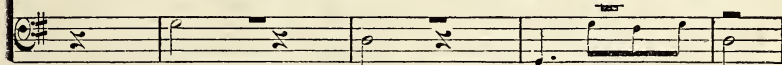
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres - ence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;



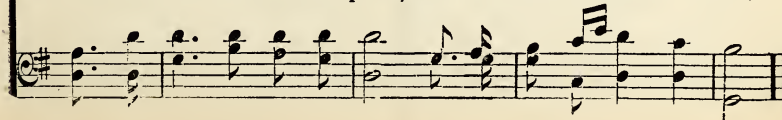
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face—Take a - way our sin and shame.
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;
 From our world - ly cares set free,— May we rest this day in Thee;
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast;
 Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free,— May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove.



E. E. Hewitt.

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J. C. H. and V. A. White.

1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Bless-ed gold-en ray, I'ke a star of
 2. Ros-es fade a-round me, Lil-ies bloom and die, Earth-ly sunbeams
 3. Steps un-seen be-fore me, Hid-den dan-gers near; Near-er still my

glo-ry, Light-ing up my way! Thro' the clouds of mid-night,
 van-ish—Ra-diant still the skyl' Je-sus, Rose of Shar-on,
 Sav-ior, Whisp'ring, "be of cheer," Joy, like birds of spring-time,

This bright prom-ise shone, "I will nev-er leave thee, Nev-er will
 Bloom-ing for His own, Je-sus, Heav-en's sun-shine, Nev-er will
 To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet-ly, "He will not

CHORUS.
 leave thee a-lone." No, nev-er a-lone,
 leave me a-lone.
 leave me a-lone." Nev-er a-lone, nev-er a-lone,

No nev-er a-lone, He prom-ised nev-er to leave me

Never Alone.

1 2

Nev-er to leave me a - lone; Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

The musical score for 'Never Alone.' is written for voice and piano. It consists of two staves. The first staff is the vocal line, and the second staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is divided into two measures, labeled 1 and 2. The lyrics are 'Nev-er to leave me a - lone; Nev-er to leave me a - lone.'

No. 108.

Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

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USED BY PER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav ior, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

The musical score for 'Nearer, Still Nearer.' is written for voice and piano. It consists of two staves. The first staff is the vocal line, and the second staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is divided into four measures, labeled 1, 2, 3, and 4. The lyrics are '1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav ior, so 2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to 3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I 4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my'.

precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my

The musical score for 'Nearer, Still Nearer.' is written for voice and piano. It consists of two staves. The first staff is the vocal line, and the second staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is divided into four measures, labeled 1, 2, 3, and 4. The lyrics are 'precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my'.

safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
Sav-ior, still near er to Thee, Near-er, my Savior, still near-er to Thee.

The musical score for 'Nearer, Still Nearer.' is written for voice and piano. It consists of two staves. The first staff is the vocal line, and the second staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is divided into four measures, labeled 1, 2, 3, and 4. The lyrics are 'safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest." cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart. Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied. Sav-ior, still near er to Thee, Near-er, my Savior, still near-er to Thee.'

No. 109.

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay,

[REVIVE US.]

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,
 4. All glo - ry and praise To the God of all grace,
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love,

For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav - ior And scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins And has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.
 Who has bought us, and sought us, And guid - ed our ways.
 May each soul be re - kin - dled With fire from a - bove.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 110.

Sun of My Soul.

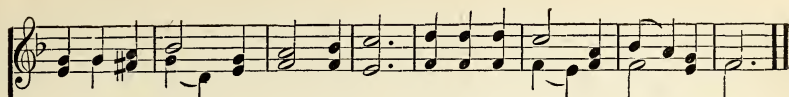
John Keble,

(HURSLEY.)

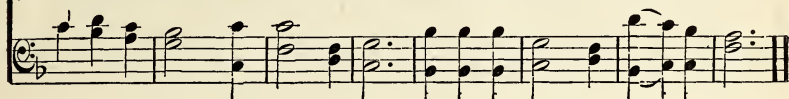
Peter Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

Sun of My Soul,



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.



No. 111.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

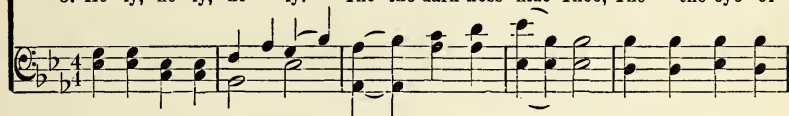
Reginald Heber.

(NICAEA.)

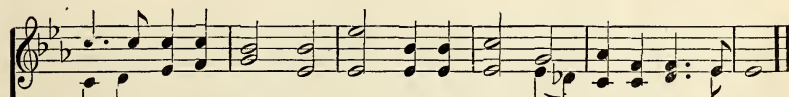
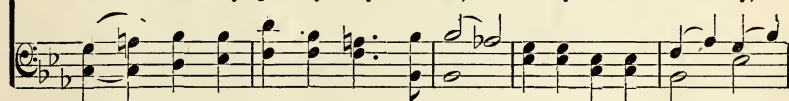
John B. Dykes.



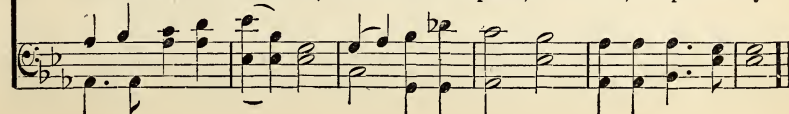
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of



morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns A - round the glass - y sea; Cher-u-bim and Sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,



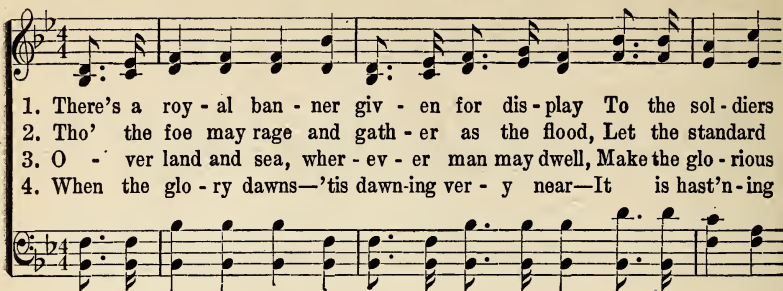
Mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, Blessed Trin - i - ty!
Fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev - er-more shalt be.
There is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in Love, and pur - i - ty.



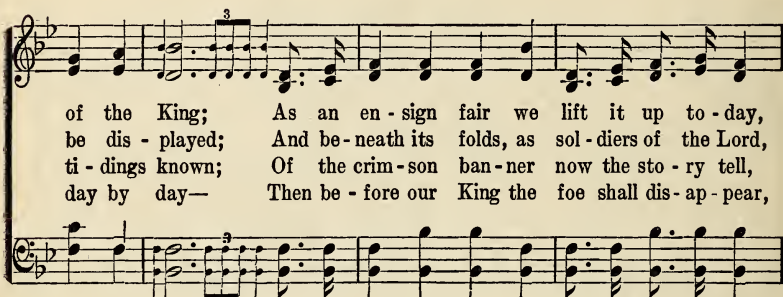
El Nathan.

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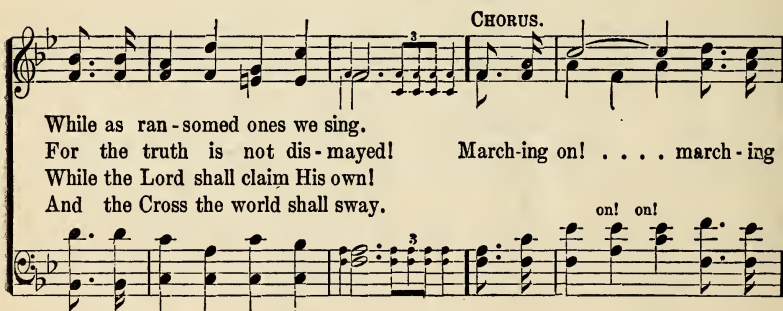
James McGranahan.



1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers
 2. Tho' the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the standard
 3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
 4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis dawn-ing ver - y near—It is hast'n-ing

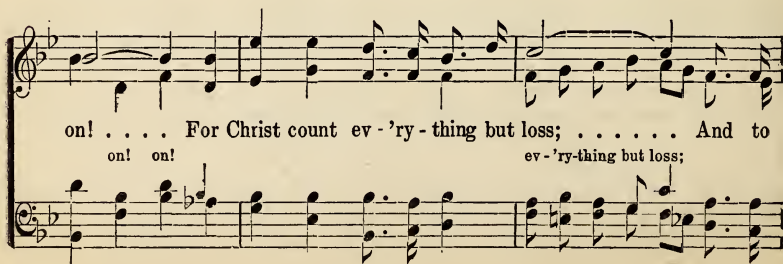


of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
 be dis - played; And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord,
 ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
 day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,



CHORUS.

While as ran - somed ones we sing.
 For the truth is not dis - mayed! March - ing on! march - ing
 While the Lord shall claim His own!
 And the Cross the world shall sway. on! on!



on! For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss; And to
 on! on! ev - 'ry - thing but loss;

The Banner of the Cross.

crown Him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the ban-ner of the cross.
 crown Him King, we'll toil and sing, Be - neath' the ban-ner of the cross.

No. 113.

Loving-Kindness.

1. A-wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-standing all;
 3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
 4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thundered loud,

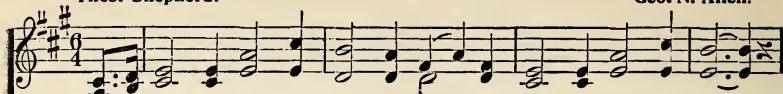
He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how free!
 He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how great!
 He safe-ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how strong!
 He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how good!

Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how free!
 Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how great!
 Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how strong!
 Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how good!

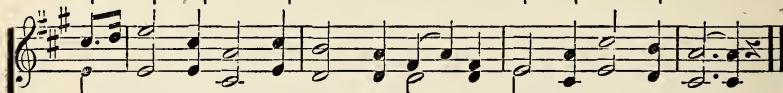
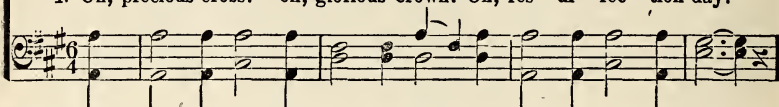
No. 114. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd.

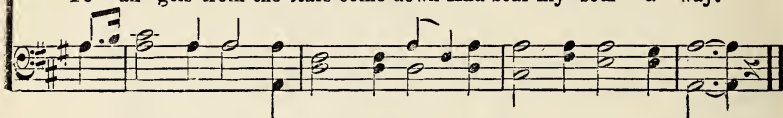
Geo. N. Allen.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free.
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!



No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

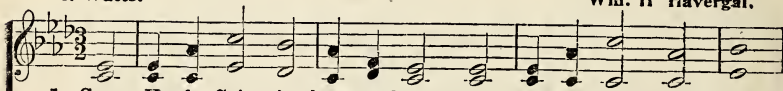


No. 115.

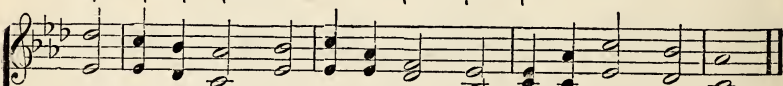
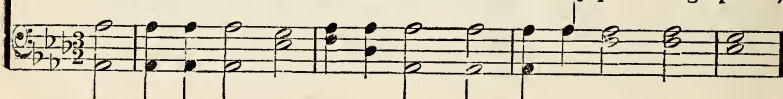
Come, Holy Spirit.

I. Watts.

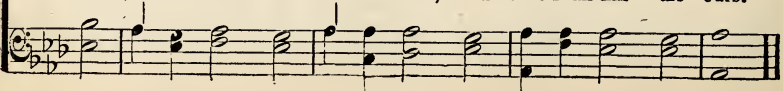
Wm. H. Havergal.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs;
2. Look - how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs;

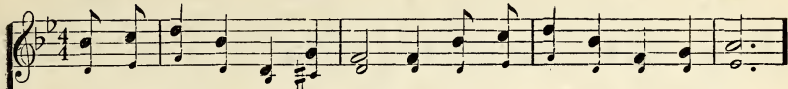


Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great.
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

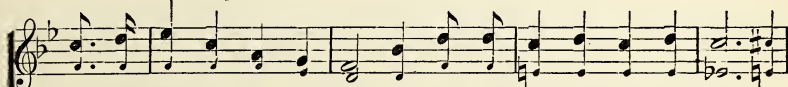
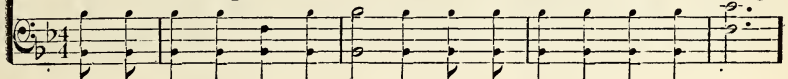


Mattie A. Long. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, KY.

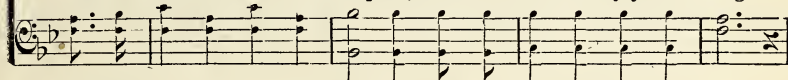
Chas. H. Gabriel.



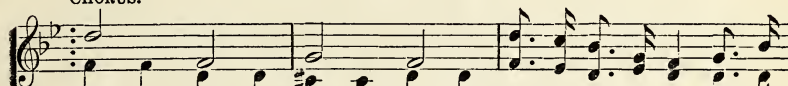
1. We are marching on to bat - tle, In the ar - my of our King;
2. We are marching on to bat - tle, And our standard we will raise
3. We are marching on to bat - tle, We are fight - ing for the Lord;
4. We are marching on to bat - tle, We will make our fore - es strong;



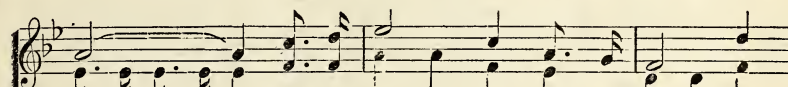
We will fight with deeds of kind - ness, And will loud ho - san nas sing.
 Ev - ry day un - to our Sav - ior, As we glad - ly sing His praise.
 He will ev - er be our Lead - er, We'll o - bey His pre - cious word.
 We will win with Je - sus' weapons, Words and deeds and joy - ous song.



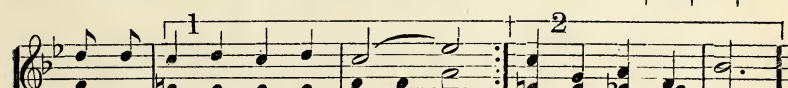
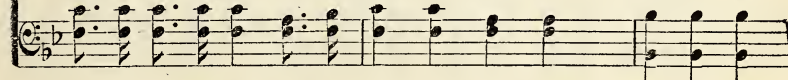
CHORUS.



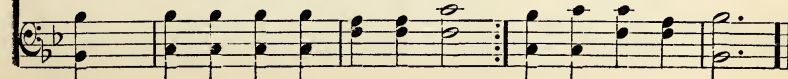
March - ing, sing - ing, Hap - py all the day, all the
 March - ing, march - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, we are



day; We are march - ing on to bat - tle,
 hap - py all the day; We are march - ing on to bat - tle, We



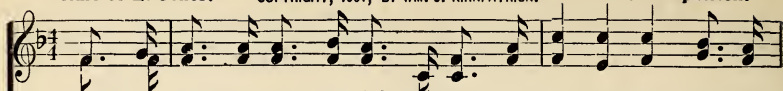
We are win - ning in the fray; . . . win - ning in the fray.
 are win - ning, win - ning in the fray;



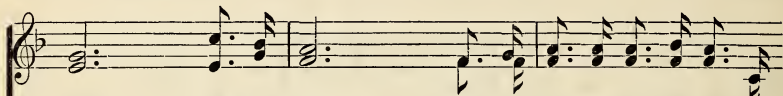
Harriet E. Jones.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

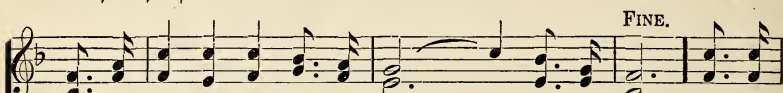
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



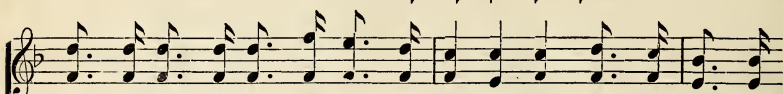
1. Make it known a-mong the peo - ple on which side you stand, Make it
 2. Make it known a-mong the peo - ple that you stand for right, Make it
 3. Make it known a-mong the peo - ple, to your Lord be true, Make it



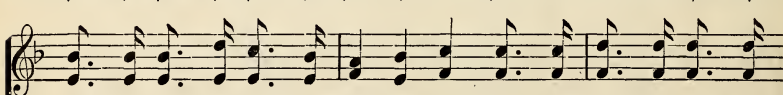
known, make it known; Make it known a-mong the peo-ple,
 known, make it known; Make it known a-mong the peo-ple,
 known, make it known; Make it known a-mong the peo-ple,
 Make it known, make it known;



'tis the Lord's command, Make it known, . . . make it known; Make it
 that for truth you fight, Make it known, . . . make it known; Lift the
 what He did for you, Make it known, . . . make it known; Ev - er -
 Make it known,



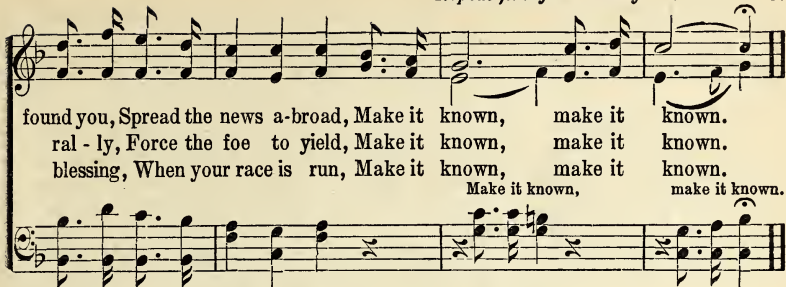
known to those a-round you, That you stand for God, That He is your
 ban - ner, for - ward sal - ly, To the bat - tle - field, Gain - ing new re -
 more His name con - fess - ing, As you jour - ney on, Keep in mind the



King and Sav - ior, Whom you praise and laud, Tell them how He sought and
 cruits for Je - sus, As His sword you wield, Till a might - y host shall
 pre - cious prom - ise, Of the match - less One, Up in glo - ry waits the

Make it Known.

Repeat first four lines for Chorus D. C.



found you, Spread the news a-broad, Make it known, make it known.
 ral - ly, Force the foe to yield, Make it known, make it known.
 blessing, When your race is run, Make it known, make it known.
 Make it known, make it known.

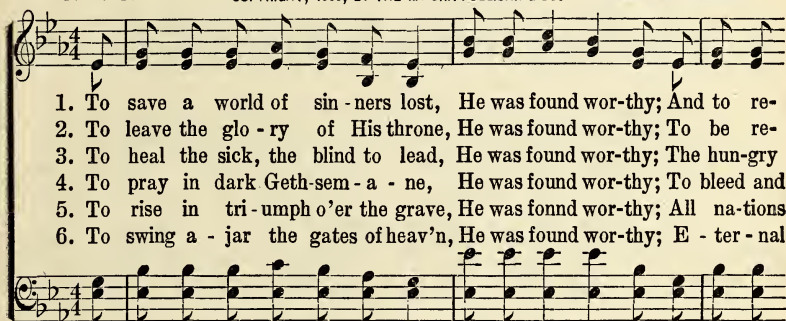
No. 118.

He Was Found Worthy.

C. H. G.

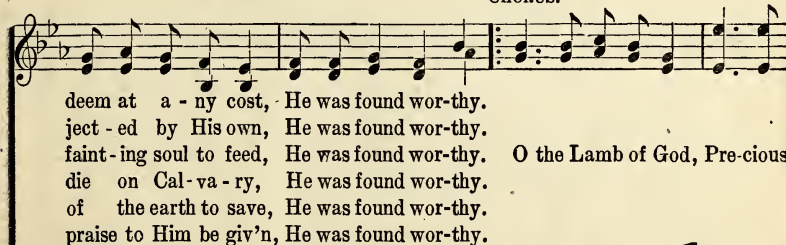
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

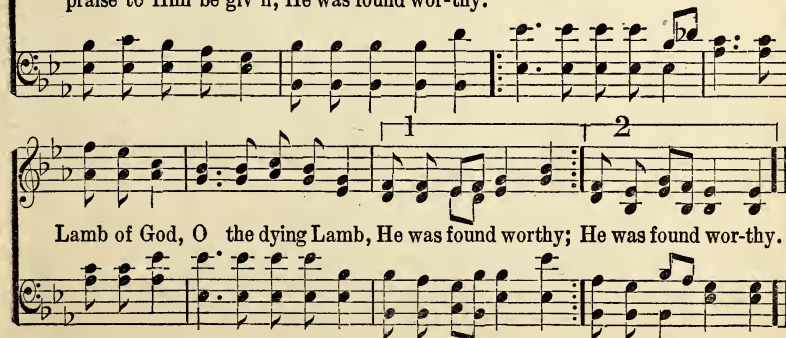


1. To save a world of sin - ners lost, He was found wor - thy; And to re -
 2. To leave the glo - ry of His throne, He was found wor - thy; To be re -
 3. To heal the sick, the blind to lead, He was found wor - thy; The hun - gry
 4. To pray in dark Geth - sem - a - ne, He was found wor - thy; To bleed and
 5. To rise in tri - umph o'er the grave, He was found wor - thy; All na - tions
 6. To swing a - jar the gates of heav'n, He was found wor - thy; E - ter - nal

CHORUS.



deem at a - ny cost, He was found wor - thy.
 ject - ed by His own, He was found wor - thy.
 faint - ing soul to feed, He was found wor - thy. O the Lamb of God, Pre - cious
 die on Cal - va - ry, He was found wor - thy.
 of the earth to save, He was found wor - thy.
 praise to Him be giv'n, He was found wor - thy.

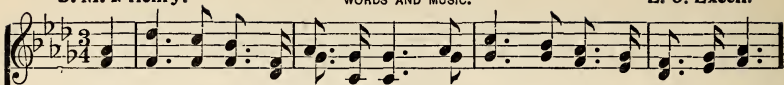


Lamb of God, O the dying Lamb, He was found worthy; He was found wor - thy.

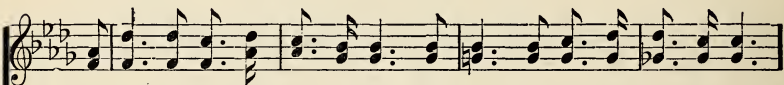
S. M. I. Henry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

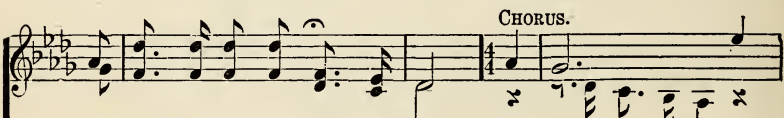
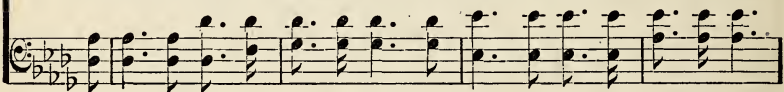
E. O. Excell.



1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way op-pose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,

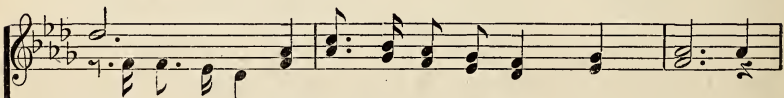
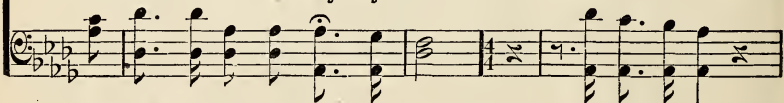


But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,

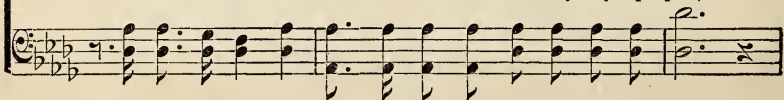


And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

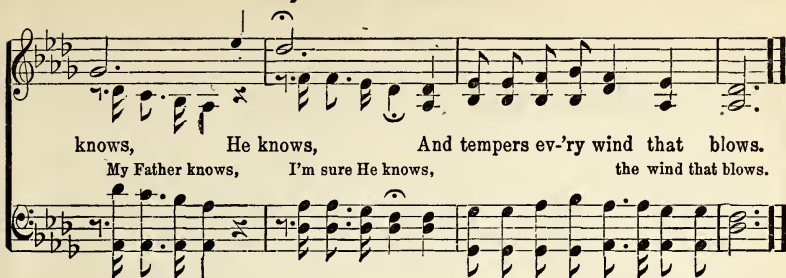
He knows, He
My Fa - ther knows,



knows The storms that would my way op - pose, He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;



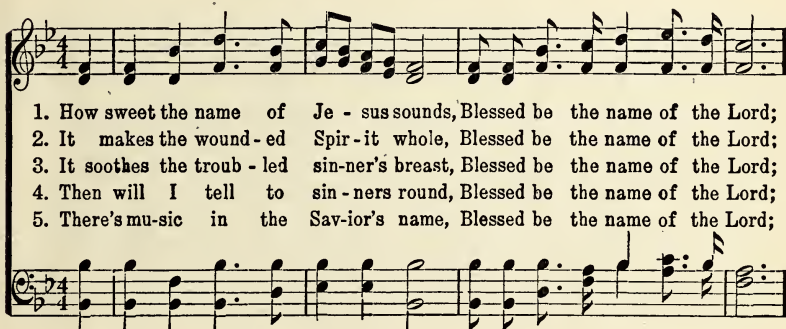
My Father Knows.



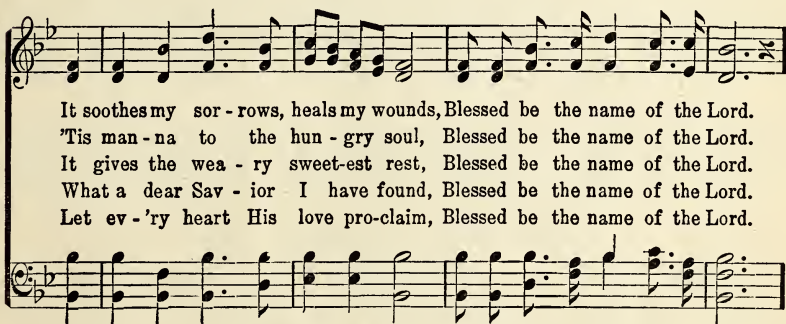
knows, He knows, And tempers ev'-ry wind that blows.
My Father knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 120.

Blessed Be the Name.

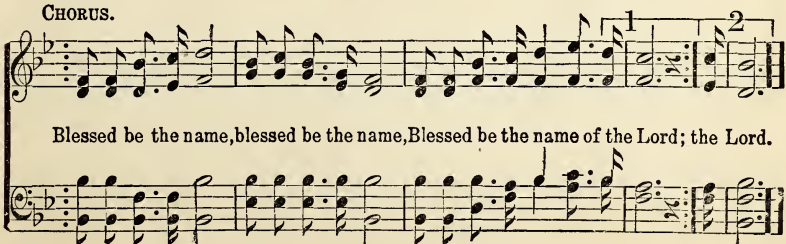


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
2. It makes the wound - ed Spir - it whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
3. It soothes the troub - led sin - ner's breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
4. Then will I tell to sin - ners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
5. There's mu - sic in the Sav - ior's name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



It soothes my sor - rows, heals my wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
It gives the wea - ry sweet - est rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
What a dear Sav - ior I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Let ev - 'ry heart His love pro - claim, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

CHORUS.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord; the Lord.

No. 121.

Somebody.

John R. Clements.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. Weedon.

1. Some-body did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
 2. Some-body tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
 3. Some-body i-dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
 4. Some-body filled the day with light, Con-stant-ly chased a-way the night;

Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
 Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right,—
 Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Thoughtlessly seemed to live in vain,—
 Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—

Was that some-bod-y you? Was that some-bod-y you?

No. 122.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father! all—
 2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend: Come, and Thy
 3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
 4. To thee great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be, Hence, ever-more! His sov'reign

Come, Thou Almighty King.

glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days!
 people bless, And give Thy word success: Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
 might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!
 maj-es-ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni-ty Love and a-dore!

No. 123.

I Surrender All.

J. W. Van De Venter.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY WEEDEEN & VAN DE VENTER.
 USED BY PER.

W. S. Weeden.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai-ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow; }
 { World-ly pleas-ures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-ior, whol-ly thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir-it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }
 4. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame; }
 { O the joy of full sal - va - tion, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name. }

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
 I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur-ren-der all.

No. 124,

Reapers for the Harvest.

Eben Rexford.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Samuel W. Beasley.

1. Lo! all read - y for the gath-'ring God's great har - vest stands;
 2. "Great the need but few have an swered," hear the Mas - ter say;
 3. O ye i - dlers, join the cho - rus of the har - vest song,

Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
 From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
 Let its mu - sic rise to heav - en all the hills a - long;

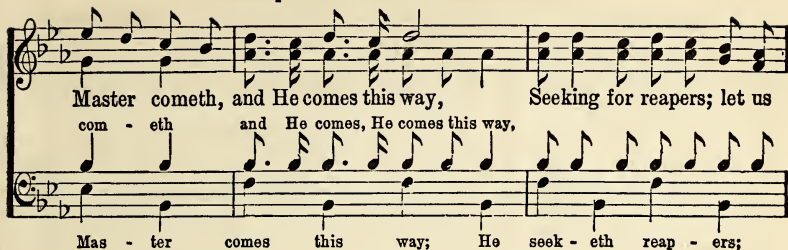
Hear you not the call for work men sound-ing o - ver hill and val-ley?
 O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har-vest,
 Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean - ing in the by-ways,

An - swer quick - ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
 An - swer "Mas - ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
 Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.

CHORUS.

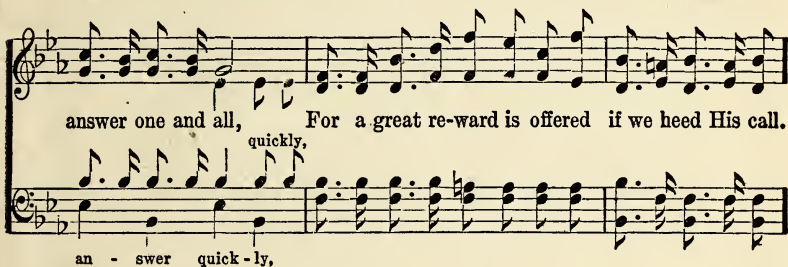
Lo! the harvest ripe and read - y stands to-day; See, the
 Lo! the har-vest ripe and read - y stands to-day, to-day; See the Mas-ter
 Lo! the har - vest stand - ing read - y, See the

Reapers for the Harvest.



Master cometh, and He comes this way, Seeking for reapers; let us
com - eth and He comes, He comes this way,

Mas - ter comes this way; He seek - eth reap - ers;



answer one and all, For a great re-ward is offered if we heed His call.
quickly,

an - swer quick - ly,



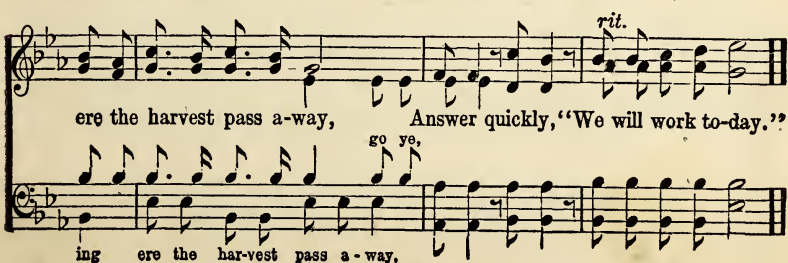
A-wake, a-wake, the harvest waits on ev - 'ry hill and plain;
See, the har - vest waits on ev - 'ry hill, on hill and plain;

See, the har - vest waits for reap - ers;



Go, and gath - er in the sheaves of golden grain; Reaping and binding
Go and gather in the sheaves of gold - en grain, quickly;

Go, and gath - er for the Mas - ter; Reap - ing, bind -



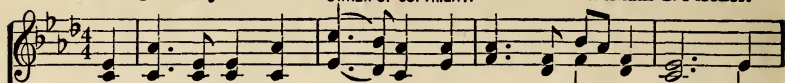
ere the harvest pass a-way, Answer quickly, "We will work to-day."
go ye,

ing ere the har - vest pass a - way,

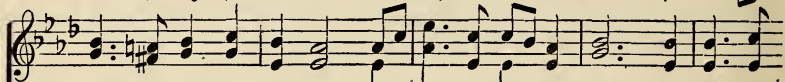
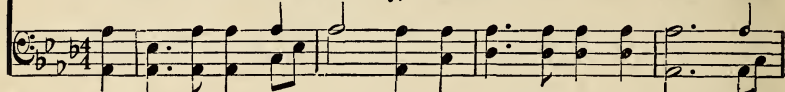
Catherine Hankey.

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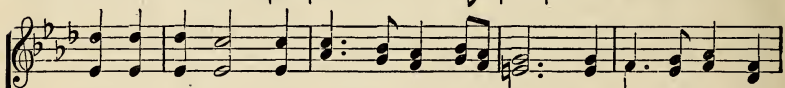
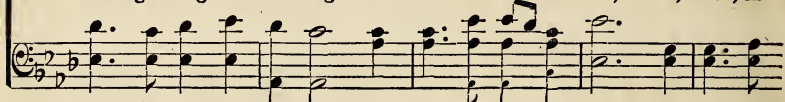
William G. Fischer.



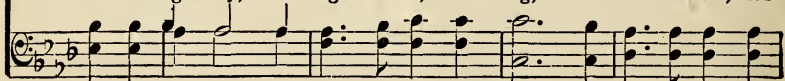
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem



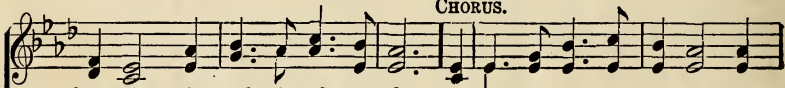
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest, And, when, in



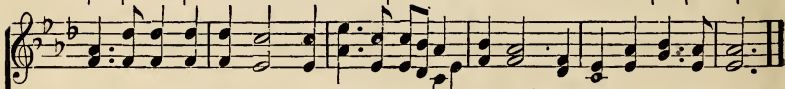
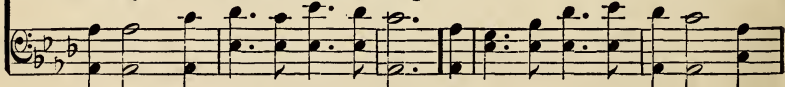
tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'Tis true; It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The message of sal -
 scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old



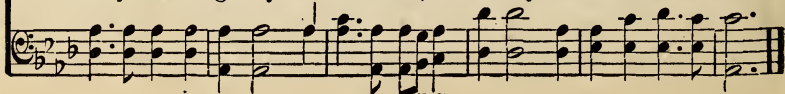
CHORUS.



long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
 rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
 va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
 sto - ry That I have loved so long.



be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



No. 126.

Jerusalem, the Golden.

"Eckington Collection," about 1796.

Samuel A. Ward, 1882.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my la - bors
 2. There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know: Blest seats! thro' rude and
 3. A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, proph - ets, there Around my Savior stand; And soon my friends in

have an end, In joy and peace, and thee? When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And
 storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or
 Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My

pearl - y gates behold? Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold?
 feel at death dis - may? I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day.
 soul still pants for thee: Then snail my labors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

No. 127.

Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh; Shad - ows of the
 2. Je - /sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; With Thy tend' rest
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of Thee; Guard the sail - ors

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 toss - ing On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches,
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise,
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

Steal a - cross the sky.

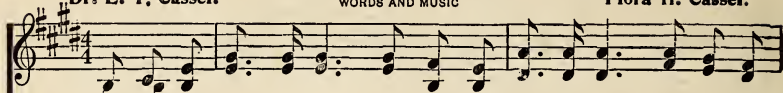
The King's Business.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

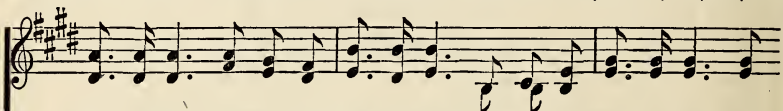
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WORDS AND MUSIC

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

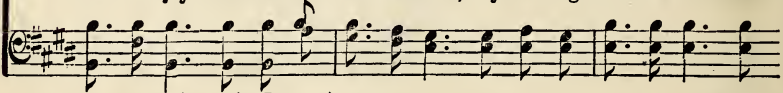
Flora H. Cassel.



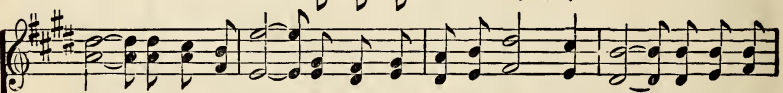
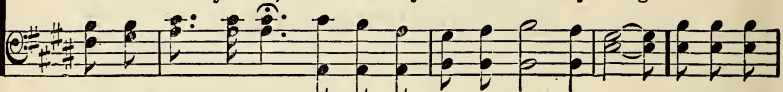
1. I am a strang-er here, with-in a for-eign land, My home is
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ros-y plain, E-ter-nal



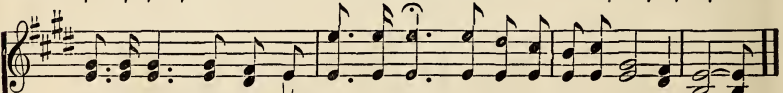
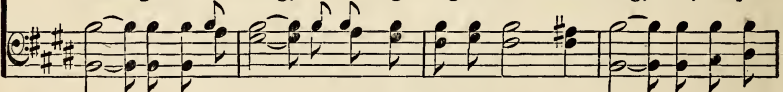
far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of
turn a-way, from sin's se-duct-ive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how



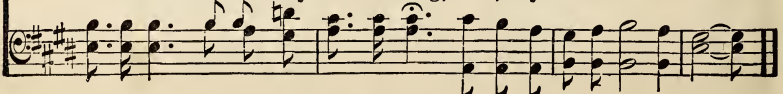
realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mortals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.



mes-sage that I bring, A mes-sage angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye

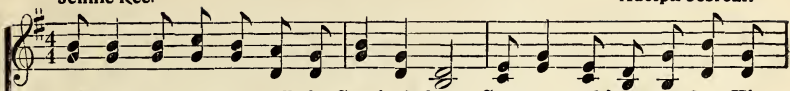


reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

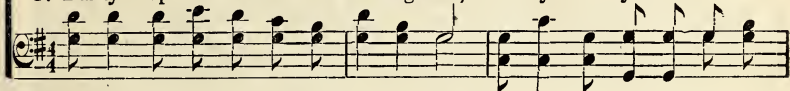
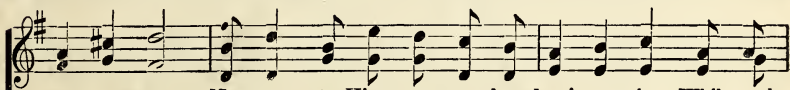


Jennie Ree.

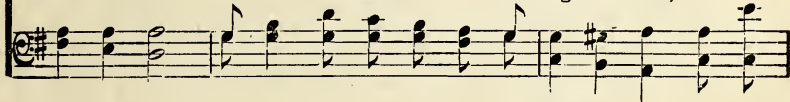
Adolph Jesreal.



1. Sunshine and flow-ers tell the Sav-ior's love; Sea-son and harvest do His
 2. Bil-lows that break up-on the o - cean shore, Tempests that thro' the forest
 3. Dai-ly up - on us do His bless-ings fall; Sure-ly His eye of love is

mer - cy prove; Na - ture to Him un - num-bered voic-es raise, While each
 shriek and roar, Breez-es that whis-per o'er the sum-mer-land, Are but
 o - ver all! Un - der the shad-ow of His wing we'll hide, And in



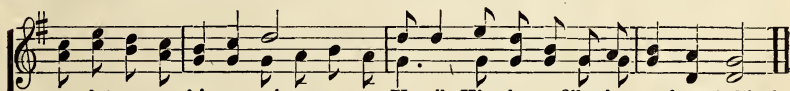
CHORUS.



mount-ain and val-ley car - ols forth His praise!
 ech - oes of love we can - not un - der-stand. Praise Him forever, our Re-
 safe - ty for - ev - er in His love a - bide.




deem-er, King, Praise Him for-ev-er, men and an-gels sing! Un-to His
 Praise Him for - ev - - - er, men and an-gels sing!

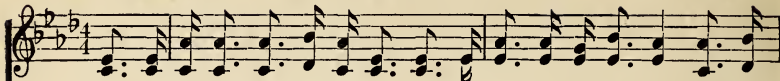
name let songs of joy a - rise, Un-til His glo-ry fills the earth and skies!
 Un - til His glo - ry,

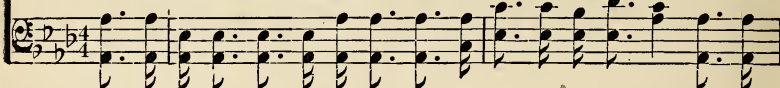


Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

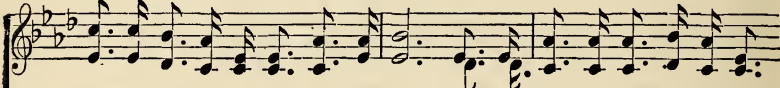
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

- 
1. Since I start-ed for the Cit-y o-ver in the Promised Land, I have
 2. There are ma-ny snares and pit-falls all a-long the pil grim road, I can
 3. When the clouds of darkness gather and the sunshine all has fled, Then He
 4. When I reach the si-lent riv-er, with its cold and chilling tide, Je-sus




tri-als and temp-tations ev-'ry day; But I find my-self sup-port-ed
o-ver-come them if I watch and pray. In the hour of pain and sor-row,
guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray. And the bless-ed light of heav-en
will be there, my help-er and my stay. I will sail a-way triumphant,



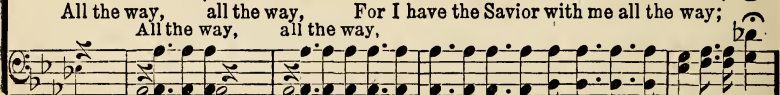
by a strong and lov-ing hand, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
grace suf-fi-cient is be-stowed, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
o-ver all my path is spread, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
land my soul on Ca-naan's side, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.

REFRAIN.



All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way;
All the way, all the way,

all the way.



All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
All the way,

all the way,

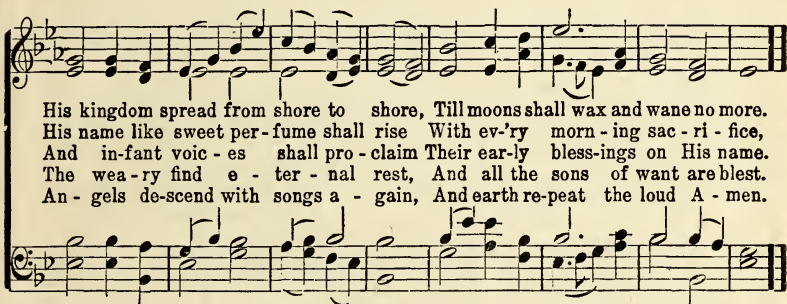
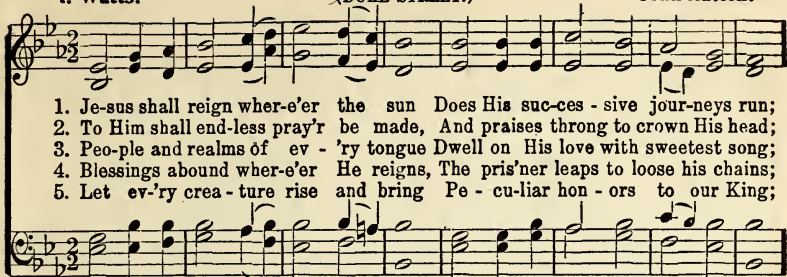
No. 131.

Jesus Shall Reign.

I. Watts.

(DUKE STREET.)

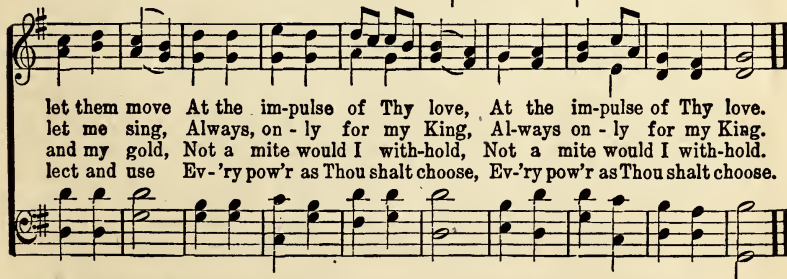
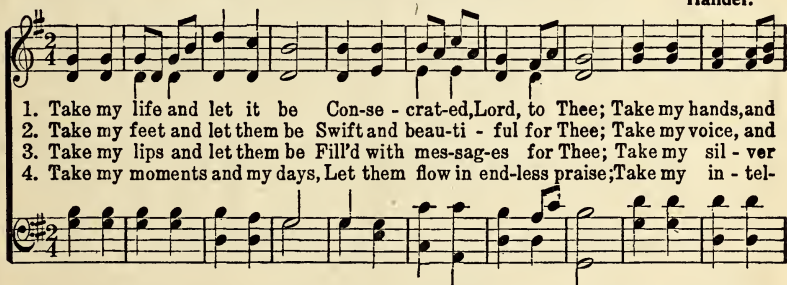
John Hatton.



No. 132.

Take My Life and Let It Be.

Handel.



5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

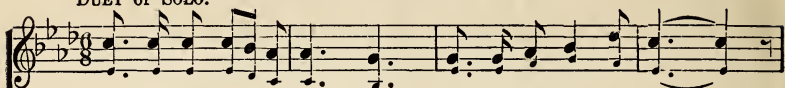
6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

No. 133. Show Me the Way, My Shepherd.

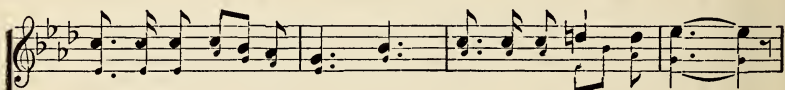
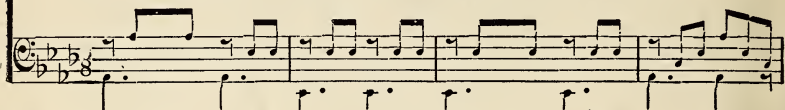
J. S. F.
DUET or SOLO.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.

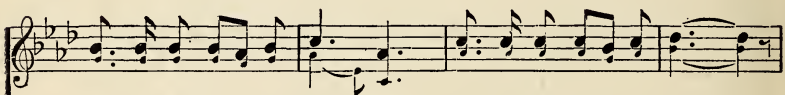
J. S. Fearis.



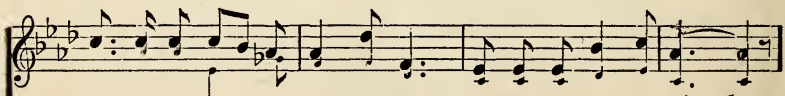
1. Show me the way, my Shep - herd, Show me the way to go; . . .
2. Show me the way, my Shep - herd, I can-not go a - lone; . .
3. Show me the way, my Shep - herd, Rough is the road I've trod; . .



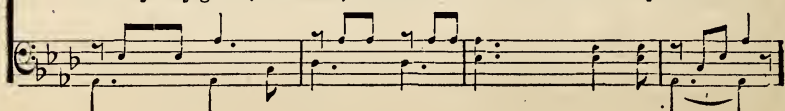
Lead me from out the shad - ows, In - to the sun-light's glow; . .
Thine is the strength that holds me, I dare not trust my own; . .
Keep me with in that path - way Bright with the love of God; . .



Out of the fear and doubt - ing, In - to the peace and rest; . .
Guide me to those green past - ures Where the still wa - ters be; . . .
So let me live, my Shep - herd, That those a-round may see . . .

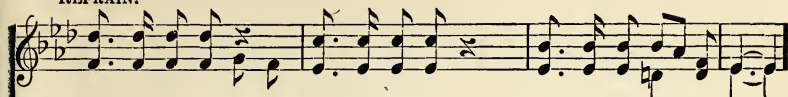


Show me the way to per - fect faith, Then shall my soul be blest. . .
Save me from storms of doubt and fear, Keep me still close to Thee. . .
On - ly Thy grace, and love, and know I have been led by Thee. . .

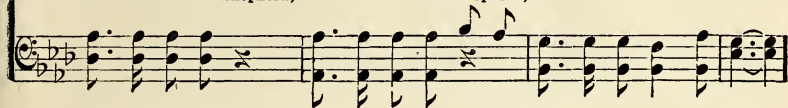


Show Me the Way, My Shepherd.

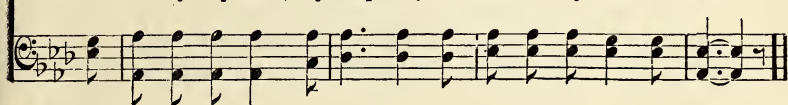
REFRAIN.



Show me the way, Show me the way, Show me the way to go;
Shepherd, Shepherd,



If led by Thy hand, my Shepherd, No e - vil my soul can know.



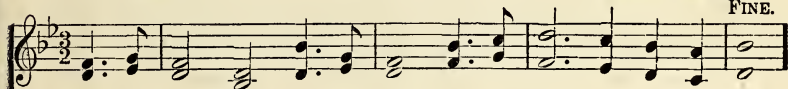
No. 134.

Rock of Ages.

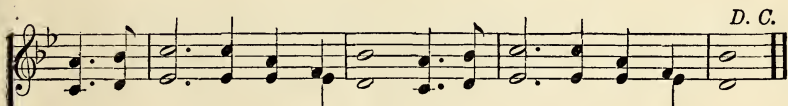
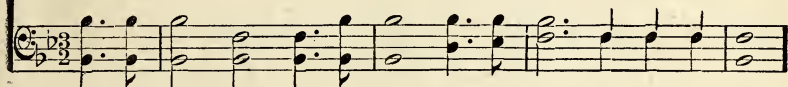
A. M, Toplady.

(TOPLADY.)

Thomas Hastings.
FINE.

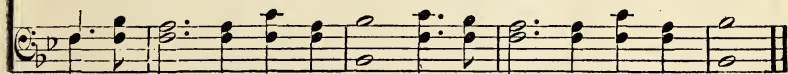


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,

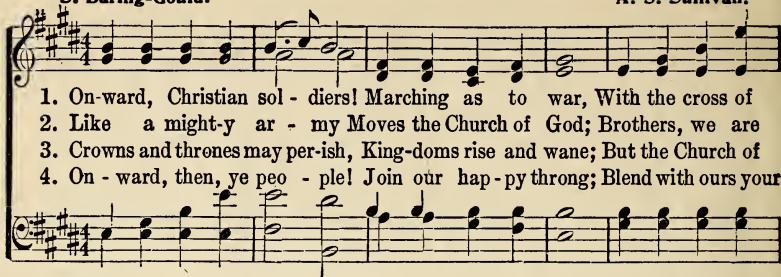


2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

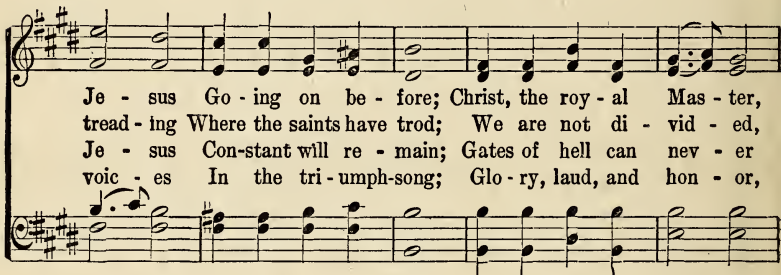
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

S. Baring-Gould.

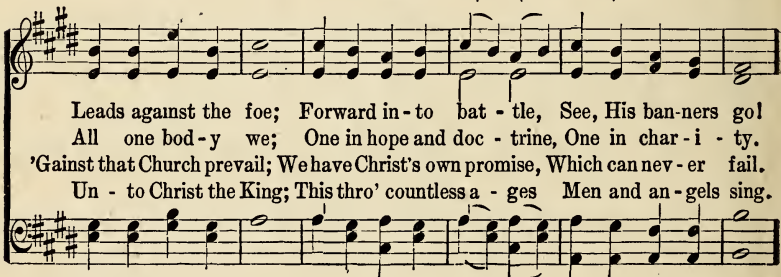
A. S. Sullivan.



1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,



Leads against the foe; Forward in-to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
 All one bod-y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can nev - er fail.
 Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

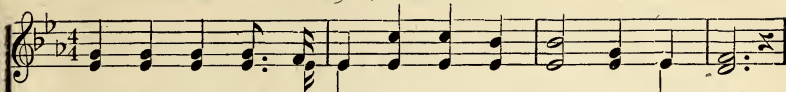


On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

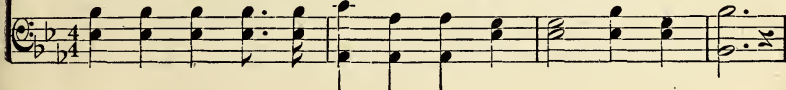
Mary B. C. Slade.

R. M. MCINTOSH, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

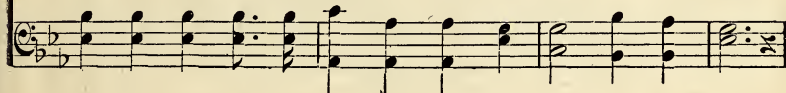
A. B. Everett.



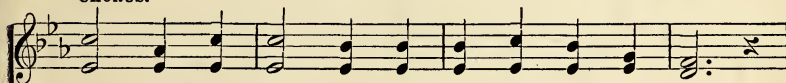
1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call - ing, Come, fol - low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach - ing the word;
4. Tho', dear Lord, in Thy path - way keep - ing, We fol - low Thee
5. If Thy way and its sor - rows shar - ing, We go a - gain,
6. By and by, thro' the shin - ing por - tals Turn - ing our feet,
7. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done,



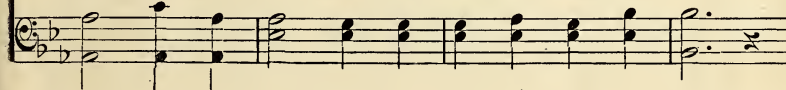
And we see where Thy foot - prints fall - ing Lead us to Thee.
 Or a - long by Si - lo - am's fount - ains, Help - ing the weak.
 Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
 Thro' the gloom of that place of weep - ing, Geth - sem - a - ne!
 Up the slope of the hill - side, bear - ing Our cross of pain.
 We shall walk, with the glad im - mor - tals, Heav'n's gold - en street.
 We will rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.



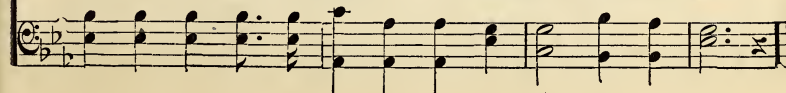
CHORUS.



Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;



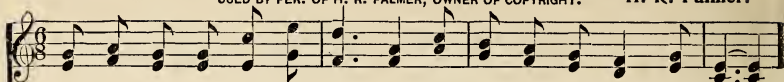
We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.



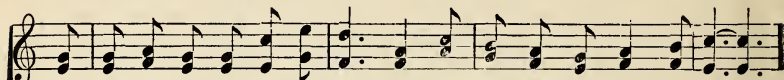
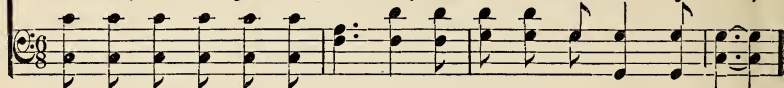
No. 137. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

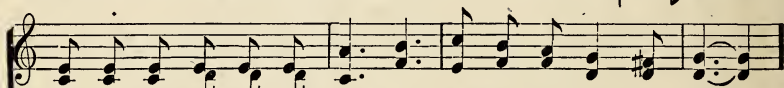
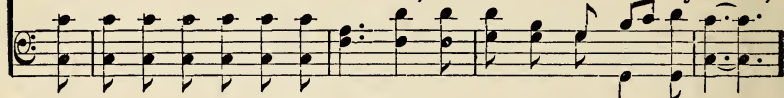
H. R. Palmer.



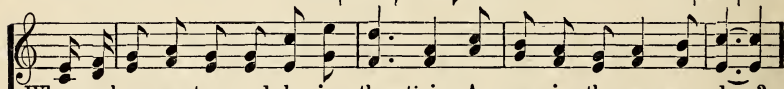
1. Mas-ter, the tem pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest;



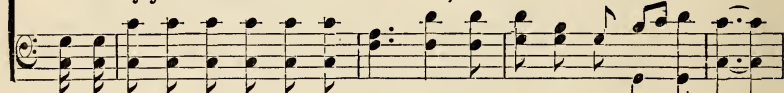
The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled—Oh, wak - en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav - en's with - in my breast;



Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;



When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter—Oh, hast-en, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the best har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.



CHORUS.

p

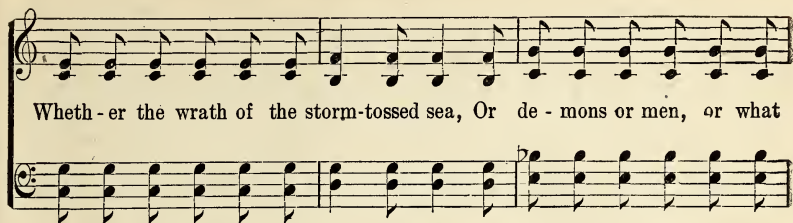
pp



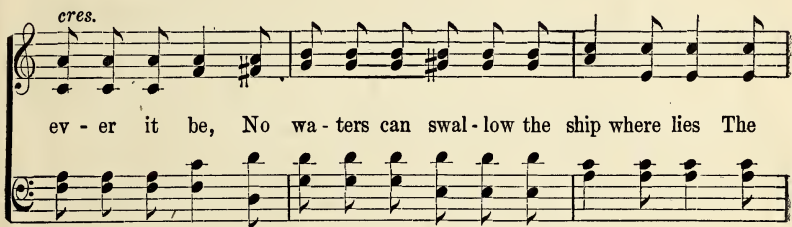
The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace . . . be still! . . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!



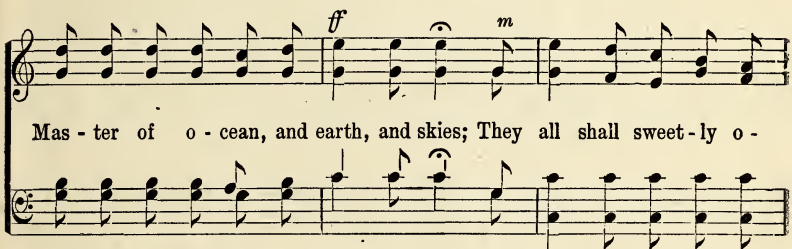
Master, the Tempest is Raging.



Wheth - er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons or men, or what



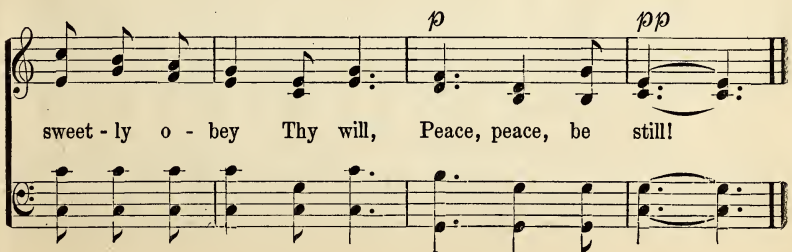
ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies The



Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet - ly o -



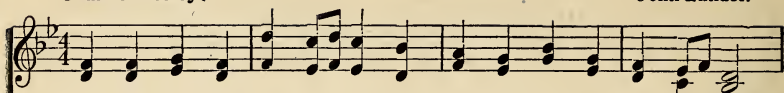
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall



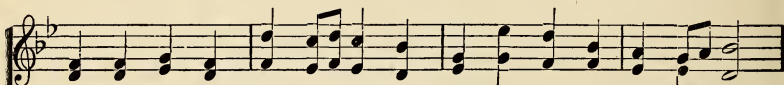
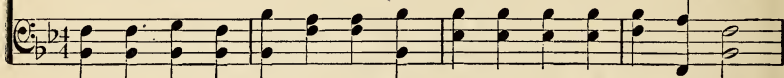
sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

Charles Wesley.

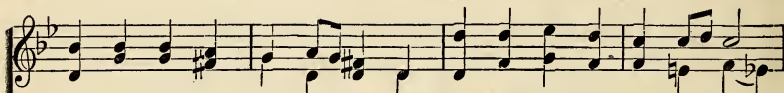
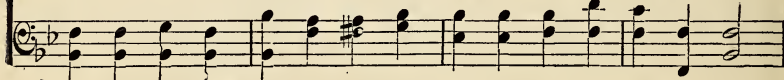
John Zundel.



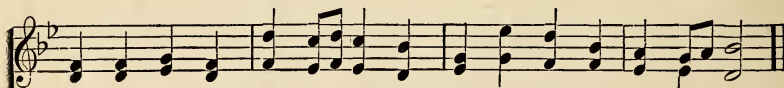
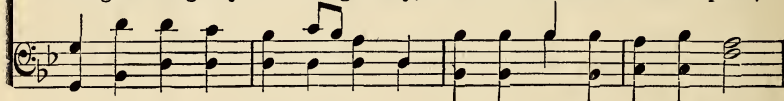
1. Love di-vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast!
3. Come, Al might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy temp - les leave;
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee,



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art;
 Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place,



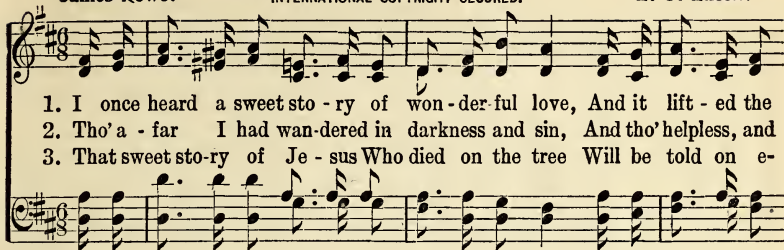
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
 End of faith, at its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.



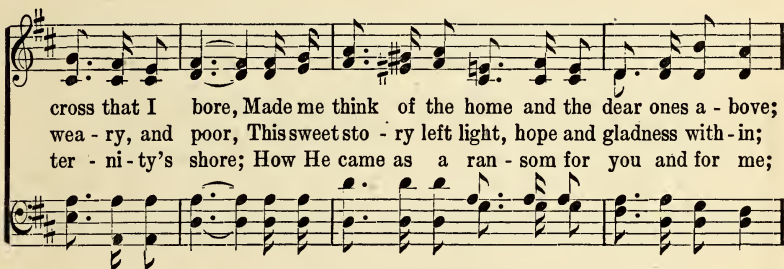
James Rowe.

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E. O. Excell.

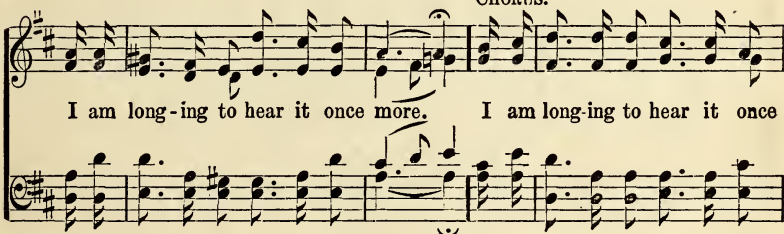


1. I once heard a sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love, And it lift - ed the
2. Tho' a - far I had wan - dered in darkness and sin, And tho' helpless, and
3. That sweet sto - ry of Je - sus Who died on the tree Will be told on e -



cross that I bore, Made me think of the home and the dear ones a - bove;
wea - ry, and poor, This sweet sto - ry left light, hope and gladness with - in;
ter - ni - ty's shore; How He came as a ran - som for you and for me;

CHORUS.



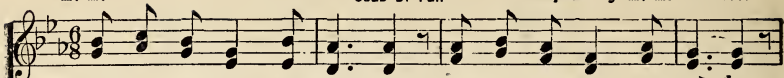
I am long - ing to hear it once more. I am long - ing to hear it once



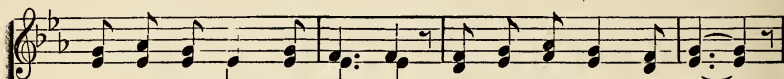
more; The sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er; . . . It is rapt - ure di -
once more; I am sure;



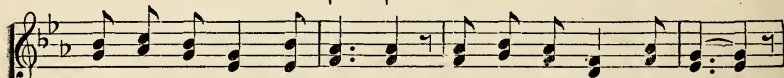
vine, to know He is mine; I am long - ing to hear it once more.



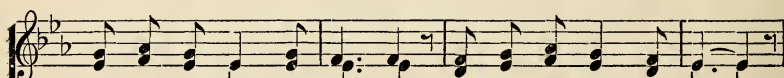
1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in ten - d'rest tone;
 2. Speak to Thy chil - dren ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way;
 3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst re - veal Thy will;



Whis - per in lov - ing kind - ness: "Thou art not left a - lone."
 Fill them with joy and glad - ness, Teach them to watch and pray.
 Let me know all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill.

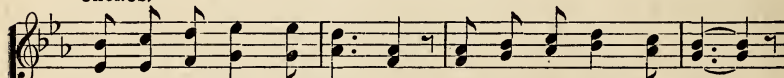


O - pen my heart to hear Thee, Quick - ly to hear Thy voice,
 May they in con - se - cra - tion Yield their whole lives to Thee,
 Lead me to glo - ri - fy Thee, Help me to show Thy praise,



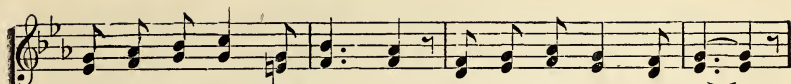
Fill Thou my soul with prais - es, Let me in Thee re - joice.
 Hast - en Thy com - ing king - dom, Till our dear Lord we see.
 Glad - ly to do Thy bid - ding, Hon - or Thee all my days.

CHORUS.

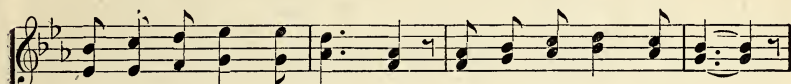


Speak Thou in soft - est whis - pers, Whis - pers of love to me;

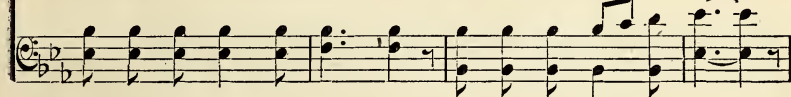
Speak to Me, Jesus.



"Thou shalt be al - ways con - q'ror, Thou shalt be al - ways free;"



Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Al - ways in tend - 'rest tone;



Let me now hear Thy whis - per, "Thou art not left a - lone."



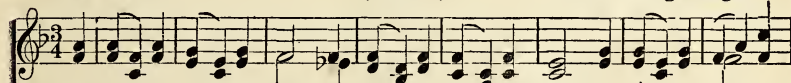
No. 141.

Blest Be the Tie.

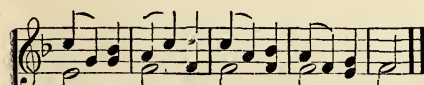
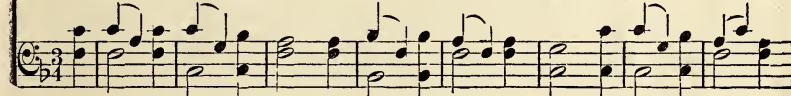
John Fawcet.

(DENNIS.)

Hans George Naegeli.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel-low-ship of
2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our



kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.
aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.



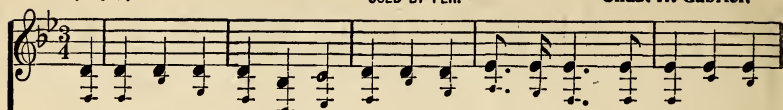
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear

- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

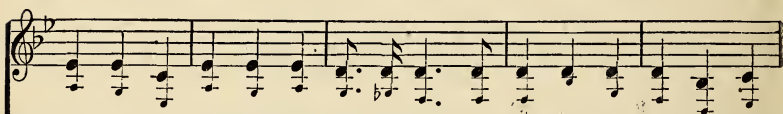
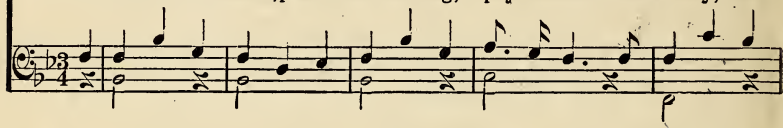
C, H, G,

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL.
USED BY PER.

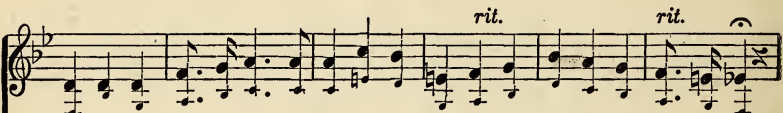
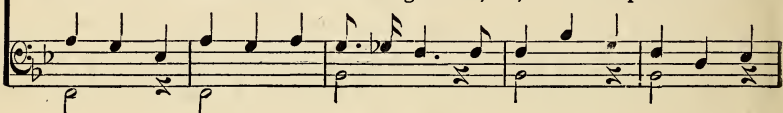
Chas. H. Gabriel.



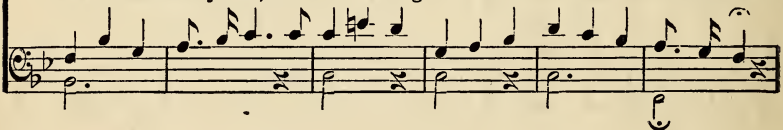
1. I stand all a-mazed at the love Je-sus of-fers me, Con-fused at the
 2. I mar-vel that He would descend from His throne divine, To res-cue a
 3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleeding, to pay the debt! Such mer-cy, such



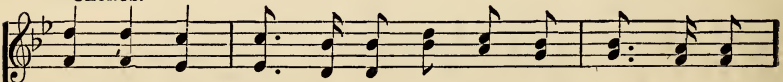
grace that so ful-ly He prof-fers me; I trem-ble to know that for
 soul so re-bel-lious and proud as mine; That He should ex-tend His great
 love and de-vo-tion can I for-get? No, no, I will praise and a -



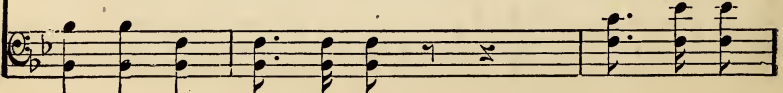
me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me, a sinner, He suffer'd, He bled and died.
 love un-to such as I, Suf-fi-cient to own, to re-deem and to jus-ti-fy.
 dore at the mercy seat, Un-til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.



CHORUS.



Oh, it is won-der-ful that He should care for me,
 won-der-ful!



Oh, It Is Wonderful.

E-nough to die for me; Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to me.
won-der-ful

No. 143. Never Look Back Again.

James M. Gray.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O nev-er look back to the world a-gain When once you have turned away;
2. Re-mem-ber the pil-lar in yon-der plain, And nev-er such end in-voke,
3. How ma-n-y set out for the prom-ised land Whose bones in the des-ert slept,
4. O if you have fastened your hand to plow, Then nev-er look back a-gain!

Its sin is as real and its pleasure as vain To-day as on yes-ter-day.
The rec-ord of one who was look-ing a-gain When Sod-om went up in smoke.
What blessings awaited when Jordan was spanned, But they for old Egypt wept.
Keep true to your furrow, and hold to your vow, That heaven you may at-tain.

CHORUS.

It's the same old world you once did flee, Nev-er look back a-gain!
O nev-er look back

It's just the same as it used to be, O nev-er look back a-gain!

COPYRIGHT. 1882, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Dr. Horatius Bonar, arr.

James McGranahan.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! De-
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! It's
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Our

fy-ing ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown,
 triumph let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God hereshown,
 sins on Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing,

cres. *ff*
 The world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not overthrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Thro' Christ the blessed son, Who did for sin a-tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Of Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our living King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

* SOLO. SOP. OR TEN. OR DUET.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-
 CHO. *mp* Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

* If desired, the soprano and alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

Hallelujah for the Cross!

lu - - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah for the cross, hal-le - lu-jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

The first system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal melody in G major (one flat) with lyrics 'lu - - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,'. The middle staff continues the vocal melody with lyrics 'lu - jah for the cross, hal-le - lu-jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss.

Hal - le - lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer, nev-er suf-fer loss.

The second system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal melody in G major with lyrics 'Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss.'. The middle staff continues the vocal melody with lyrics 'Hal - le - lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer, nev-er suf-fer loss.'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

FULL CHORUS.

* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;

The third system consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal melody in G major with lyrics '* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

cres.

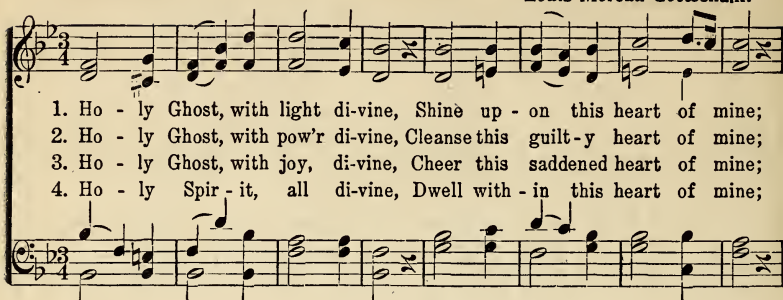
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf-fer loss.

The fourth system consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal melody in G major with lyrics 'Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf-fer loss.'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

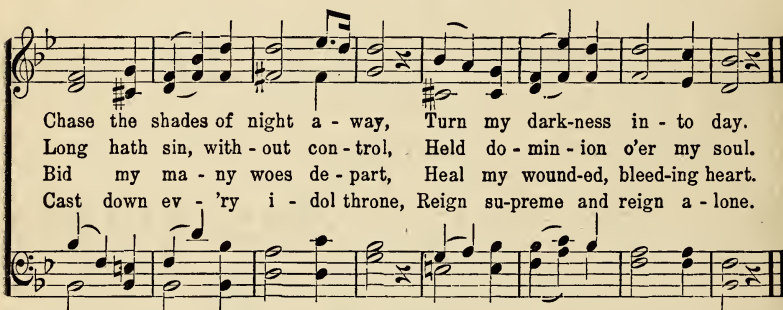
* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures, the instrument playing the harmony.

No. 145. Holy 'Ghost, With Light Divine.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy, di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di-vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

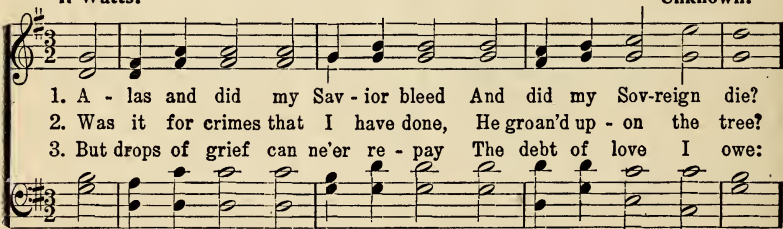


Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su-preme and reign a - lone.

No. 146. I Do Believe.

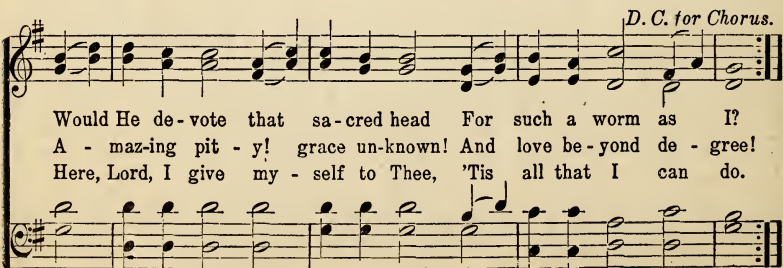
I. Watts.

Unknown.



1. A - las and did my Sav - ior bleed And did my Sov - reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz-ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do.

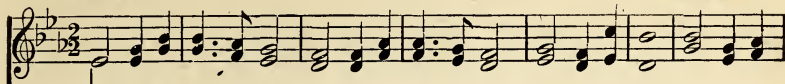
And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 147. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

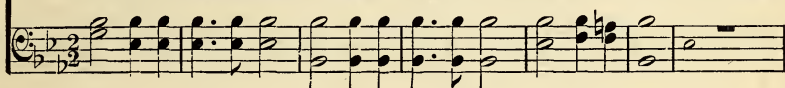
Ray Palmer.

(OLIVET.)

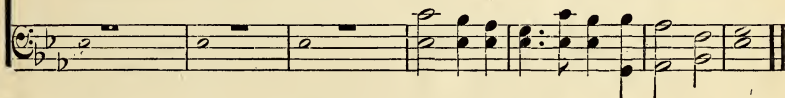
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Savior



while I pray, Take all my sin a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to - day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee aside.
 then, in love, Fear and distrust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soul!

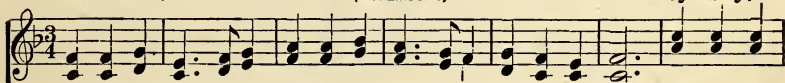


No. 148. My Country! 'Tis of Thee,

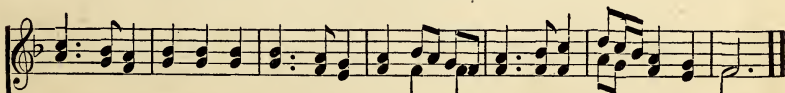
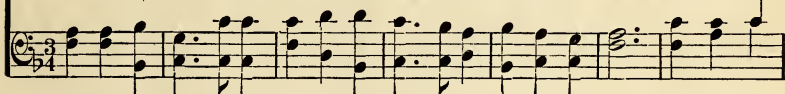
S. F. Smith,

(AMERICA.)

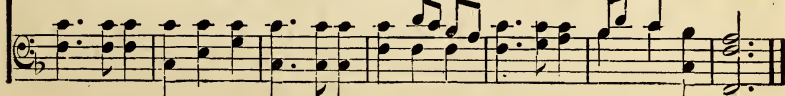
Henry Carey.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty. Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal
4. Our fathers' God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



fa - thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let free - dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

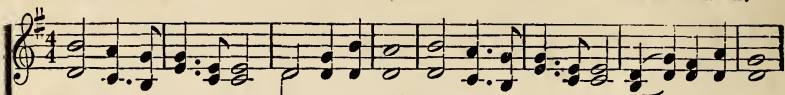


No. 149.

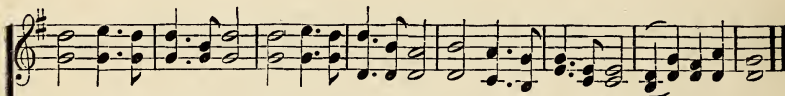
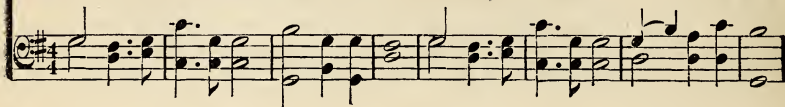
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

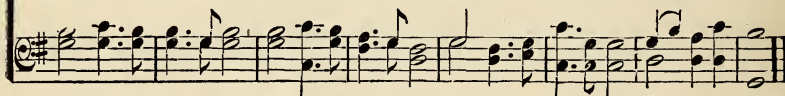
Lowell Mason.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;



Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!



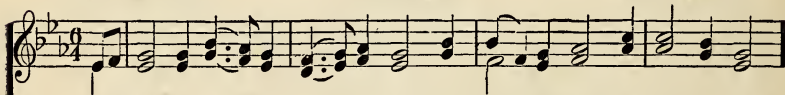
No. 150.

Just as I Am.

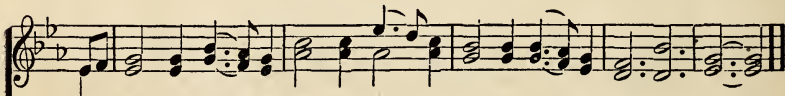
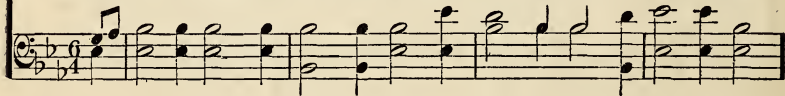
Charlotte Elliot,

(WOODWORTH.)

Wm, Bradbury,



1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my-self of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt.



And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!



4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 151.

Doxology.

Thomas Ken.

(OLD HUNDRED.)

Guillaume Franc.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

No. 152.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. Walford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re-turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;

D. S.-And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.-And glad - ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.-I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

In seasons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
With such I hast - en to the place Where God, my Sav - ior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,

Responsive Readings.

No. 153. Selection I

Psalm 51.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my sal

vation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not dispise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering; then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

No. 154. Selection II

Isaiah 53.

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed.

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord

Responsive Readings.

hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

7 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

8 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

9 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

10 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many: for he shall bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

No. 155. Selection III.

John 8:1-18.

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can

do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mothers womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

8 The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

9 Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be?

10 Jesus answered and said unto him; Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?

11 Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness.

12 If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?

13 And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven.

14 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

15 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

Responsive Readings.

16 For God so loveth the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

17 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

18 He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

No. 156. Selection IV.

Isaiah 55.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and you labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

12 For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

No. 157. Selection V.

Psalms 142.

I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaint before him; I shewed before him my trouble.

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

4 I looked on my right hand, and beheld but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

Responsive Readings.

5 I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

6 Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low; deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

Psalm 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

No. 158. Selection VI.

Psalm 1.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf

also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

St. John 10: 1-10.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep; he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them.

7 Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

8 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

9 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

10 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

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